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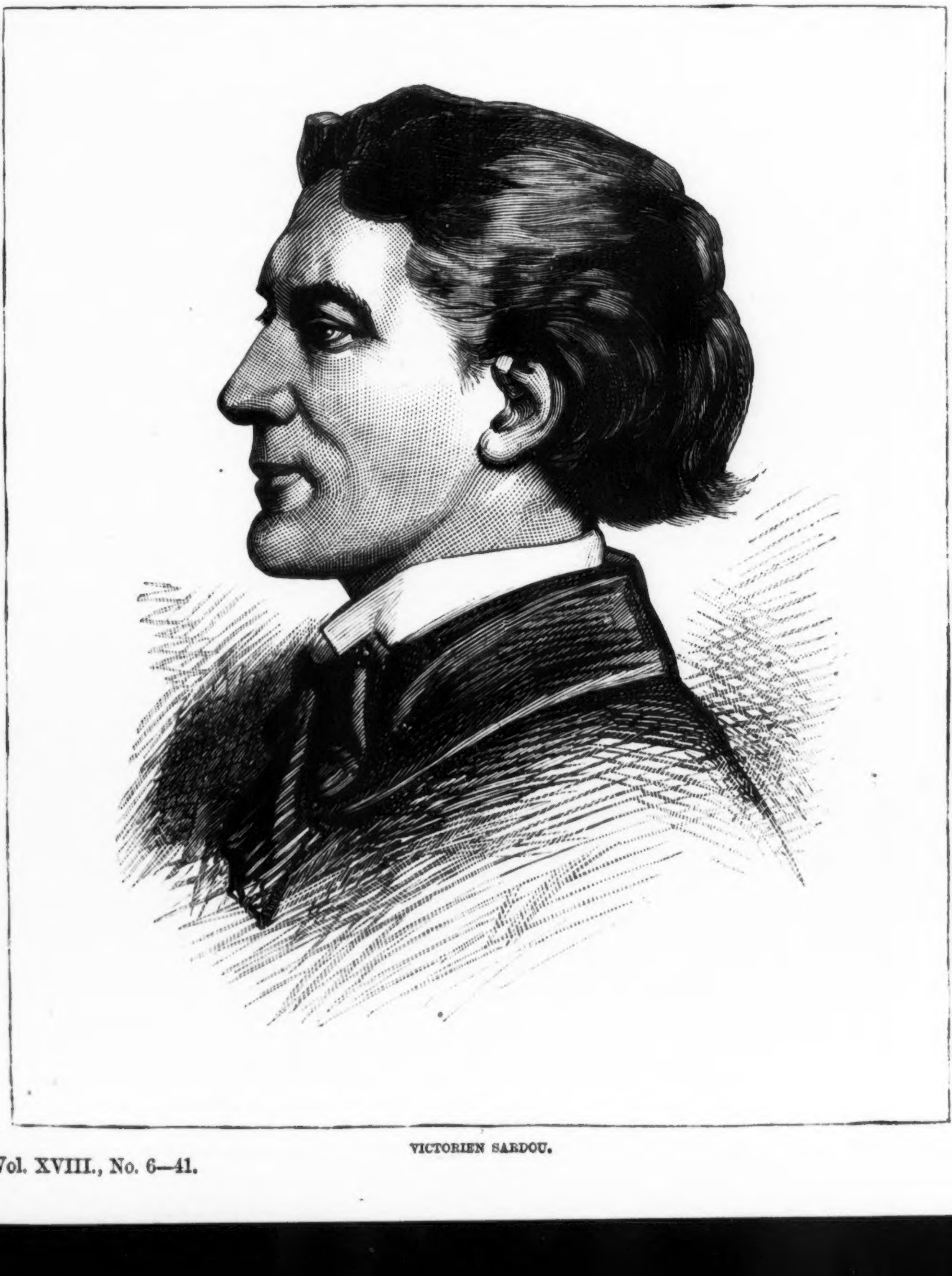
THE DRAMATISTS OF TO-DAY.



VICTORIEN SARDOU.

THE DRAMATISTS OF TO-DAY.

By Lisle Lester.

When the author of "Jack Shepard" racked his brains for material out of which to form the most graphic situations of the play, and manipulated the climaxes of the plot to cause the hair of the "Gallery Gods" actually to stand up, in astonishment, he would have scorned a prophesy of the modern playwriter's plot and quiet intensity of action. Victor Hugo and the Dumas commenced the revolution in dramatic art, from high, noisy tragedy to more realistic phases. Probably the spirit of French antagonism to the classicists infused its influence upon these authors of romantic drama; it flavored all other classes of literature, and doubtless that of the stage. About 1830 Victor Hugo boldly attacked the old-style literature in stage art, and inaugurated what was called a new school, *la Jeune France.* This raised a combat, that lasted with fervor many years. "Marion Delorme" was the initial dramatic firebrand from Hugo's pen, after Louis Philippe's accession, that stirred up French enthusiasm to its highest pitch. Although his following work was suspended from public representation by the Ministry, his fame and popularity as an author did not abate. Raised to the Legion of Honor, made a Peer of France, and Member of the Assembly, his influence upon the drama and its coherents was incalculable, as it was valuable.

Like Dumas the Elder, his dramatic composition was limited, compared to the amount of his romances and other writings. Doubtless the political disturbances of the times had some influence in directing his labor to such novels and verse as were suggested by the agitating conditions of the country. Everything he wrote was a magazine of explosive material that cost him dearly. "Les Misérables" contained enough theatric germ for more than one powerful drama; while the social issues he so ably handled would have enlarged the field of that reform in stage lore he was so much the author of.

Talents of special character are occasionally hereditary, and the Dumas were writers and dramatists back to the grandfather of the latest. In 1829 "Henri III.," from the pen of Alexander Dumas, made its *début,* and created a *furore* before the French public. Dumas liked a *furore*--it was significant to him of success. He realized 30,000 francs from its production within the space of a few months. As a drama, it was crude in construction, but it bristled with new ideas, and shook the standard of old-time plays into atoms. It was a work of romance, teeming with the spirit of Romancists and their inflammatory dispositions. From the notable enthusiasm that heralded this innovation grew the French taste for so-called romantic drama, that has rapidly consummated, in some cases degenerated, into the several schools of French authorship, far, indeed, from the styles of 1800 to 1820. To the facile pen of Dumas is due the birthright of the "Count of Monte Cristo," and the "Three Guardsmen." The plays founded on these romantic novels were no less strange and remarkable in attraction; they will reappear upon the stage in every coming decade; every generation will be treated to their representation, no matter how old they may grow, so imperishable is true genius.

Dumas the Younger inherited his father's taste and zeal in literature, with a more pronounced gift for the stage. To his creation is assigned that most famous work, "La Dame aux Camélias," whereon was built the opera of "La Traviata," set to music by Verdi. While uneven as a whole, it proved a miraculous success, even if it gave little of honor to the literature of the nation, in the sense of purity and example. Young Dumas pushed to the front ranks of French favoritism, holding his position so securely, that few attempted or aspired to rival his claims. As late as 1860, that artist in the French theatres who was not a personal acquaintance of Dumas was a curiosity, if not a "nobody." Socially a cheery, magnetic influence, that drew talent to him whether it would or not—and in the exclusive circle of Bohemia not only a warm-hearted friend, just critic, but also an adviser.

The brilliant literary career of Dumas did not obscure a fellow-talent, that quite like the dramatist of to-day suffered numerous defeats before attaining recognition. Augustin Eugene Scribe launched from law to comedy-writing at the age of twenty. Perhaps it is not surprising his dramatic weakling, "Les Dervis," was a failure. Many of his following efforts made just mark enough to be hissed. Most American authors would have utilized that reception as so much advertising, and condoled themselves as beneficiaries to that extent at best. Not so the Frenchman. Indignant and discouraged, he lost hope for a while; with the help of Poirson he produced "Une Nuit de la Garde Nationale," and made a success, as well as some money. Finally Poirson, just at the right time, built a theatre, and gave his friend Scribe the opportunity he needed to carve his way to wealth and fame. He wrote exclusively for production in that theatre, and within ten years had presented one hundred plays, none of them as bad as half the plays running to-day in French theatres. No other author collaborated so much with others, and with better results.

The world-known drama, "Adrienne Lecouvreur," was brought out in 1849; this proved one of the notable pieces that contained the material for the scope and power of a good artist. It has been the test part for many. Sarah Bernhardt does some of her finest work in that title *rôle.* Librettos and operas were also produced in wonderful rapidity from Scribe's pen. He amassed a fortune, and a catalogue of his works filled thirty-six columns of *La France Littéraire;* his plays alone numbered three hundred and fifty.

In 1854, the first production from the bright, cultivated mind of Victorien Sardou was heralded, and met a fatal rebuff. The author was but a boy, but rich in glowing, sparkling promise at twenty-two years of age. His boyhood was a stranger to ease and mental advantages, and his juvenile years were "nearest of kin" to poverty. Ambition and hope he had to an overflowing degree, and they led him to an education by the hardest industry. When his first effort lay dead before him, he filed away the remains, and plunged more determinedly than ever into his writing, benefiting without despair from his disastrous experience, and utilizing the defeat to his best advantage—in a small way a hero.

About this time he met Mademoiselle de Brécourt, a prominent talented artist. The acquaintance bloomed into love, and they were married, only for love's sake, in 1858. This relation, and the influence of this charming lady, acted like a powerful stimulant to his labors. She appreciated his talents, weighed their capacity, sympathized with his ideas, and fully believed in him and his ability to succeed. The belief in us of the one we best love is about the only true impetus to perfect success. Sardou has said, in a private letter to friend: "I never should have been anybody without the daily presence of my wife to guide my work.

Making the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Dejazet, she became his friend and champion, and shared the devoted enthusiasm of his wife over his promise as a dramatic author. Mademoiselle Dejazet did something besides lavishing platitudes upon Sardou. She had what few Frenchwomen are credited with—a well-balanced head for practical business; she not only admired the young author's talents, but she knew how to utilize her admiration to his benefit. The first thing she did was to produce, at her own theatre, one of his plays. It was successful enough to warrant the production of another; that, too, was successful; then Victorien Sardou was before the world.

Upon the production of "Nos Intimes," in 1861, he secured a genuine recognition and acknowledgment. He was talked of, written about, admired, discussed, and criticised. From that period everything he wrote gained an opening, and nothing failed of fair success and financial returns, so "successful is success." Among the best of Sardou's plays stand "Les Premières Armes de Figaro," "Don Quichotte," "Pietre," "Fernande," "Les Vieux Garçons," "The Danicheffs," and "Daniel Rochat." Up to 1874 he had written and produced over twenty plays, and secured a fortune. "Daniel Rochat" stands out like a brilliant headlight from all his previous efforts, and has aroused more dignified criticism and discussion than any play written within the last sixty years, one of its new and attractive phrases being a question of religious liberty and marital obligations, entirely out of the order of things. The play is so different and superior to anything he or any one else has produced bearing upon similar topics, there is no comparison to be established. The lady in this country who created the representative *rôle* of *Lea Henderson* (Miss Sara Jewett) has expressed a very lucid and finely detailed opinion of M. Sardou's work in this play. She said: "I am at ease in demonstrating the consistency of Sardou's *Lea*. To me he seems a master in motive and dramatic construction, and if my sentiment and feeling did not agree with his, I should differ with greatest deference. I am too radical to agree with the belief of *Lea*, in "Daniel Rochat," but she agrees so perfectly with herself as a character, I cannot think of changing the result of the play. It is painful, but inevitable. The interest of the play is in the development of the two characters; the woman's belief is a sentiment of her nature lived into conviction; the man's atheism, an experience verified by living; it answers his requirements, and agrees with his study and observation. Why should her influence contradict his honest determination? His mind would surely assert itself against her, and, knowing this, she felt her failure. I cannot imagine an influence strong enough to change the character of either, and the infinite dignity of the separation expressed perfectly a love that life made impossible."

This able opinion by the artist who created the representation of one of the leading *rôles* for the American public, verifies the eminent depth of thought and well-balanced construction Sardou arrived at in this composition.

The "Danicheffs" met with high favor also, and had a long run at the Union Square Theatre. In this play the author dealt more with the interest of a plot than delineating a principle or deducting a theory. "Divorçons" and "Odette" followed "Rochat," meeting with their meed of triumph. "Rochat" had made a place in the American mind that no other French author ever created. "Divorçons" was no comparison, for it was quite the opposite, being sunny, bright, reckless and rollicking. It possessed a pungency and sparkle that gratified the theatre-going appetite immensely. The absence of vulgarity in Sardou's writings is more to his credit than be can said of the majority of his brother-dramatists. The coarse, offensive indelicacy that so long corrupted and degraded, and does still, the French drama, does not appear in his works. He is eminently entitled to high honor for this difference, and for protecting it with his popularity. Above the age in many things, he has launched upon French literature a new class of dramatic ideas and ideals, capable of reflecting credit upon the nation's school of letters and art.

Tragedy—tragedy that routed the crickets from the old proscenium crevices and shook the cobwebs from long-unused flies—stubbornly kept its foothold upon the English stage to a much later period than in France. The merry, bright phases of modern life, that the younger writers endeavored to sandwich into their plays, made slow but steady progress with the equally stubborn British public. In John Oxenford's career we are reminded what a large majority of dramatists first essayed the legal profession before turning their wits and genius to the stage. Oxenford possessed a jolly nature; probably the dry forms and methodical study of law grew stale to his keen, active temperament, for the hour he turned his attention to play-literature the good-humor of his nature seemed to find its proper outlet. "Twice Killed" and "Porter's Knot" were full of the new magnetic spirit of the then dramatic escape from long, heavy, tedious plays. Being engaged upon the London press as a theatrical critic, he naturally aided and represented the innovating tenor of authorship that seemed bound to fill the theatres with bursts of mirth and gay applause. Real life offered to Oxenford a rich field for new creations in dramatic art; the public sentiment was very gradually inclining to the frolic of the stage, rather than clinging to the sombre weightiness of the old tragedies.

The great impetus to English taste at this time was given by Charles Reade. Leaving his law-briefs, he dashed into stage-literature; to what eminent results all the world knows. "Masks and Faces," or "Peg Woffington," dramatized, established the author's repute, and emphasized his popularity. Sparkling with comedy in nature, and mirth in heart, he threw a brightness into all of his composition, either romance or drama, that was a feature creditable only to his name. With Tom Taylor, another prince of good fellows, he produced a volume of plays, but his stories will afford a richer field for the future dramatist. When the insatiable public clamor for semi-tragedy and practical society-life and adventure combined, the material, like veins of pure gold, will be found in Reade's novels. "Put Yourself in his Place" is a drama, merely needing the proper stage costume. "Very Hard Cash" contains elements, if rightly adapted, that would eclipse half the dramas that are written.

T. W. Robertson's plays were also among the first in the field after old-fashioned tragedy had been "laid upon the shelf." Mr. Robertson was indeed "to the manner born," naturally cast from the the dramatist's mold. His whole family, "kith and kin," were theatrical people—actors, writers, managers and painters of scenery; his father, an actor, author and manager. His adaptation of "David Garrick" gave him his first honors; it was made doubly popular in being acted by Mr. Sothern. "Caste" was one of the most popular of Mr. Robertson's works, and is yet a reliable piece to fall back upon in any dramatic emergency. "School," "M. P." and "Society"

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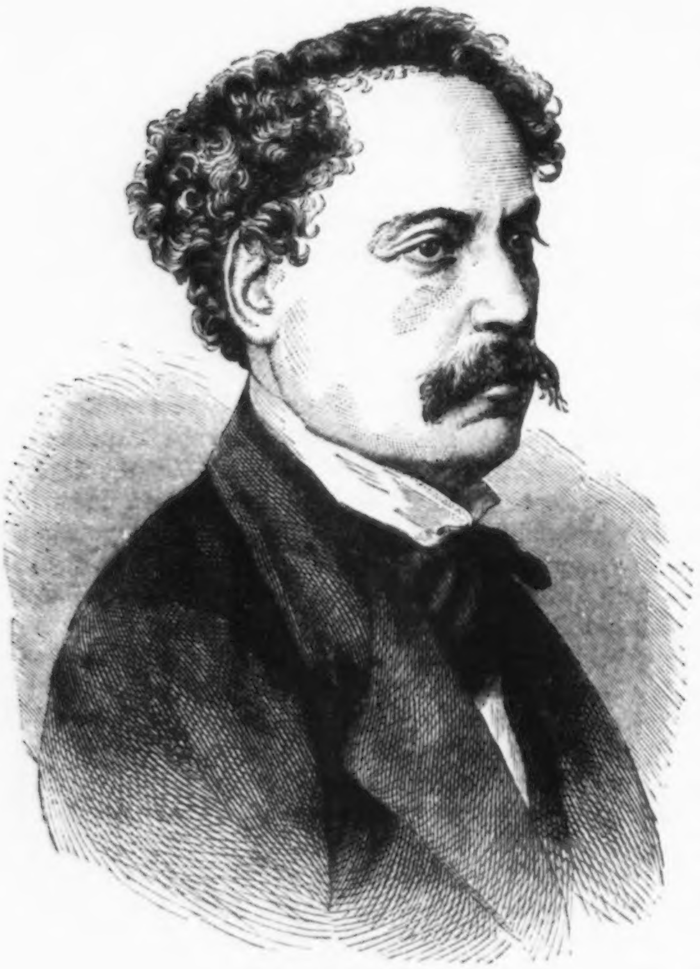


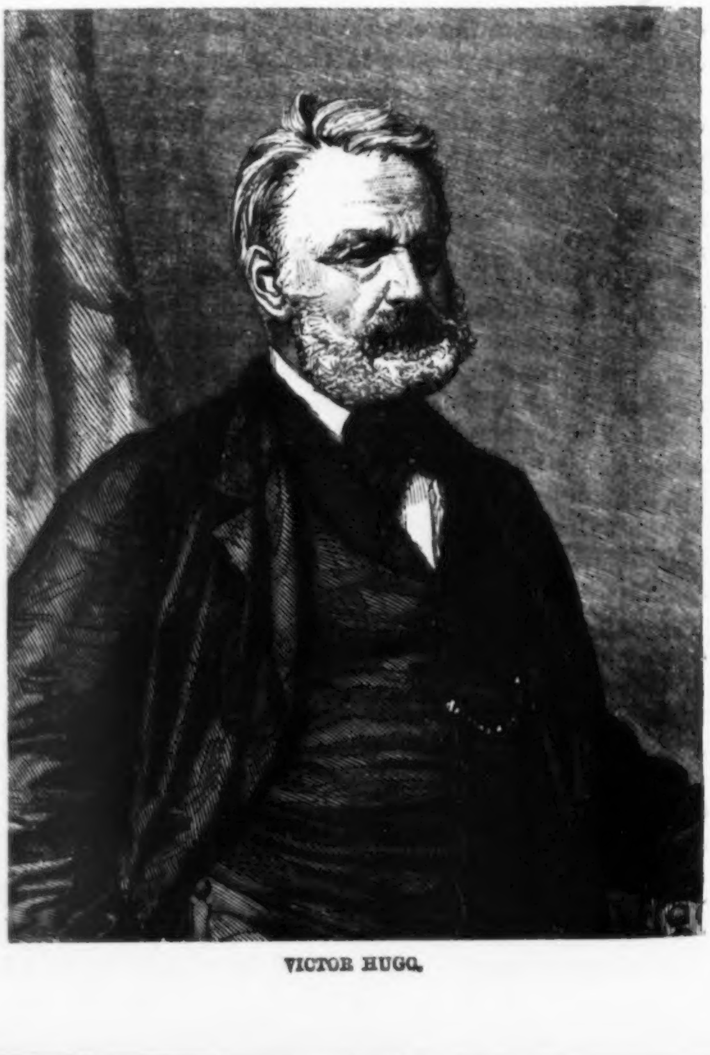
ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

were popular fixtures, both at home and abroad; in local usage, "they came to stay." As an author he was industrious, quick in perception, happy in ideals, and easy in construction. The sparkle of his comedy captivated and refreshed the public, who had grown to desire amusement as well as astonishment in theatrical productions. "Pure and simple," too, in all his work, he may be honored for adding to dramatic literature some of its most valued gems.

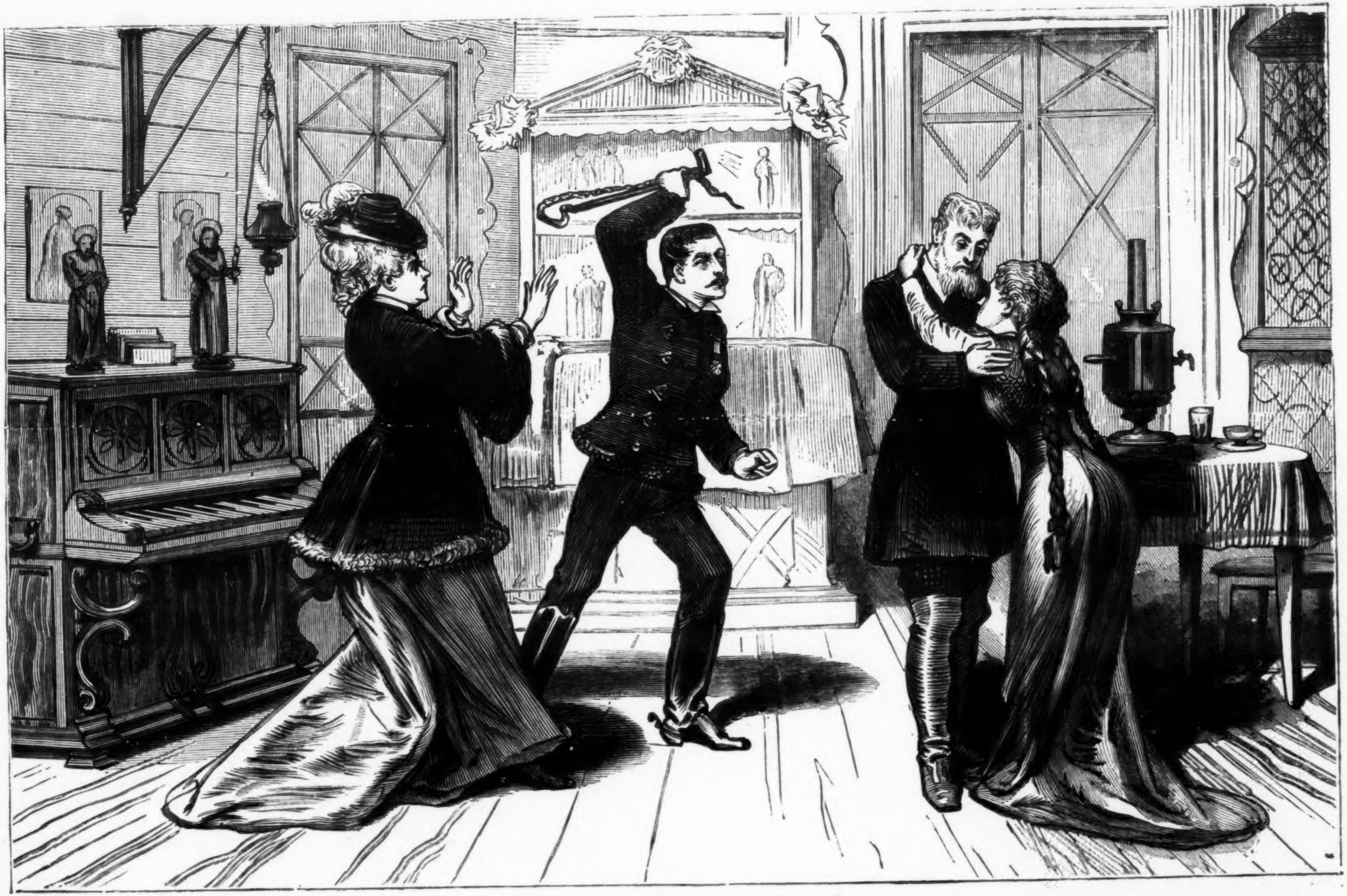
Dion Boucicault is of French parentage, but was born in Dublin, and educated in England for a civil engineer. He commenced play-writing in 1841, bringing out first "London Assurance" at the Covent Garden, making an unmistakable hit. This fine comedy to-day is an attraction whenever properly produced. Mr. Boucicault wrote rapidly, plotted magically, and had a quick method of adaptation which has, without cause, earned him the accusation of a "plagiarist." "Old Heads and Young Hearts," "Love and Money," "The Corsican Brothers," "The Octoroon," "Colleen Bawn," "Arrah na Pogue," "Foul Play," "The Rapparee," "The Shaughraun," and an almost endless list of others, present a remarkable series of dramatic work, but do not include one-third of his writings. They show, however, the marked versatility of the author. With the help of Charles Reade, he is credited with writing the version of "Rip Van Winkle," played so many years by Joseph Jefferson. He has made several tours of the United States, and managed various theatres in England and the United States, acting and writing more or less at the same time.

Possessing one of those nervous temperaments and elastic constitutions, Mr. Boucicault has been enabled to perform the work three ordinary men could scarcely have accomplished in their lifetime. He has given to literature some of the best phases of Irish character, its pungent wit, and native readiness — characterizations that, like the shamrock, will live for ever, and stir the masses to sympathy, mirth, and pity, as only the realism of the stage has power to do.

Of John Brougham, who, within a few years, was delighting New York theatre-goers, and now rests in Greenwood, his memory wears a triple crown as author, artist, and actor. Educated for the medical profession, which he soon abandoned, he became a professor of drawing, drifting steadily all the time toward the stage he was destined to honor and adorn. He came to the United States in 1842, and at various periods managed several theatres. Returning to England, he remained about ten years actively engaged in his profession, acting and writing without intermission. Upon his final return to this country, he concluded to make it a permanent home. Mr. Brougham was the author of some of the best standard comedies. His dramatizations were signal successes—"David Copperfield" and "Dombey and Son" being the best. His "star piece" was "Romance in Reality"; but he liked best to act in "Playing with Fire." His works cover extravaganzas, burlesques and farces. His generosity was proverbial. Some years ago, in a generous mood, because he felt he had enough for himself and to spare, he parted with the copyright property in all of his dramatic productions. Others profited thereby indeed, while the author, when he needed aid, never received a penny therefrom. True to human nature, the spirit of selfishness arose, and laughed the veteran actor and author in the face, and permitted him to feed upon the crusts of poverty as best he might. He was threescore-and-seven when he made his final tour through this country as a star. The *répertoire* of pieces to be produced on that trip were "Goodby, Sweetheart," a dramatization of Rhoda Broughton's



VICTOR HUGO.



SCENE FROM SARDOU'S PLAY, "THE DANICHEFFS."

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novel, "Playing with Fire," "The Serious Family," and others. At Auburn Mr. Brougham was taken ill, when, unable to finish the act, he requested his manager, who was an actor, to go on and finish it, so that the audience should not be disappointed, and, suffering immeasurably, he was carried to a chair in the wings, where he sat and prompted the rest of the performance. In the life of Mr. Brougham there was a surplus of romance; some future brother of the stage may play that rewritten drama.

To graphic yet modern heroism and natural portrayals, Tom Taylor bequeathed many a valuable play; he rose to standard authorship at the very outset of his work. A Cambridge man and member of the Bar, he gathered in his graver studies some realities that took color in "The Ticket-of-leave Man," and developed some of the imperishable traits found in the characters of "Our American Cousin." "Still Waters Run Deep" was one of Taylor's most popular and best paying plays. It was an English favorite and an American popularity for a decade.

In such dramas, the representation of intense, strong, and peculiar character, made a demand for special actors; in other words, actors gifted for success in special lines of acting. "*Bob Brierly*" was well played by many a good actor, but it was only a few who achieved anything like popularity in the part. One of the few is Laurence Barrett. The same is true of the character of *Sam Willoughby*, in the same play. Many a young artist obtained her "first chance" in that famous boy *rôle*. The "Unequal Match" was the stepping-stone of an opportunity for Mrs. Langtry. In the one hundred plays written by Tom Taylor, not one fell below the standard in merit and success. Rich in mental capacity, his stage-work gained an evergreen vitality.

Bernard's "Irish Attorney," "Dumb Belle," and "Middy Ashore," added a choice variety to the literature of the stage. Bernard was born in Boston, of English parents; his father was a comedian, and at one time manager of a Boston theatre; he was also a prominent club-man, who filled the office of secretary to the "Beefsteak Club" about ten years. His son, William Bayle, was much more successful in dramatic composition, and edited his father's "Recollections of the Stage" with greater ability than he had exercised in the original edition.

W. S. Gilbert, both a lawyer and a militiaman, seemed to possess too much humor and musical taste to be content with life as a Royal Highlander and the staid round of military duties. While in active service he wrote and contributed to *Punch*, *Fun*, and various London journals. He became a valuable contributor, and aided greatly in winning popularity for the journals that printed his papers. His healthful fund of good-humor toned up the spirit of the readers—they enjoyed him as they would a picnic or an outing. T. W. Robertson gave his hand to the rising young author, and advised him to write for the stage. The advice was accepted, and Gilbert dashed into his new line of work with the jolly zeal so characteristic of the man. An old actor who, since that period, has had the pleasure of Gilbert's confidence and advice, says: "Young Gilbert often spoke of his enthusiasm, while writing his first piece for the stage. He said recently, everything seemed possible to him, and his ideas marched double-quick to the work, like a newly-equipped regiment out on parade." This play was called "Little Duck and Great Quack," and was written in a week; it was a burlesque on the "Elixir of Love." It was first seen at St. James's Theatre, in 1866, scoring but a fair triumph. Then followed in quick succession some of his best works. "The Palace of Truth," "Sweethearts," "Trial by Jury," and the "Princess," were undeniably his representative pieces, until about six years ago. Forming a very happy co-partnership with Mr. Arthur Sullivan, they created a *furore* in all theatrical circles that was generously welcomed in that nectar of operettas, "H. M. S. Pinafore." This trifle of pleasantry was destined to surprise even the sanguine authors. It enlisted the enthusiasm of the whole theatre-going public in England, France and the United States. The quaint little *Buttercup* and her song, *Sir Joseph*, and the *Captain*, were characters to be taken into the public hospitality and loved at once. Little *Hebe*, *Josephine*, and the much-belabored "tar" who sang "I'm an Englishman," were established favorites from one country to another. The magic nonsense of the melodiously attuned dialogue, together with the dash and prettiness of the absurd characters, the orchestral effects, the dances, costumes, and the rich, harmless, glowing, versified and rhythmic satire, hit the great world's heart and nature with merry favor. "Hey, the merry maiden and the tar," and other extracts from the songs, warbled upon the public tongue, in full sympathy with the players and the piece.

"Daniel Druce" held the stage in a marvelous run of success at the Haymarket. The tableau so graphically represented in the illustration was one of the most effective situations ever put upon the modern stage. "Engaged" made popular favor in New York, with Agnes Booth and James Lewis in the leading *rôles;* it gave the opportunities both of these artists needed to perfect their own artistic powers. "Patience"—another comic opera of note—"Iolanthe," and "Pirates of Penzance," were all great successes, and gave glowing color to the play-authors' fame and names. Probably "Bab Ballads" reflect as much lasting honor upon Mr. Gilbert as anything he has written or added to the literature of the stage.

The field for American play-writers at home did not induce any decided effort until within the past fifteen years. Young in all things, the United States had no "centuries back in the history of the stage" for our dramatic ambition to fly to for inspiration or example. Like all things American, an idea is no sooner born than it competes, with challenging fist, the rest of the world. To-day American dramatists are counted, not in couples, but by the score.

Mr. Bartley Campbell did not appear in life until half the dramatists written of had nearly completed their labors. At a very early age he began the study of the law; from the tedious practice reports and legal statutes he turned with a relish to Bohemian life, and was soon acting as dramatic critic on the Pittsburgh *Leader*. His first dramatic composition was a sensational drama, "Through Fire," which was presented to the public in 1871; following that, a work called "Peril"; and its successor, the third play, was "Fate"—a rather disastrous combination of titles. Miss Carlotta Leclercq purchased "Fate," and played it with good success for some years in the provinces of England. "Risks" was the fourth production, originally written for a very well-known and popular comedian, John Dillon, who, liking the part immensely, made an emphatic reality of the principal character, it being a clever portraiture of a bustling, stirring insurance agent, well-known in Chicago. After "Risks," Mr. Campbell produced in rapid succession: "The Virginian," "On the Rhine," "Grana Uale," "The Big Bonanza," "A Heroine in Rags," "The Vigilantes," "How Women Love," "Clio," "Fairfax," "My Partner," "The Galley Slave," "The White Slave," "Geraldine," and "Siberia." "The Virginian" was written in 1873, and ran three weeks at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, when the author took it to England, producing it at the St. James Theatre, in London, where it met with high favor for over a month, with Mrs. John Wood in the cast. "The Big Bonanza" was an adaptation of "Ultimo," and proved a bonanza indeed; in a month's run at the Grand Opera House in San Francisco it netted a profit of $16,000.

"My Partner" was another fine bonanza to the author; it was the thirteenth play written by Mr. Campbell, and was one of the "Union Square successes," outside of the Union Square's own company, in 1879. The superstition of the number thirteen was a very prolific one in dollars and cents to the author.

"The Galley Slave," after its initial run in Philadelphia, was produced in New York, keeping the stage for sixty performances, and filling one of the largest theatres to standing-room at each performance. It was then transferred to Niblo's, where its success was continued to immense audiences and great popular favor.

Mr. Campbell worked hard and long for recognition. The American manager was afraid of American plays—a dramatist could not live on "hope deferred" any longer than any one else—but he kept pace, with unrelenting poverty and disheartening circumstances, until his talents were no longer to be kept "under a bushel" or "behind the scenes." No other dramatist of the day is making so much money by the labors of his pen as Bartley Campbell. He has earned his prosperity fairly, by years of toil and patient endurance. Personally, Mr. Campbell is tall, considerably above six feet, slender, with a remarkable resemblance to Artemus Ward. After his first arrival in London, this resemblance was so striking, he was often called "Artemus Campbell," and he was immediately admitted to the Savage Club, solely on account of this resemblance to the departed humorist. Mr. Campbell has a decided poetic temperament, and gives to print, occasionally, some rare gems in verse. The character of his dramatic writing is pure, instructive, and mingled with sensation enough to challenge the interest of lovers of sensation; his constructive ability is far above the general sensational modern play-writer. His plots are famous for imagery and historic mettle, and his great success has led the enterprise of American authors to compete with him in startling but purely legitimate effects.

The most recent success from Mr. Campbell's pen is a play entitled "Separation." The plot is ingeniously formed, presenting the disagreement of a man, with strong prejudices, and his wife, of strong character and "a woman of ambition," who sings in an amateur performance of "Dio Giovanni" against her husband's will. This act of the wife culminates in a separation from her husband, and after the natural periods of suffering and mutual misery, the author graciously reunites them in lasting peace—a lesson that might be beneficial in more ways than one upon the discordant elements of society.

Successful plays of the old, old school did not present so great a scope for an actor's power of characterization as for a general performance of the whole cast itself. The revolution that Sardou, Reade, Robertson, and others, created, was partially to invest the interpreter with more liberty of creation, until to-day, when a new play is cast, the question arises, "Who can be found to interpret this *rôle?* This idea is prominent with American dramatists: to make one or more individual parts so pronounced, it will require the ablest actor to interpret them.

Fred Marsden has made a noteworthy addition to the list of home plays, and is still producing. "Zara," a bright, piquant comedy, written for Annie Pixley, is one of his best efforts. Ready with his conceptions, brimming over with pungent good-nature, quick in perception, with a dignified respect for the feelings and prejudices of those for whom he writes, his work must in a great degree contain the flavor of these virtues, to the ultimate popularity of both author and work. Like A. C. Gunther, Mr. Marsden is one of the youngest of native dramatists; both gentlemen have the zeal and ambition to honorably win their way to future eminence.

Joaquin Miller, "the Sierra Poet," although not a play-writer, is, nevertheless, a dramatic poet, gifted with the ideality and talent to be one of the most acceptable of dramatists, if he would. His work, "The Danites," did not afford the scope for his best creative abilities, but through its scenic pictures of frontier experiences is traced the quality of dramatic art, which probably has no rival in the literary circles of this country. "The Danites" has been a financial success both in the United States and England. A border-life picture, yet clothed in the author's imagery, possesses something truer to refined nature than ruffianly characters, with bowie-knives, scalps, and wolfish visages.

The refining ideality so manfully utilized in Mr. Miller's dramatic writing is most desirable in the literature of the stage. He should write more, and the world would be the better for it, while the drama would hold within itself the antidote for its own shortcomings.

The play that diverted the affections of the American theatre-goer from the French drama was the "Banker's Daughter," by Bronson Howard. A society drama of the highest excellence, it captivated the public, and drew its attention to the material that exists in abundance in American society for modern dramas. This "Union Square success," as the long-run plays at that popular theatre were called, became the offspring of social patronage in a very exceptional way. The same people filled the boxes and orchestra seats night after night. An instance is known where two ladies purchased the same seats for every matinée performance during its entire run. The cast was a notable one, including the favorites of the stock company, which was the best ever organized in the United States. The play itself was a vivid reflection of society—that part of it that is supposed to hold sacred its homes and their shrines. "The Banker's Daughter" reflected that part of fashionable life that does not generally get further from home than behind its silken draperies and shutters of influence. It was a chapter of life culled from circles controlled by wealth, whose hearts, however discounted, may know the keenest agony; whose bitterest tears may fall upon softest plush, and roseate light reveal the saddest faces. It is still a popular play; it will not wear out, at least for a century. In that belief and prophecy the author may find the highest award of appreciation.

Some startling and very memorable successes in dramatic composition have been made by various American authors, whose time and labors have been so divided among other duties, they have not produced more than one or two eminent dramas. Augustin Daly's "Under the Gaslight" was a world-wide success. Mr. Daly has written and adapted a number of plays of great merit and success, but devotes the major part of his time to the management of his theatre. In spectacle he was signally a genius.

Anna Dickinson wrote the "Crown of Thorns," a very

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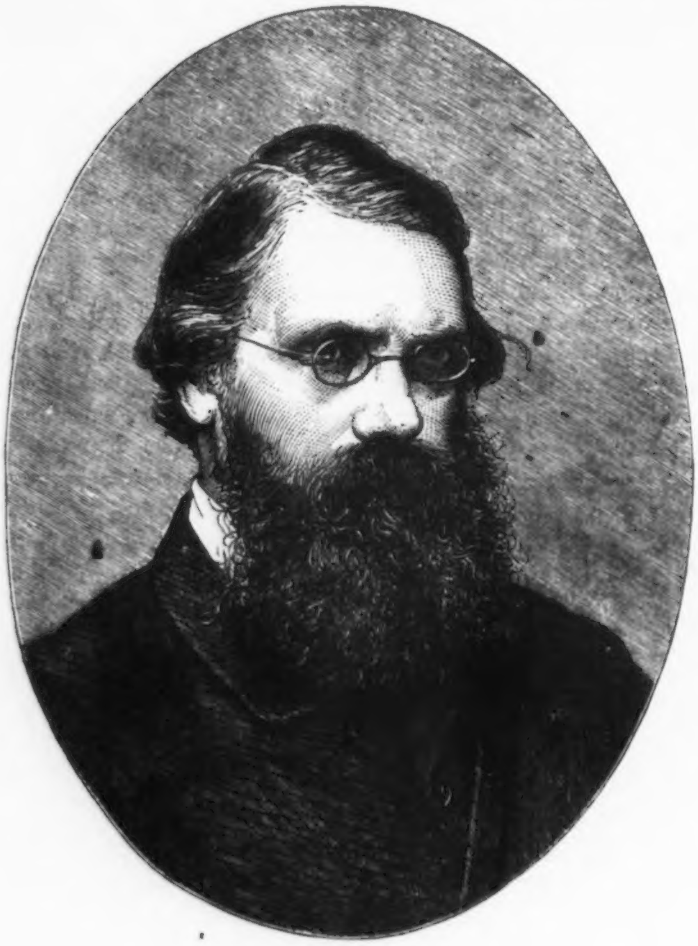
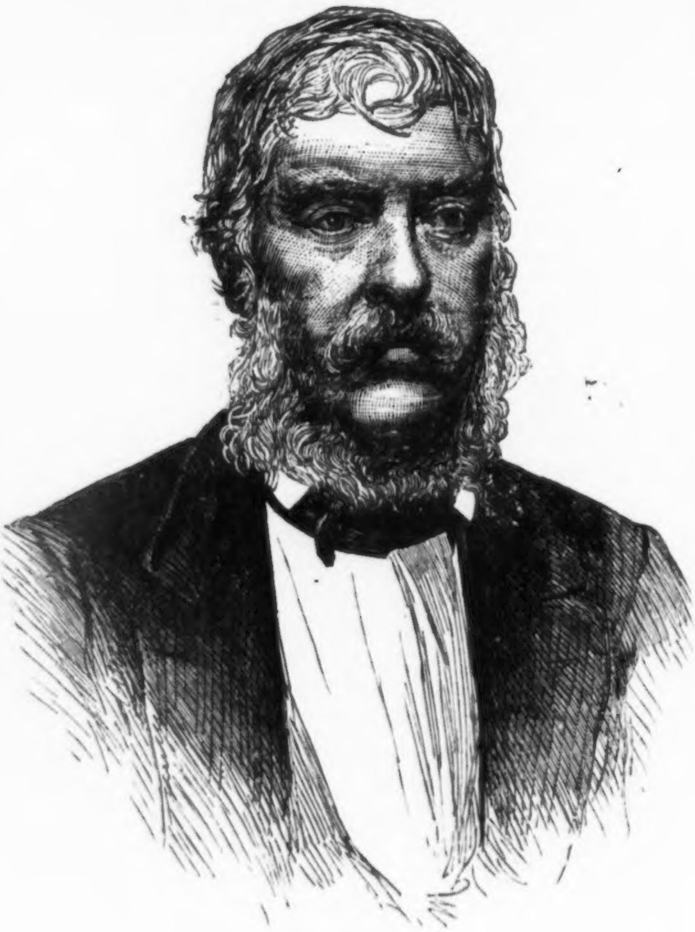
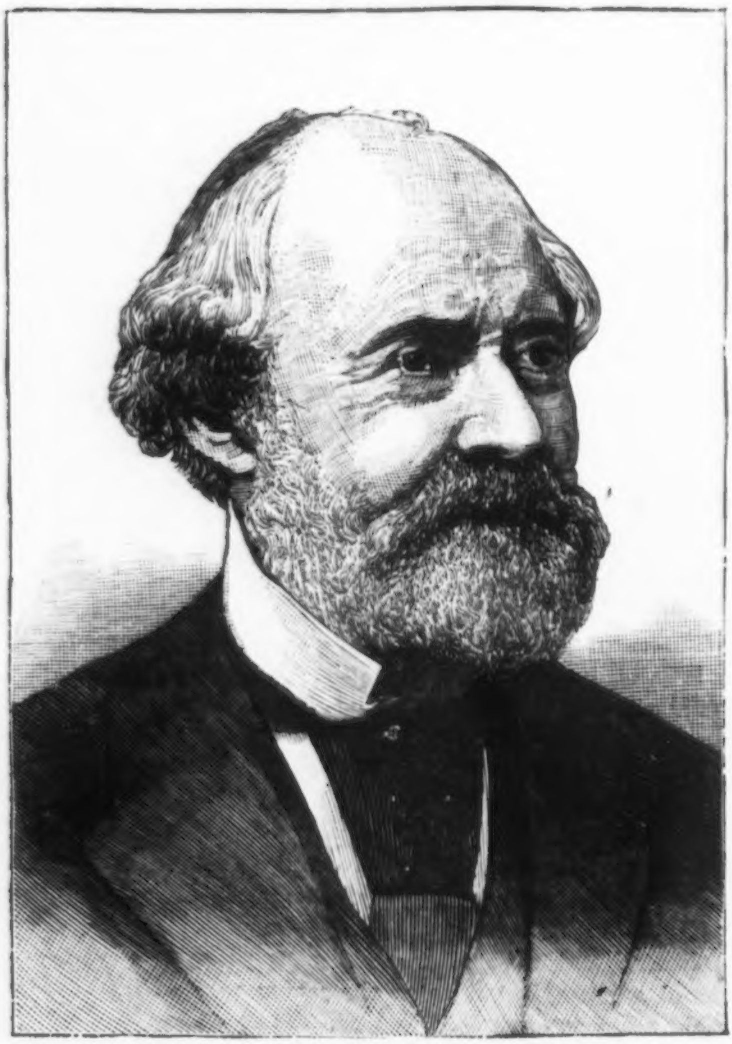


TOM TAYLOR.



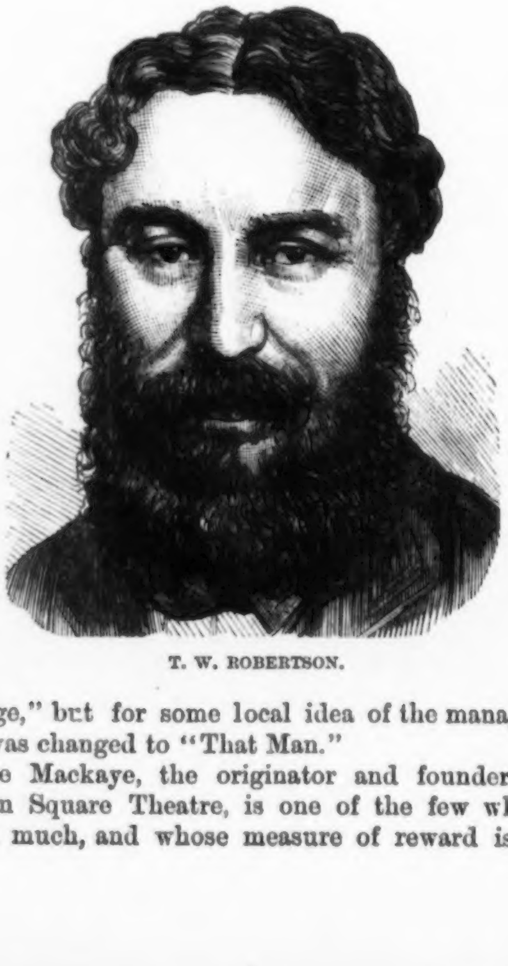
JOHN OXENFORD.



CHARLES READE.

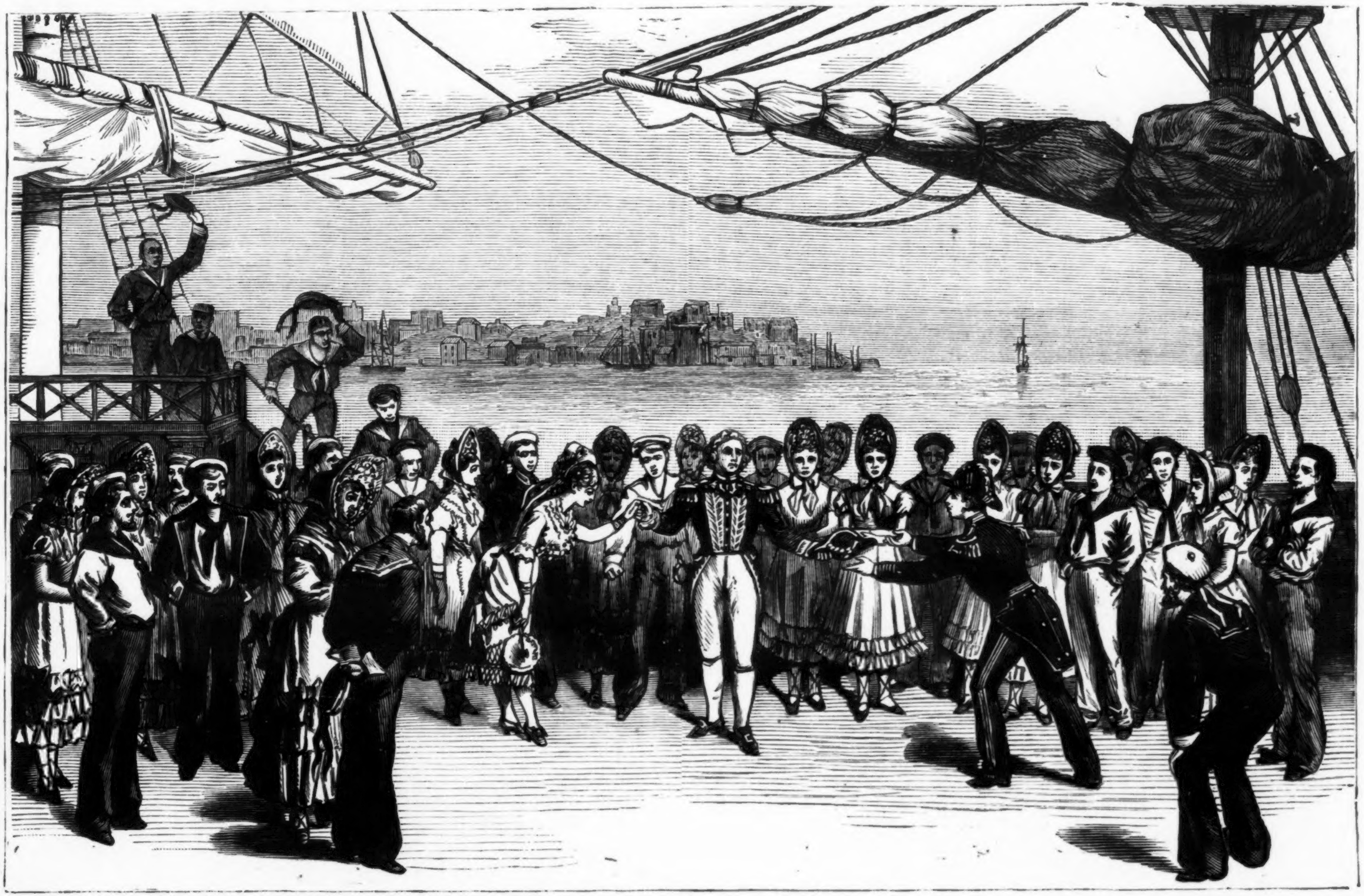
strong, meritorious play, that needed an artistic interpreter to make it a success.

Celia Logan, of the old family of Logan actors, recently produced one of the best plays ever seen upon the New York stage, originally copyrighted, "An American Marriage," but for some local idea of the manager, the name was changed to "That Man."



T. W. ROBERTSON.

Steele Mackaye, the originator and founder of the Madison Square Theatre, is one of the few who have written much, and whose measure of reward is yet to



SCENE FROM GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S "PINAFORE."

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crown his work. He is a most scholarly and conscientious writer, in full sympathy with all human sensibilities, and a learned journalist. He will add some valuable work to the literature of the American stage.

Among other writers who have gained popularity by dramatic compositions must be mentioned Mr. Charles Gayler, who won no mean success by his "Fritz," and sustained his reputation by other dramas.

David Belasco, a promising young writer, modestly begged public recognition in a charming bit of rural life entitled, "May Blossoms," which has had an unprecedented success of five months' representation. The play is not a strong one, but it is pure and fresh, with childhood beaming all through it, and domesticity appealing to the gentler side of humanity through the entire plot.

We live in an age of great possibilities. What the next ten years will develop in the literature of the American stage, it is not easy to calculate, but to the eager enterprise of such talent as is already known we believe "all things are possible."

ODE TO MUSIC.

By William Reid.

And thou, O daughter of the spheres,
Whose soul vibrates through all the years,
Ethereal Music! nymph divine!
The rapture of the world is thine!
And every passion Nature owns—
In breathing Morn's Memnonian tones,
Or in the orisons of Night,
When meteors shed their baleful light
And echoes of the solitude
Reverberate from hill and wood;
Or when thy aërial harmonies
Swell in the murmur of the seas,
Or sound with awe when, thunder-riven,
Storm-clouds obscure the orbs of heaven,
And wintry blasts convulse the air
'Midst shrieks of havoc and despair;
Or in the pæans of the year
When Nature smiles with vital cheer,
In all its changes thou art heard—
In gurgling stream or warbling bird,
In every sound, in every sigh,
The symphonies breathe in reply;
But chiefly thou attun'st the soul
To ecstasy's divine control,
In songs of triumph and of love,
Or solemn dirges heard above,
Of hopes eclipsed in life's dull blight,
And winged emotions of delight;
And thus the Muse obeys thy spell
O'er themes where love delights to dwell
Before its dream of bliss is fled
And memory weeps above the dead.

FIND THE WOMAN.

It is Sunday, and so the discourse appropriately begins with chapter and verse. The former is the story, so well known to us all, of the Eastern potentate who, when a male culprit was brought before him, no matter for what offense, always first gave, according to his French biographer, the order, "Cherchez la femme!" and these few words form the text of the following over-true story.

* * * * * *

It was a sultry Summer night, at one of our American seashore resorts, and all the brilliant company collected there was scattered around the verandas and upon the beach, very few choosing to remain in the lighted ballroom, which, nevertheless, added its contribution to the charm of the scene by the pulsing tide of melody which, drifting through the open windows, rolled languidly down the black reaches of the night, until, far out at sea, it lost itself in ocean's eternal solitude.

The music and the darkness, the subtle breath of the south wind sighing like a human whisper, the faint, pungent odor of the sea, all wrought together to wake in even the idlest heart among those Summer loiterers the feelings which ordinarily lie so deep that their very possessors forget their existence, while the world scarcely suspects it. So, say the wild legends of the North, the great Kraken rises from his unfathomed depths, and lies for a brief space upon the ocean's surface, basking in the moonlight, and anon sinks, leaving only wonder, terror, and the weight of a great mystery in the minds of those so luckless as to behold him.

In a remote corner of the veranda, leaning lightly against a pillar whose white background defined the misty black draperies enveloping her luxurious figure, stood a woman, who might have been an incarnation of the night, for all around her floated the same sense of mystery, of vague delights, of grand emotions, half concealed beneath an unnatural calm, of an intensest physical life throbbing beneath the odorous darkness.

Standing there silent and motionless as the pillar against which she leaned, one would have said that this woman was buried in a mood of the profoundest calm, and that, whatever emotions she might be capable of at another moment, now, at least, she was at rest.

And yet, looking more closely, one might have found a great drop of crimson blood trickling down the lady's white finger, followed by another and another, and still, half unconsciously, half with a strange delight, that luxurious, pain-hating woman pressed the sharp diamond deeper and deeper into the soft white flesh, and never moved a muscle to show the suffering she endured.

Quick, ringing footsteps, and the tall figure of a man turned the corner of the house, and came toward her, paused, and peering into the darkness, said, softly:

"Is it you, Clara?"

"Yes."

"I have kept you waiting, I am afraid."

"Not quite an hour. Pray, don't apologize."

"I really beg your pardon, but I could not get away——"

"From whom?"

"What do you mean, Clara? Is this another of your foolish jealousies?"

"My *foolish* jealousies! Are they generally groundless, Mr. Bellingham?"

"Mr. Bellingham! Yes, that is the way you generally begin. Let me warn you, Clara, that your method is becoming monotonous. You had better devote some hours of to-morrow to inventing a new one; you have used this a little too long."

"How droll that men in a certain class consider it cowardly to strike a woman, and yet will lash her with sarcasms that sting more than any whip!" remarked Clara, thrusting the facet of her diamond into the stiffening wound upon her finger.

Mr. Bellingham answered with an impatient gesture, and offered his arm.

"I believe we are to take a walk upon the beach," said he.

"It was your invitation, if I remember," returned the lady, placing her hand lightly within the arm.

"An invitation given at your suggestion," muttered Mr. Bellingham.

Mrs. Wesleigh did not reply until she and her companion stood upon the firm gray sand left bare by the retreating tide. Then she said:

"Has it come to this, Wythe? Do you taunt me with making opportunities of meeting you?"

"I did not mean to taunt you," replied Bellingham, sullenly.

But still he looked away from the dark eyes so anxiously upraised to his, nor offered the slightest return to the caressing form swaying toward his own.

One moment, and Clara Wesleigh stood as coldly upright as her companion, and placing a little breadth of sand between them, asked:

"What does your behavior within these last few days mean, Wythe? One would say you were trying to quarrel with me."

"Nonsense, Clara. Of course, I do not wish to quarrel, but on the contrary, I hope we shall become better friends in the future than we have been in the past. As for anything more——"

He stopped, and began to grind his boot-heel into the sand with an air of perplexity.

Mrs. Wesleigh watched him in bitterest silence. At length he resumed, in a lower voice:

"We have always known, Clara, that our—our feelings cannot come to anything—any satisfactory result."

"I thought we had agreed that I should try to induce Mr. Wesleigh to consent to a divorce," said Mr. Wesleigh's wife, in a constrained voice.

Mr. Bellingham frowned, and struck his heel yet deeper into the sand.

"The divorce court is such a sink of filth and infamy," muttered he.

"It was for your sake that I was willing to brave it," replied Mrs. Wesleigh, in a stifled voice.

"I know it, Clara, I know it; but, after all, ought I to allow you to make so terrible a sacrifice for me?"

"And when it was made, ought you to allow yourself to make the answering sacrifice of replacing the name I should have lost with your own?" asked the lady, in a voice whose sarcasm was almost lost in anguish.

Bellingham did not at once reply, and the beautiful face upturned to his in the moonlight grew from pale to white, from white to livid, as the woman who had counted her womanhood as nothing, while she might lay it at her lover's feet, waited for the doom she felt approaching.

"I am sorry that you feel so bitterly toward me, Clara," said Bellingham, at last; and as he spoke his gloomy eyes sought the sands at her feet, and never rose to meet her own, so full of anguish. "I feel that I have not behaved as I should have toward you, knowing, as I did, that you were still married, although separated from Mr. Wesleigh; but how could I resist——?"

"Oh, Wythe, stop there! Stop, before you kill me with shame and humiliation! How could you resist? That is to say, that I was the tempter—that I wooed you so urgently that you could not say me nay. Man, if you will stab me to the heart I will bless you with my dying breath, and kiss the hand that puts me out of misery! but, oh, for the sake of our dear, dead happiness, never taunt me with loving you too well!"

Down upon her knees now, all her proud beauty, her state, her haughty bearing, trailed in the dust at his feet; and, with trembling hands, she clasped about his knees in bitter, bitter pleading.

Wythe Bellingham was not a heartless man, nor even a very cruel man, although he was firmly determined to triumph, if need be, over this woman's heart and soul, to escape from the position in which she and Fate had placed him. But, for all this, he stooped, and raising the writhing form in his arms, pressed his lips lightly upon the white cheek, as he said:

"There, there, dear—calm yourself! I never meant to hurt you so. It was not you who tempted me, or I you; it was our joint misfortune and error, and we will mutually repent and help each other back to the right path. We have been so cautious that the world has never yet linked our names, and no one is the wiser for our—our secret."

"No, you will be perfectly safe, Mr. Bellingham," interposed Mrs. Wesleigh, in a voice whose quiet scorn pierced like a lance through all the self-delusions in which the man had wrapped himself.

"*I* shall be safe! And do not you think I care for your reputation even more than my own?" asked he, quickly.

"No, I do not; and even if you cared for it ever so tenderly, there are matters which to me are more than reputation."

"No woman should say that."

"Ah, well! why prolong this? Say that I am unwomanly, say that our relations are incorrect, say that your conscience has suddenly resumed its office—what then? What do you wish, or what do you propose?"

"That we should sacrifice our own pleasure to the good of society, and retreat from our present dangerous position to the safer ground of friendship," replied Bellingham, promptly.

"And that you should marry Eva Gore," added Clara, in a voice as cold as ice.

"I have said nothing of the sort; I have——"

"I will spare you the shame of equivocation. What you have said suggests all that you leave unsaid, and nothing more is needed. Good-night, and good-by, Mr. Bellingham."

"Wait! Let me accompany you to the house, Clara. We part friends, do we not?"

"Why not? I will come to your wedding, and smile with the gayest. When will it be?"

"I have said already that I am not thinking of marriage?"

"True; I forgot. How chill the night-air strikes!"

And drawing her draperies closely about her, Mrs. Wesleigh passed rapidly up the path, and only paused at the point close beside the house, where some steps led to the side-entrance nearest to her apartments. A group of dense evergreens masked these steps, and, standing in their shadow, she silently pointed up to the windows of the house.

Bellingham looked, and saw the slender figure and pure sweet face of a young girl, who, half undressed, stood looking up at the moon, whose white light, falling about her like a vail, seemed to add the last touch to a picture of delicate and unsullied maidenhood.

"It is Eva Gore. I leave you to her," whispered Clara, in a suffocating voice.

And gliding past her lover, and up the steps, she disappeared, leaving Bellingham to stand in mute adoration of his fair divinity until, all unconscious of observation, she knelt, and, bowing her head upon her folded hands, she offered to Heaven, in the presence of the awful beauty of sky and sea, the silent prayer of a pure and single heart.

A few moments later, Bellingham re-entered the house, and the draperies were dropped across the young girl's window, leaving the scene to solitude at midnight; then, as if this were what she waited for, a stately black-clad

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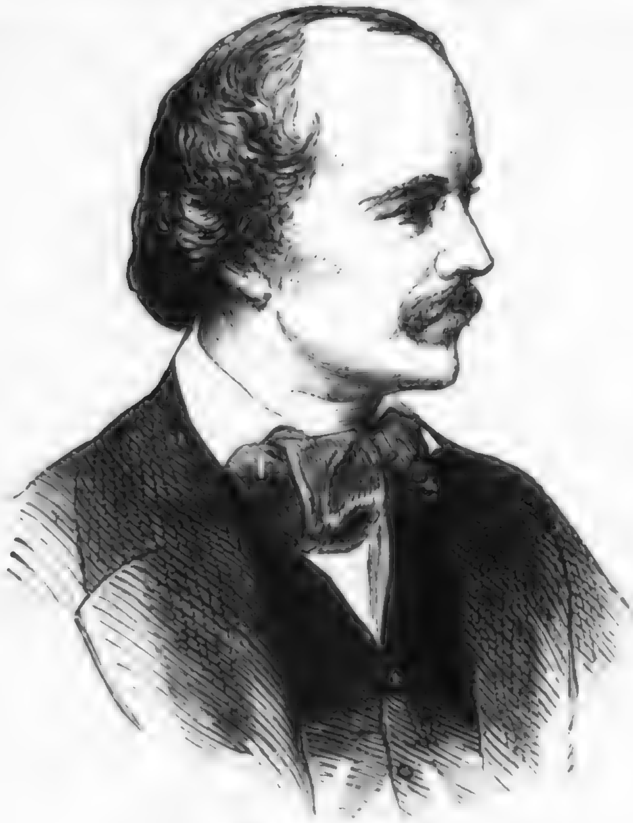
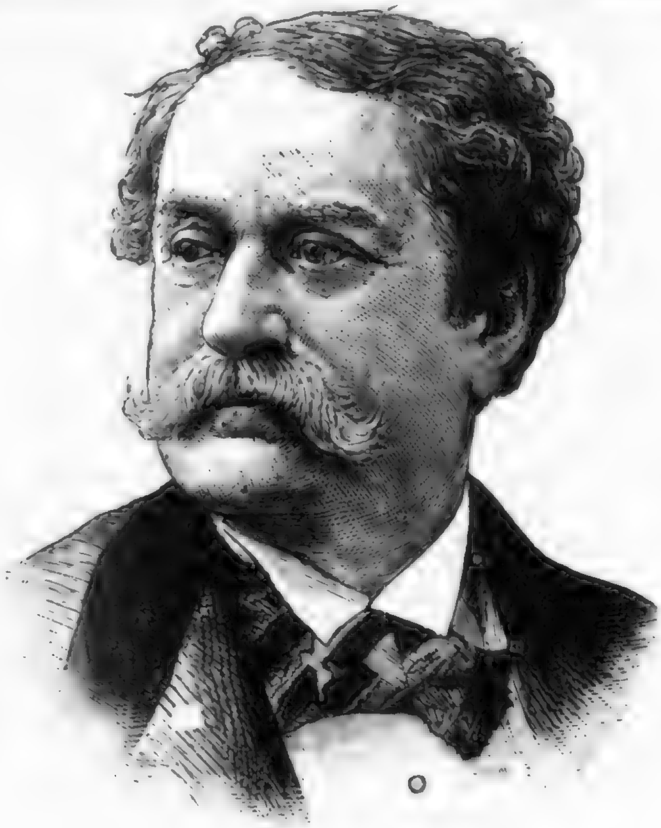
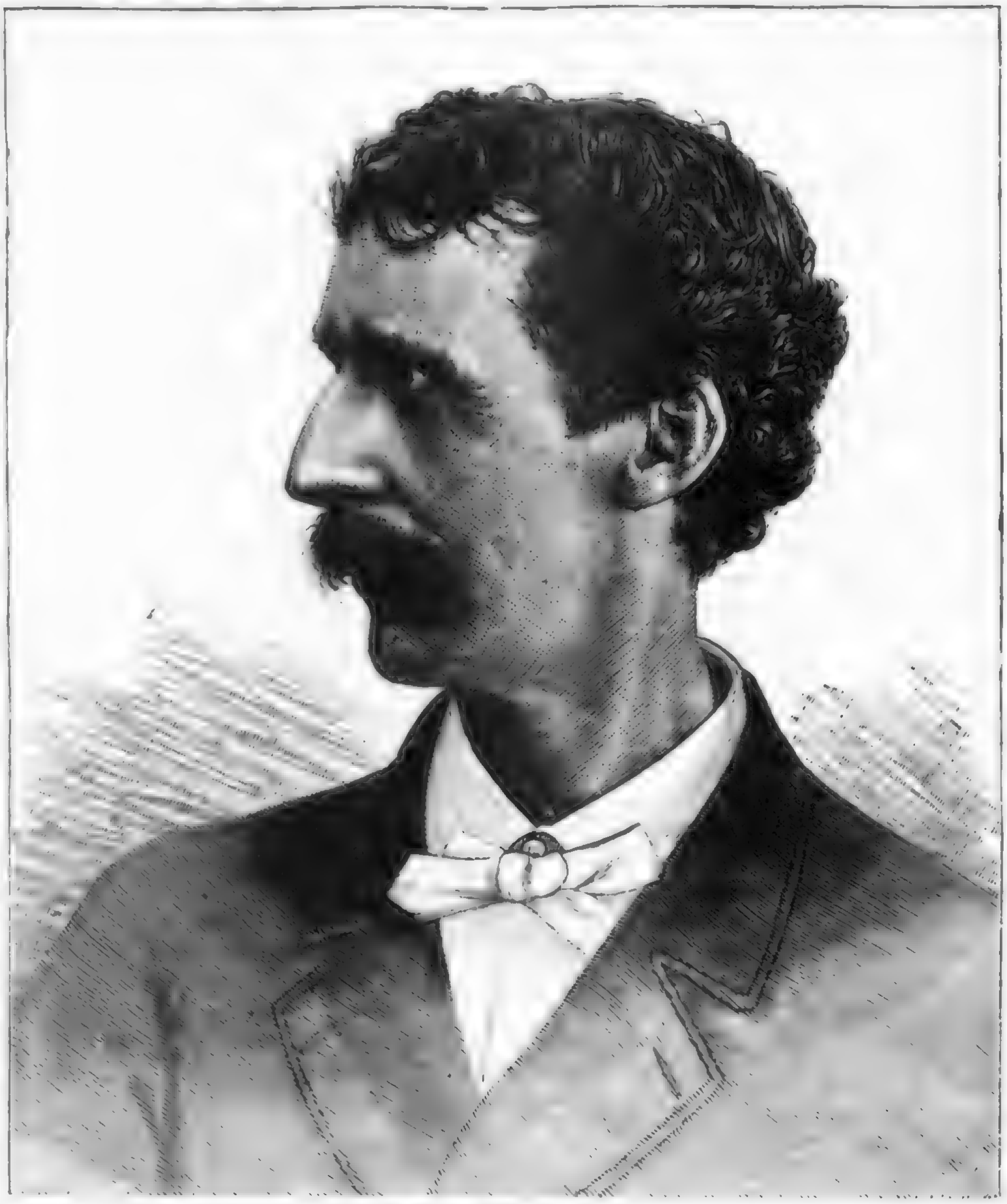


DION BOUCICAULT.



JOHN BROUGHAM.



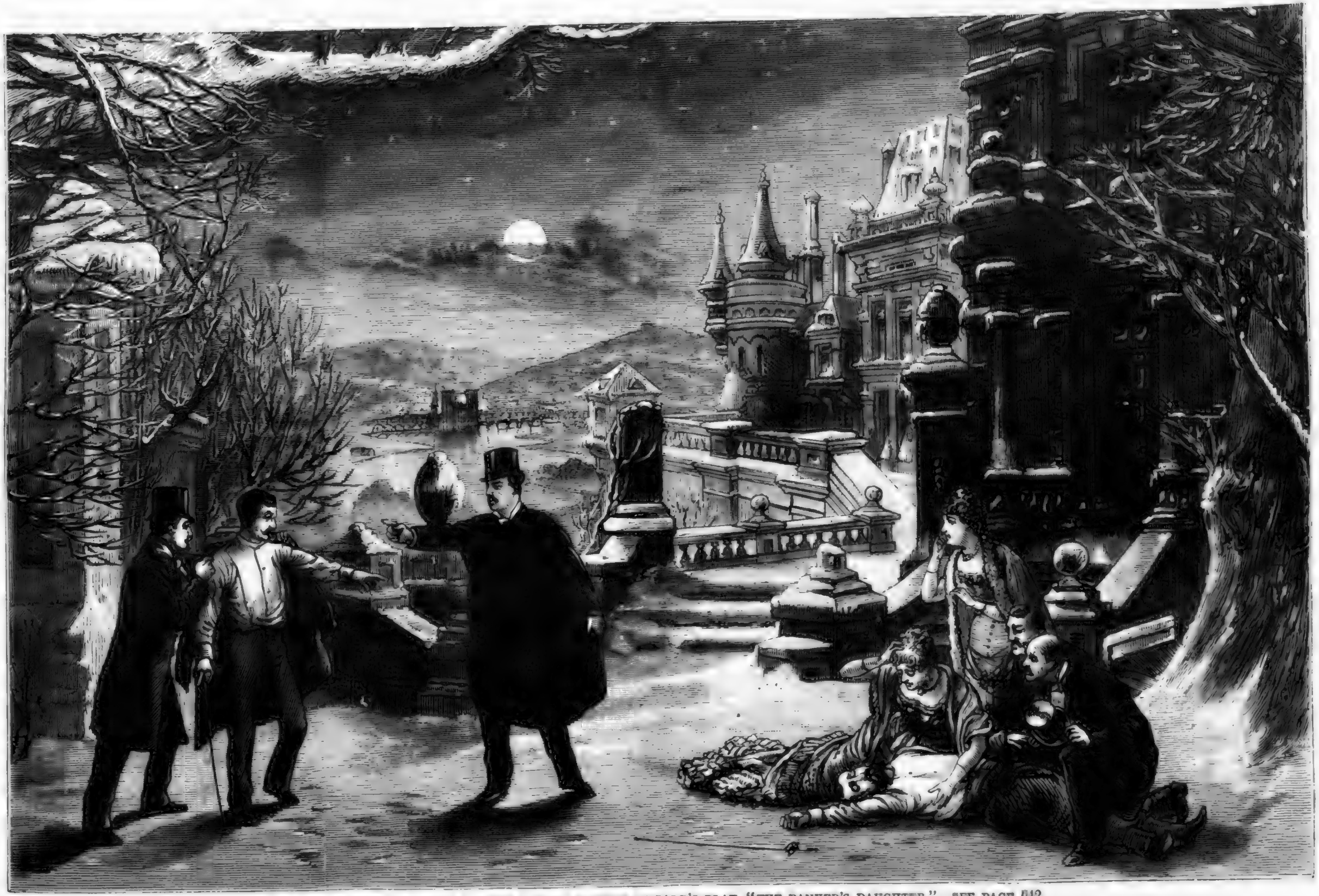
BARTLEY CAMPBELL.

figure stole from the midst of a clump of shrubbery where she had hidden, and with swift and noiseless footsteps she passed along the path toward the seashore.

Arrived at the point where she had stood with Bellingham, Clara Wesleigh paused and looked round her for a moment, with the furtive glance of a fugitive, although, poor soul, the very desolation that was driving her on was itself a guarantee against interruption. No one was in sight, however, and, drawing her dress about her with woman's instinctive nicety, she passed down across the beach and out upon a long, low ledge of rocks, projecting so far out to seaward as to be completely covered at high tide.

"Dead low water now. I have an hour or two to think over matters before——"

And with a smile more terrible than any show of grief, the desperate woman seated herself, and, leaning her chin upon her hand, fixed her eyes



THE DRAMATISTS OF TO-DAY.—SCENE FROM BRONSON HOWARD'S PLAY, "THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER."—SEE PAGE 642.

upon the distant horizon, and waited. An hour went by, and she had not stirred; the Summer night hung over her as calmly, gloriously bright as when Eva Gore had raised her gentle face and pure heart toward the sky; the soft air breathed balmily as an infant's whisper upon the bent head and pallid face of that lonely watcher by the sea, and even the waters smiled and sparkled in the moonlight as they rose around her. Yes, rose, inch by inch, wave by wave, until, from just touching the hem of her dainty robe, they now swept across her feet, and rose, line by line, inch by inch, a little higher at every wave.

Still she sat motionless, her chin upon the hand whose beauty and whose sparkling gems she had so loved and petted, but now had quite forgotten; for still her wild, haggard eyes gazed at the far horizon line, while between them and it rose memories long forgotten, but never destroyed—memories of childhood, of girlhood, of innocent, simple days, so long past now that they seemed to belong to another life—of the mother whose counsels and warnings, unheeded at the time they were spoken, rose now as if from the grave with all the solemn force of prophecies fulfilled, and the sentence of doom replacing exhortations to repentance.

"Too late! Too late!" moaned the unhappy woman, hiding her face in both her hands, and the creeping, lapping waters seemed to whisper like an echo:

"Too late! Too late!"

As if the moan had been a summons, a dark figure at this moment detached itself from the low copse that had sheltered it, and moved swiftly and noiselessly down the beach and out upon the rocks, until it stood close behind that of the crouching woman, and gently touched her head.

"Clara!"

With a sudden start, she raised her haggard face, and met the keen, cold glance of that bent toward her.

"You here! Go and leave me, Mr. Wesleigh, if you please. I wish to be alone."

"And for what purpose? What are you doing here?"

"Waiting to die! Do not try to interfere; it will be useless; and, indeed, why should you wish to?"

"Why, indeed?" replied the new-comer, calmly, and seating himself beside her as he spoke. "Our lives, either jointly or separately, have not been so blissful that we should much care to keep them. You are quite right, Clara."

"Then, go and leave, unless you wish, by way of revenge, to watch me in my last struggles."

"I have no desire for revenge, and I do not expect to be able to watch your last struggles, as my own will no doubt give me ample employment."

"What do you mean? Do you dare to jest at such a moment?"

"Heaven forbid! No, Clara, I do not jest; nor do I exult at this end of the miserable career that you have pursued for the last three years; but with your own life you have wrecked mine, and since you have decided to end yours, let mine go too. I will escort you out of this world, and into the next, as I have many a time taken you to the opera or a ball, where you went that you might meet your favorite of the hour; and I went because you had robbed me of all capacity for the quiet pleasures of my bachelorhood, and had given me nothing in exchange."

"But, good heavens! do you mean that you will sit here and drown without an effort, Mark Wesleigh?" exclaimed his wife, rousing herself with a sudden effort, and turning to stare in his face with incredulous horror.

"Exactly that, my dear! barring, of course, such muscular contortions and convulsions as I cannot resist. Drowning is a very unbecoming death."

To this somewhat flippant remark Mrs. Wesleigh offered no reply except a contemptuous gesture, as she once more turned toward the sea. The waves, still rising, broke now across her knees, and momentarily threatened to carry her away. Suddenly she turned her head, and asked, almost angrily:

"Will you go away, and leave me to myself? I am in earnest, and this farce is in the worst possible taste."

"It is no farce, but a tragedy—and in the fifth act," muttered Wesleigh, as a great wave dashed over him.

"Go, man! go! Save yourself! Why should you die?"

"Why should you?"

"I must—I must! But, oh, God! let me not murder another with myself!"

"Clara, will you for once be advised by me—by the one man who, of all your lovers, is willing to die with you?"

"What do you mean? Ugh! but this is very terrible!"

"Death is terrible when it comes from God's own hand; but when one rushes upon it in defiance of His law——"

"But, oh, Mark! I cannot, cannot live!"

"Let us talk of it, but not here. Come with me—a few steps, at least, and if I cannot persuade you—if you still insist, after hearing me, I swear that I will not in any manner control your movements. Nay, more, you shall die, if you choose, and I will die with you! Come!"

He threw his arms about her as he spoke, and she, with a convulsive sob of physical terror and anguish, yielded to the embrace, and suffered him to withdraw her to a place of safety.

"And now, tell me why you wish to die? What has happened?" asked Mark Wesleigh, after Clara had revived sufficiently to answer him.

"Why do I wish to die? Because the man I have loved better than my own honor has deserted and despises me. Is that enough? Now, let me go."

And with a sudden effort she sprang to her feet, and would have rushed once more toward the rocks; but Wesleigh detained her, saying, coldly:

"Wait! I knew nearly as much as that. The man is Wythe Bellingham, is it not?"

"Good heavens! Can you speak his name? Yes."

"And he has deserted you?"

"Yes."

"And you amiably intend to remove yourself from his path, leaving him at perfect liberty to woo another woman?"

"He already woos her," muttered Clara, shuddering, and sinking nervously back to a seat beside her husband, whose white face and glassy eyes glared upon her through the darkness.

"And is not revenge sweeter than death, Clara?"

"Revenge! I had not thought of that," replied she, slowly, and losing in a moment the desperate haste of her mood.

"Think of it now. I will plan it—I will carry it out; for I, too, owe this man a debt, and I will pay for both of us."

"But—you, no doubt, wish for revenge on me also?" said Clara, in the same musing manner of her last utterance.

"On you? No, Clara! It is the weakness of my whole life, and it triumphs even now. Come back to me—forsake the world which has so cruelly forsaken you, and I will devote the remainder of my life and my fortune to compensating you for what you have this night suffered! Clara, promise me to love me a little—to try, at least, to love me and allow me to love you, and I forgive all—forget all, but that you are the one woman whom I love, and must love for ever."

An hour later Mrs. Wesleigh quietly returned to the house, and gained her own chamber unobserved, while her husband as quietly returned to the obscure lodging he had occupied for a day or two unknown to any one.

For the next two days Clara was confined to her room with a feverish cold, and Mr. Bellingham, blessing his good fortune, pursued his acquaintance with Miss Gore so rapidly as to be already hovering on the verge of a proposal, when he received a penciled line from Mrs. Wesleigh:

"I am going away. Our conversation the other night has given me my death-blow, and I go to hide myself until the end. I would see you once more—for the last time. Tell me when and where after to-night, for I cannot yet leave my room, and do not wish to see you in this house."

An hour later she received the following reply:

"I will meet you upon the beach where we last met, at nine o'clock to-morrow evening. You had better keep your room until then, to avoid suspicion. W. BELLINGHAM."

Mrs. Wesleigh smiled an ugly smile, as she read these lines and carefully laid the note aside, and began certain preparations, as if for a journey.

Soon after dark she muffled herself in a dark cloak, drew the hood over her face, and crept softly from the house.

Once out of the grounds, she walked rapidly on for something over a mile, when she paused at an angle of the road, and uttered a low cry.

The figure of a man at once arose from his seat beneath a guide-post, and came forward, saying:

"Is it you, Clara?"

"Yes; I have the note, signed by him, appointing an interview, and enjoining secrecy.'

"Excellent. The place?"

"The spot where you found me three nights ago."

"Good! Now, listen, while I tell you my exact plan, and the part you are to play."

"Walk back with me toward the house while we talk. It is so dark and lonely."

In the darkness a smile passed across Mark Wesleigh's white lips. Was this woman, whom he so long had loved in vain, learning at last to lean upon him, to cling to him, to see in him the barrier between her and the desolation that should have been her lot?

But, without muttering a word of all he felt, he offered his arm, and the two walked slowly back along the lonely road, talking earnestly, although almost in whispers, as they went.

The next day was one of the loveliest of the Summer, and Mr. Bellingham easily persuaded Miss Gore to drive with him to a little picnic, planned by the inmates of the house, in a grove at some miles' distance.

Returning in the late twilight, he softly spoke the words that all day long had burned upon his lips and melted in his every glance.

The young girl listened with a shy delight that heightened every charm, and answered in one soft whisper, worth more, just then, in Wythe Bellingham's ears than the plaudits of a world.

"Mine, my own darling, now and for ever!" whispered he, folding his arm about her swaying form, and gently kissing the maiden lips never profaned by man's before.

The glow had not yet faded from either face, nor the conscious droop of Eva's figure given place to its usual modest dignity, when the light-wagon drove ound the approach to the house, and passed beneath the shuttered window from which a dark face and pair of glaring eyes looked down upon them.

"You little fool! Make the most of him, for you shall never sit beside him so again—never, never!" muttered Clara Wesleigh, between her clinched teeth.

And at the same moment Bellingham, lifting his betrothed from the carriage, whispered:

"We will drive to Blossom Woods again to-morrow, darling, will we not?"

Night came—dark, close and breathless as the nights that in a tropical climate foretell an earthquake. Punctual to his appointment, although inwardly raging at the folly and crime that had forced him into making and keeping it, Wythe Bellingham excused himself to his fair *fiancée*, and strode gloomily down the path toward the beach.

Clara, wrapped from head to foot in a black mantle that merged inextricably in the blackness of the night, stood waiting for him upon the spot where they had last met, and without waiting for him to speak, addressed him, eagerly:

"Come this way with me. I am afraid that we are watched here—I even fear that Mr. Wesleigh is lurking in the neighborhood. Come!"

"But why prolong this interview in any case?" began Bellingham, following her mechanically as he spoke.

Clara made no reply, but walked rapidly forward.

"Clara, I will follow you no further! Stop here, and tell me what you fear—what you mean! Do you hear me?"

And Bellingham paused so resolutely as to prove that what he said he meant, and that he was to be led, blindfolded at least, no longer.

"Wythe, you will not desert me now! Have you not vowed, over and over again, that at the worst you would defend me—would stand by me in the face of the whole world if need be? Will you break your oath?"

"Again, what do you mean?"

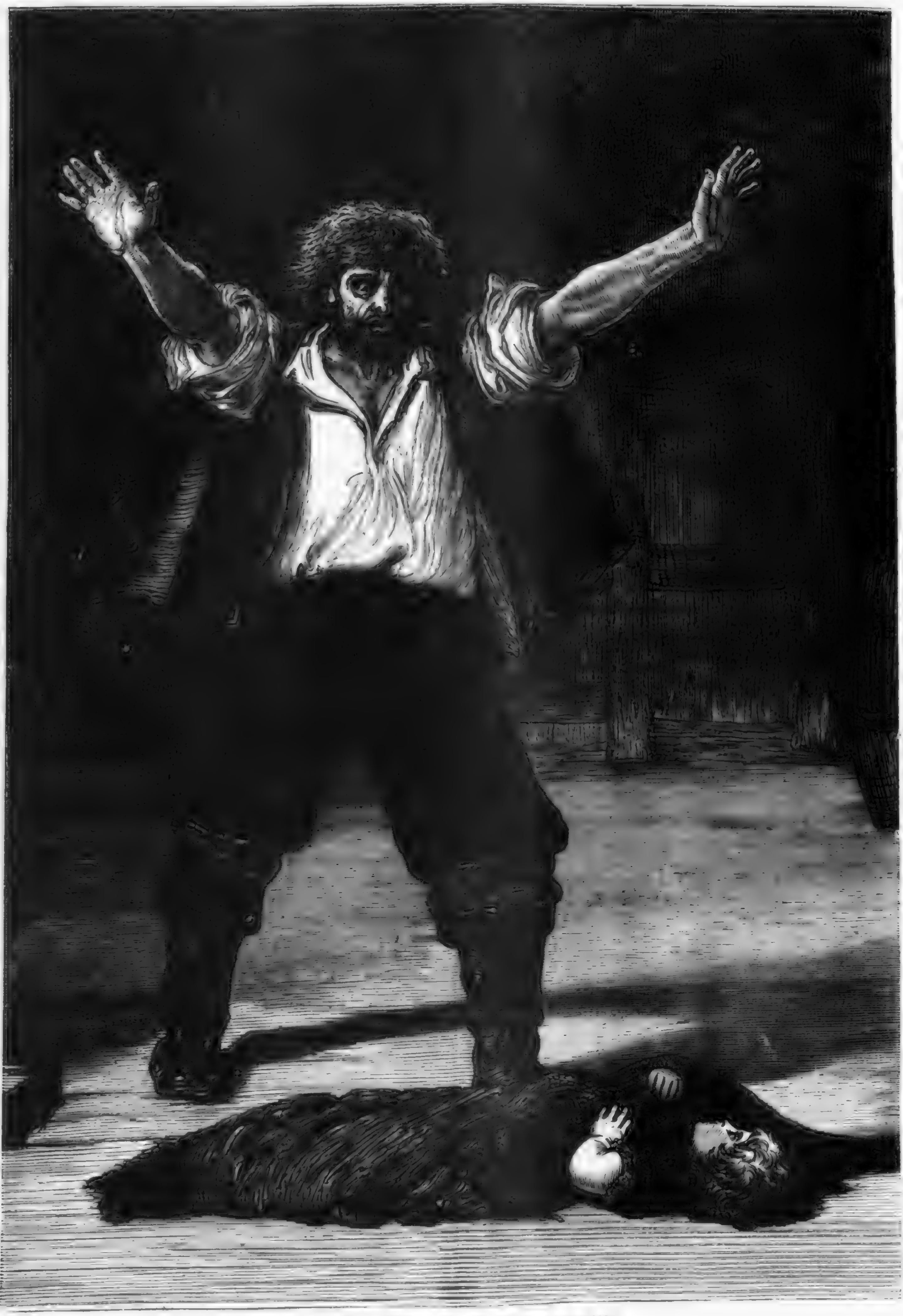
"Just this: Mark Wesleigh arrived at this place not three hours since; he has been tampering with the servants, both mine and yours—my woman told me. He is furious, and has determined to expose us publicly tomorrow morning, before the whole house—do you understand? And nothing would stop him if he once began, I assure you. He is terrible—terrible! And, oh, Wythe, I have only you to look to for protection now!"

She threw herself sobbing into his arms, but he flung her off in horror, grinding an oath and an epithet between his teeth that sent the blood in a torrent even to Clara Wesleigh's practiced face. But still she held her part.

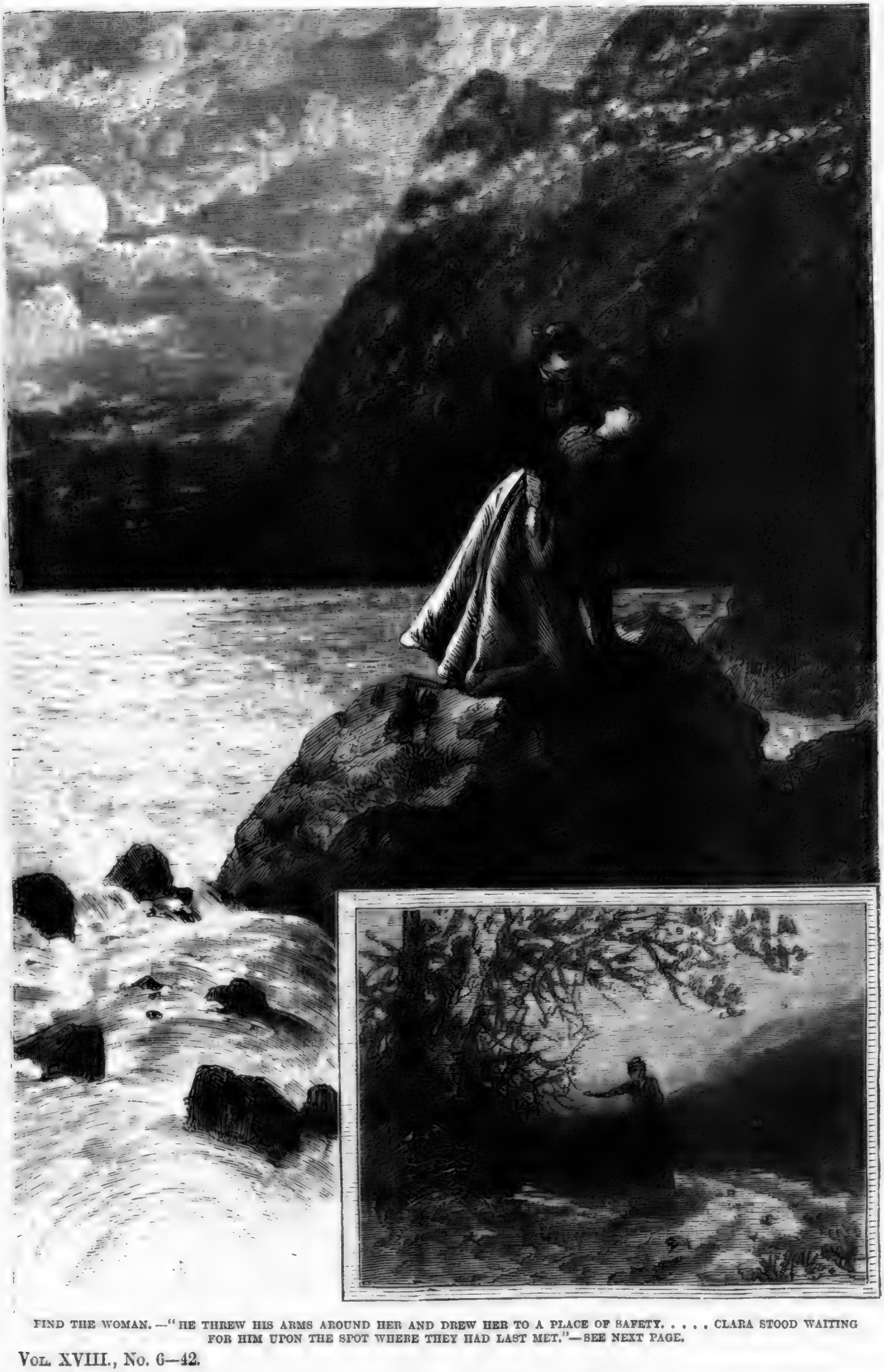
"Oh, Wythe, Wythe! you have broken my heart; but do not leave me to die at your very feet! Save me, save me, for it is you who brought me to this strait!"

"And I will help you out of it if I can, although it is something more than my life that you demand of me in fulfillment of a rash promise," replied Bellingham, with sombre coldness. "What do you require?" he added, as the wretched woman sobbed and clung to him without speaking.

"I must fly from this place to-night. I have ordered your man to drive the little wagon down to the crossroads, telling him that I would explain all to you. I



SCENE FROM "DANIEL DRUCE."—SEE PAGE 642.



FIND THE WOMAN.—"HE THREW HIS ARMS AROUND HER AND DREW HER TO A PLACE OF SAFETY. . . . . CLARA STOOD WAITING FOR HIM UPON THE SPOT WHERE THEY HAD LAST MET."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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suppose he is waiting now, and you will take me to Greene in time to catch the morning-train. I will go to New York, and seek refuge among my own people. It is better, too, for you to be there when Mr. Wesleigh overtakes you. It will be easier to confront him there than here, with all these eager eyes upon you; and there is no possibility now of avoiding open exposure. You may as well, and better, come with me, and prepare to meet it bravely."

"Exposure here, in Eva Gore's presence!" groaned Bellingham.

And Clara smiled, for already the bitterness of death was working in the heart that had proved false to her.

"Yes, and he will take special pains to let her be of his audience. I have it. Tell your man to go at once to the house where Mr. Wesleigh is in hiding, and tell him of our escape. He will pursue us at once, you may be sure, and the scandal here will be averted; he will pursue us without the loss of a moment, and, perhaps, some compromise may be effected. Eva Gore may never hear of it at all. You can arrange all that."

"As you will. I am in the toils, and no struggle would avail to set me free. You have ruined me, Clara—ruined me, body and soul, and I swear that, if I lose Eva Gore, I will strive as hard to excel in wickedness as I had resolved to try for virtue. Come on!"

A few moments of sharp walking, and the pair reached the cross-roads, where stood Bellingham's equipage and sorely puzzled groom.

"All right, James," said his master, cutting short a stammered apology. "Go to Brown's, where you will find Mr. Wesleigh. Give him my compliments, and say that I shall be at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York; then take the coach to Greene, where you will find the wagon, which you are to drive home by easy stages. But there is one thing for you to remember, my man, and you know that I mean what I say."

"Yes, sir," murmured the groom, submissively.

"Well, then, take care that you do not mention anything that has occurred to-night, or speak this lady's name to man, woman, or child, before you see me again. You understand?"

"Quite, sir. I'll be careful, sir."

"You had better. Give me the reins."

And with a sudden plunge the spirited horse shot off, carrying the strangely assorted pair into the darkness and the night, while the English groom, looking after them, and listening to the light whirl of the retreating wheels, muttered:

"If this ain't the queerest start ever I see! Just as he got all right with the other one, too! Well, all I've got to do is to obey orders, if I break owners; so, here goes."

The next evening Bellingham, sitting gloomily idle all alone in his own room at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, was presented with a card; and, tossing it upon the table, briefly replied:

"Show the gentleman up!"

The servant retreated, and presently returned, ushering in the square-shouldered and dignified figure that had appeared so suddenly upon the beach where Clara Wesleigh had set herself to die.

Mr. Bellingham rose, and bowed ceremoniously, saying:

"I expected you, Mr. Wesleigh."

"Indeed. Where is my wife?"

"I do not know. She left me at the station, and I have not seen nor heard from her since. We neither intend nor desire to meet again, but I do not offer that as an excuse. I am ready to answer for the past in any manner you may suggest."

"The satisfaction of a gentleman, I suppose!" sneered Wesleigh. "Well, no, sir; I don't intend to fight a duel with you, if that is what you mean. That sort of thing has become simply absurd. I have already taken my satisfaction, and in my own way. Mrs. Wesleigh, upon arriving in New York, went directly to my sister's house, as I had advised her to do; and I have seen her this evening. We sail to-morrow upon a prolonged tour; and you are quite correct in saying that you and my wife are not likely to meet again. Meantime, I have dispatched a note to my old friend Thomas Gore, of which the following is a copy."

As he spoke, he laid a paper upon the table, and Bellingham snatched it up. It ran thus:

"Dear George: Mr. Wytho Bellingham, just betrothed to your daughter Eva, as I understand, has been for some months the lover of my wife, and went to Shell Cove for the purpose of enjoying her society. During a quarrel between them, he offered himself to Miss Gore; but afterward, repenting of his fickleness, became reconciled to Mrs. Wesleigh, and eloped with her on Wednesday evening last, driving in his own wagon to Greene, as the people at the stables can testify; and traveling thence to New York with her, at which place I overtook and separated them. I inclose a note from Bellingham to my wife, making the appointment for their elopement. I have forgiven Mrs. Wesleigh's share in this adventure, being persuaded that she only yielded to the arts of a practiced libertine, and sincerely repents her errors. I give you this account from a painful sense of duty, that you may be warned in time against a man whom no virtuous woman can meet without contamination."

Clinching this letter in his hand, Bellingham raised his white and haggard face to the impassive eyes so steadily reading it, and muttered, hoarsely:

"You have ruined me!"

"With Eva Gore—yes."

"With her, with the world, with myself. That letter shuts the door to all decent society for me. Well, there are other circles where I shall be welcome. You have sent me to perdition!"

"Only thrown up a barricade behind you. You were already on the road when you went down to that place to meet another man's wife. And now, Mr. Bellingham, I believe there is nothing more to be said between us, not even good-by, since that is a benediction."

And, with a stately bow, Mr. Mark Wesleigh strode from the room, while Bellingham, too crushed and humilated to reply, sank into a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

* * * * *

What more is to be said? It is but an episode—and what is life but a succession of episodes? Mr. and Mrs. Wesleigh have been five years abroad; and Wythe Bellingham is a man about town with the worst possible reputation, and by no means upon the visiting-list of Mrs. Marcus Upton, *née* Eva Gore.

Among the Kasia Hills, in the eastern part of Bengal, the men are said to be the inferiors, even in the eye of the law. Property descends only through women. The latter have the supreme command, and everywhere assert themselves as the superiors of their husbands, who are represented by travelers as little better than domestic drudges, who mind the baby and go the errands and perform other little duties of the kind, while the wives attend to the more serious affairs of daily life. The girls of a family are held in high esteem.

A RAMBLE THROUGH THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.

ITS TOWNS, ANTIQUITIES AND OBJECTS OF INTEREST.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph.D.

In making the voyage across the Atlantic, in the Summer season, many steamers now keep south of the Banks of Newfoundland, partly to sail clear of the fishing-smacks, and to avoid the fogs, and partly to give a wide berth to possible icebergs, which, at this season of the year, are uncomfortable objects to meet on the wide ocean. Having circumnavigated these dangers, the vessels take a northerly course, and when they have reached the 49th parallel, continue on it a couple of days until they think it time to aim for the neighborhood of the Scilly Islands. If, instead of changing the course to the north, the ships were to continue on the 49th parallel, they would soon run upon the sharp rocks which bristle up around the Channel Islands, and would find themselves at Jersey. Sometimes sailing-vessels, driven by stress of weather out of their course, come disagreeably near to these reefs, and history abounds in the story of melancholy shipwrecks which have here taken place. It may be well to remind the reader that the archipelago of the Channel Islands, chiefly belonging to England, though lying very near to the coast of France, includes four large islands: Alderney (about 60 miles from England); Guernsey (70 miles); Sark (70 miles); and Jersey (90 miles); several smaller islands, which are, nevertheless, inhabited; and numerous desolate rocks, either lying singly or collected together in groups. Of the four large islands, Jersey is foremost in size and population; Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark, rank in the order in which we have named them.

The Romans could not avoid seeing these islands on their way to Cornwall, and there are evidences of their having visited some of them, and Latin authors mention *Cæsaria* (Jersey), *Sarnia* (Guernsey), and *Aurica* (Alderney), the latter being still called by the French Aurigny, from its ancient name; but the earliest historical accounts appear to date from the sixth century, when Sampson, Bishop of St. David's, received from Childebert, King of France, the Abbacy of Dol, in Brittany, with the Lordship of Jersey, Guernsey, and the other islands. It is usually held that Christianity was introduced into the islands, A.D. 556, by Bishop Sampson, and the political history begins early in the tenth century, when the famous Norseman, Rollo, Duke of Normandy, annexed the entire group to his dominion.

After the conquest of England by William the Conqueror, the islands went to the English Crown, and with the exception of a brief interval, they have since continued to form a part of the British Empire, and are, in fact, the sole existing memorial of the ancient possessions formerly held by England on the Continent. It was during the reign of Henry I. that the ship *La Blanche Nef*, which carried Prince William, the heir to the throne, was wrecked, in 1121. Prince William lost his life, and it is said of the royal father that "he never smiled again." It is remarkable that when King John lost his French possessions these islands were not seized at the same time, and they doubtless would have been if their importance had been properly appreciated. Afterward, when the grave mistake was discovered, the French undertook to obtain them by force, but were always repulsed. The last attempt of this kind was in 1781, since which time the English rule has remained undisputed. It was during the repulse of an invasion in 1779 that the victory was embittered by the loss of Major Pierson, whose heroic death forms the subject of a well-known picture by Copley, and whose memory is perpetuated by a bronze tablet inserted in the wall of a house on the market-place of St. Helier's, near the spot where he fell. Strong fortifications have lately been erected for the defense of the principal towns and military points on the islands, but Nature has provided much more valuable security from invasion in the vast number of hidden rocks which encircle the bays and harbors, like the coral atolls of Florida, and render approach, even in calm weather, very difficult, and in a storm wholly impossible.

Jersey, being the largest and most important of the islands, must first claim our attention. The government of this island is certainly unique. Although they are under the protectorate of England, they are practically the most independent population to be anywhere found on the globe. The share played by the English Government in the affairs of this island is about as small and trifling as it could well be, and it is greatly to the credit of the inhabitants that they have not abused the implicit trust placed in them by the superior power.

Jersey has its own Lieutenant-governor, Bailiff, Dean (the ecclesiastical superior), States Assembly and Royal Court. The States Assembly (the Legislature) comprises the Lieutenant-governor, *ex-officio;* the Bailiff (or judge, who presides); the twelve Jurats of the Royal Court; the Rectors of the twelve Parishes; the Constables of the twelve Parishes; and fourteen elected Deputies, one from each Parish, and two extra from the City of St. Helier; the Crown being represented by the Attorney-general, the Solicitor-general, and the Viscount or Sheriff, who have seats, but no votes. The whole legislative power, subject to the paramount authority of the Imperial Parliament, is vested in the fifty-two members, above designated, of the States Assembly. The proceedings of this body have, up to a recent period, been conducted exclusively in French, but at the present time any member can address the Assembly in English, and it will not be long before the English language will supersede the French altogether. In addition to the States Assembly, there is a Royal Court, which exercises judicial functions, and there is a Petty Debts Court, for the recovery of debts under ten pounds.

The Lieutenant-governor of Jersey is appointed by the Queen, and must be a military man who has reached the rank of colonel. His function appears to be to look after the defenses of the island, and to occupy himself with the comfort of the regiments stationed there. He wisely refrains from interfering in the civil government of the place, so that the position is much of a sinecure, and a very pleasant one to hold, as there is a fine official residence and a handsome salary, and everything to make life comfortable and agreeable.

The office of Bailiff is really of more importance and responsibility. The name was originally adopted from France, where it signified a person invested with extensive judicial prerogatives, and who was judge over one of the Bailliages into which the different provinces were divided. The office was rendered distinct from that of the Governor in the reign of Edward I., in the year 1301,

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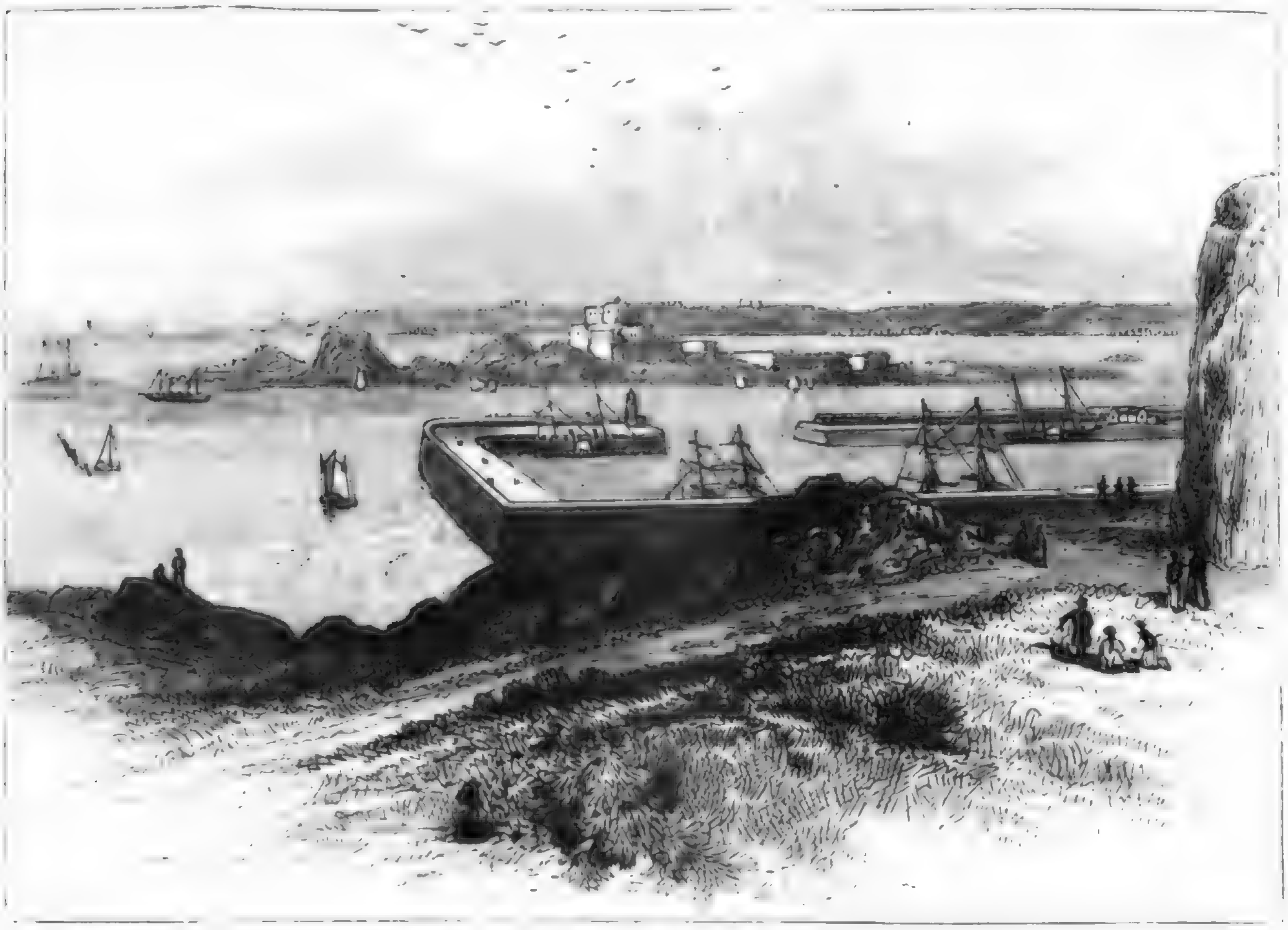
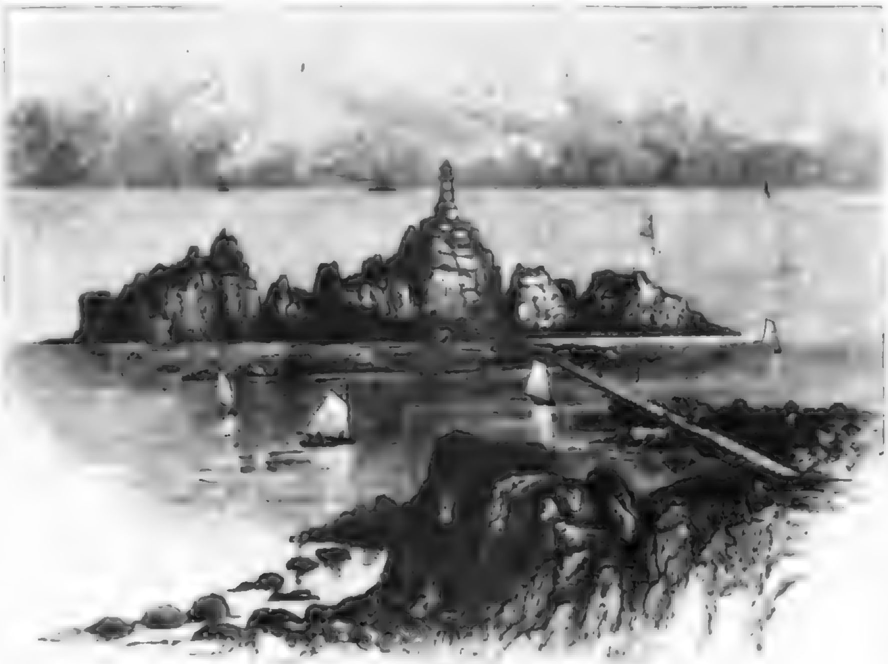


PANORAMA OF JERSEY.

though it remained in the gift of the Crown until the reign of Henry VII.

The Jurats were first established by the Constitution of King John. There is one Jurat for each of the twelve Parishes into which Jersey is divided, but as the City of St. Helier, the chief port of entry, contains half the population of the island, it has been allowed to elect two extra Jurats, to equalize the representation. The Jurats are chosen for life by the votes of all those who contribute to the parochial rates, and they constitute, with the Bailiff, or President, the magistracy of the island. The position of head of a family (*chef de famille*) was formerly required to qualify a person as a voter, but the law now is, that all persons whose names are inscribed on the rate-list of a parish, and have been domiciled there for a year and a day, are entitled to vote in all general elections. The elections were formerly held on Sunday and the votes were tendered in the porches of the parish churches, but the English regard for Sunday has driven out this French custom, and the elections are now held on a Tuesday. In addition to the life Jurats, there are Constables and Deputies elected for three years, who are eligible for a second term.



CARBIERE ROCKS, JERSEY.

The principal business of the States Assembly is to provide funds for carrying out public works ; to decide means for raising the revenue, of which they have the administration. They have also the privilege of enacting, *pro tem.*, such laws as they may consider expedient, but their acts are only valid for three years, unless sanctioned by the Queen in Council. The States, however, are frequently in the habit of renewing them on their own authority, at the expiration of the prescribed terms. The Bailiff, or President, has a temporary veto, subject to an appeal to the Queen in Council. We have here an ideal government, which, if one were to sketch it from his imagination, would be pronounced to be utopian. It is a republic with limited suffrage, and with certain reservations which not a few would be glad to recognize in the Constitution of the United States. The English notion of free trade prevails here to its fullest extent. There are no imports, no tariffs, no customs officers, and the only exception to absolute free trade of which I could obtain any knowledge was in the importation of cattle. No foreign cattle are permitted to enter the island, excepting for slaughtering purposes, and this provision is made necessary, as the breed of native cattle is very valuable and characteristic, and might easily be destroyed by injudicious crossing.

The local taxes are made as light as possible, and as the inhabitants are at liberty to buy in the cheapest markets of the world, the expenses of living in Jersey have been very low. This cheapness has enticed many officers on half pay, and persons of limited income, to the island, so that there is a little overcrowding, and they have scared away the economy they came to seek. Still, education is cheap, provisions are abundant and reasonable, house-rent is moderate, and clothing excessively low; so that, compared with other parts of the world, Jersey continues to offer a pleasant asylum for persons of limited means.

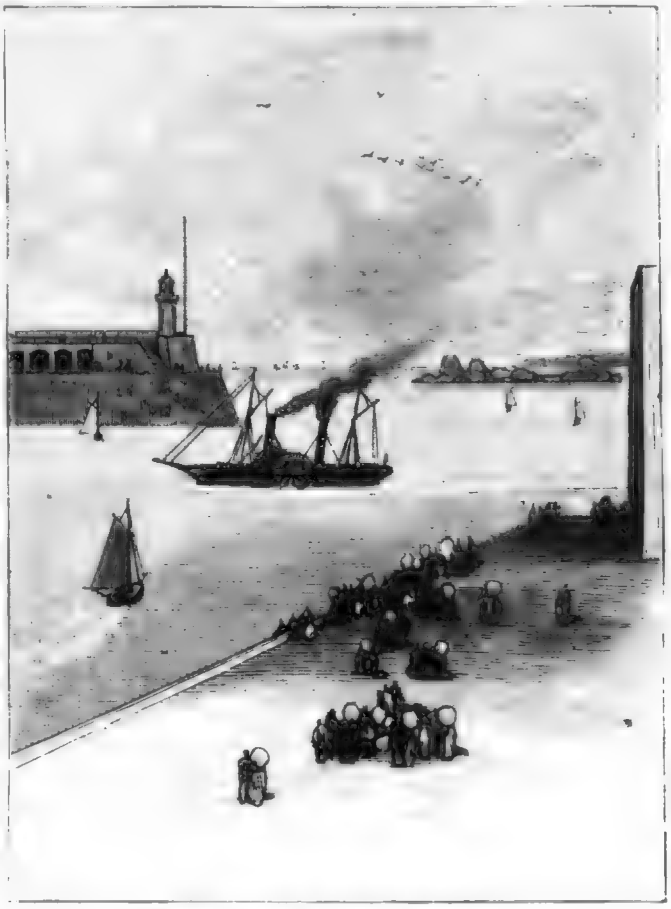
The language of the Island of Jersey is a near approach to the Norman French spoken by the rough warriors who followed the banner of William the Conqueror. Of course, it has undergone great modifications during the last eight hundred years, but it is claimed to be a better representative of the ancient French than can be found on the Continent. In Black's "Guide to Jersey," a specimen is given of the Jersey *patois*, which will be interesting to the French scholar :

"Daeux trais rimmes à la memouaithe de Maistre Wace, un vier Prêtre Gerriais qui m'passe bain près du cœu, quoi qu'il yiait bétost huit chents ans que le pouor' bouanhomme erpose paisiblement souos la blièste. J'ai bain des fais paslait à mes ammins à l'endrait d'esl'ver un monueusment à s'nhonneu, mais chest comme si j'm'capuchais la teste contre la pathé, il ont poeux de desmouaizir quicq'herpins; Eh! mon Gui il en laissont driéthe ieux d'ches fréluques, nou n'les mettra pou à lus servir d'ouothilli quand nou les pliache'cha dans lues dernièthe grande naithe casaque, et que non l'z' envietha à s'er'poser dans l'bian grand Gardin à noutr' ammin le Ministre Fillieu."

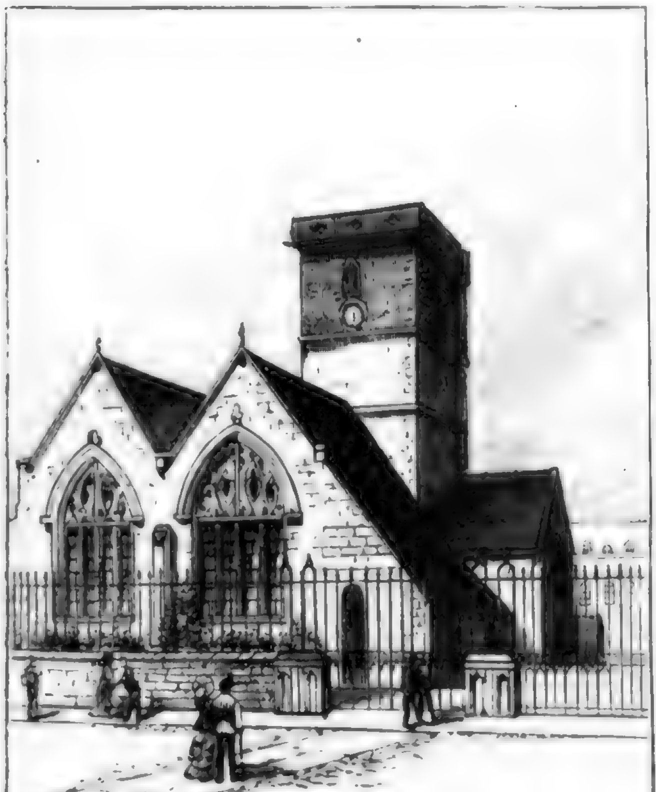
In modern French this would run as follows :

"Deux ou trois rimes à la mémoire de Maistre Wace, un vieux Prêtre qui me passe bien près du cœur, quoi qu'il y'ait bientôt huit cents ans que le pauvre bonhomme repose paisiblement sous le gazon. J'ai bien des fois parlé à mes amis au sujet d'élever un monument à son honneur, mais c'est comme si je me cognais la tête contre un mur, ils ont peur de dépenser quelques sous—et, mon Dieu, ils en laisseront derrière eux de ces fréluques, on ne les mettra point à bien servir do'reiller, quand nous les placerons dans leur dernier grand habit noir (cercueil), et qu'on les enverra se reposer dans le beau grand jardin (le cimetière) de notre ami le Révérend Filleul (le recteur de la Paroisse)."

As English is taught in the schools, and the children have the notion that it is more aristocratic and refined to speak English, the difficulty in keeping up the French is yearly becoming greater, and at the same rate of extirpation it will not take long to drive the French language out of the island, excepting in the families of the cultivated and wealthy, who will have to acquire it from private masters. At St. Helier's, in Jersey, the town-crier, who went about the streets to announce a sale of furniture at auction, recited his story first in English and then repeated it all in French ; and as the latter was in the *patois* of the country, it could scarcely have been understood by any one who was not to the manner born. The children on the streets almost invariably talked and conducted their games in English ; and it was only in two or three instances during our stay on the island that we encountered some elderly persons who could not understand



PIER-HEAD, ST. HELIER'S, JERSEY.



ST. HELIER'S CHURCH, JERSEY.

English, and they comprehended pure French as well as their own *patois.* It results, practically, that nearly every farmer and native of Jersey speaks fluently three languages—English, French, and Jersey *patois.* The gentleman who accompanied us about the island constantly used those three tongues. It would be a pity to have this linguistic accomplishment broken up, and the intelligent natives much regret it, but they look upon it as inevitable, chiefly owing to the silly notion on the part of the children that the proper thing to do is to speak and act English, and despise everything French. It will not take many generations of such children to extirpate all traces of French as a universal language on the island.

The union of Church and State is strongly marked in Jersey, although the number of dissenters, as they are called, is large, and they have numerous churches. The rectors of the twelve parishes into which the island is divided must, by law, be natives of Jersey. This limits the selection to a very small constituency, and cannot always insure the ablest talent for the sacred office. The twelve rectors are *ex-officio* members of the States Assembly, and are thus clothed with judicial powers. The dean is at the head of the ecclesiastical court, and he, in turn, looks to the Bishop of Winchester, in England, as his superior. The constituting of the Channel Islands into a separate see, the seat of which should be at St. Helier's, has been frequently mooted of late years, and the Bishop of Winchester is said to have recommended the measure as likely to be productive of great advantage to these islands. The services in all of the churches is conducted in the morning in French and in the afternoon in English, the rector being always familiar with both languages. It is somewhat remarkable that eight of the twelve parish churches in Jersey were built and consecrated in the twelfth century, and the newest of all was built in 1341. The oldest church, that of St. Brelade's, was constructed, May 27th, 1111. None of the churches are remarkable for architectural beauty, but being generally covered with ivy and possessed of ancient stained windows and peculiar Norman towers, they have a charm which is often wanting in more magnificent structures. We visited many of them, and were always rewarded for the trouble. The situation of St. Brelade's Church, the most ancient in the island, is highly picturesque. It stands on one side of a beautiful bay, on the edge of the water, which at high tide washes the wall of the burying-ground, and is almost completely covered with ivy. In the yard is a magnificent old oak, the holly growing to the size of a tree, and an unusually fine specimen of the araucaria, which is much affected on the islands, and appears to flourish well. Close by was a chapel, much older than the church, dating back to the introduction of Christianity on the island, but, strange to say, now converted into a lunch-room. The town church of St. Helier's is built in the early pointed Gothic style, and dates from 1341. It has been lately completely renovated and adorned with remarkably fine painted glass, some of which we saw on exhibition in Paris in 1867. It also contains a fine monument, by Bacon, of Major Pierson, previously mentioned as having been killed in the Market Place while defending the city from a French invasion.

Before proceeding to give an account of our personal adventures and wanderings on the island, it may be well to record such statistics and information as will acquaint the reader with the position of the island, and with its size and population. Jersey is within fifteen miles of the coast of France, and there is every geological evidence for believing that it was at one time connected with the mainland. Its extreme length is about eleven miles, and its breadth from five to six, and it has a superficies of about 30,000 acres, 20,000 of which are under cultivation. It is not, therefore, so large as many cattle-farms or ranches in Texas and Colorado. The distance from Southampton to Jersey is 130 miles; from Weymouth, 85; from London, 320; from Granville, France, 32; and St. Malo, France, 42. With all of these places there is direct steam communication.

The population of the island was, at the last census (in 1871), 56,627 persons; St. Helier's, the principal town, alone containing 30,756, a considerable proportion of whom are English residents. There are 7,000 more females on the island than males, which is partly accounted for from the fact that a large proportion of the natives are seafaring men, and are not registered. Jersey enjoys a very advantageous position for commerce, as it is intermediate between the coasts of France and England, and is not saddled with any tariff or customs regulations.

At certain seasons, fine mackerel, turbot, red and gray mullet, John Dory, bream, bass, skate, silver whiting, lobsters, prawns, crabs, oysters, etc., abound, and the conger-eel is very abundant. The eel makes a delicious soup, and when dried, salted, and toasted, is used as a common relish for the breakfast and tea table. Not many years ago the island could boast of an extensive oyster trade, and £40,000 per annum were realized by the sale; the yield is said to be reviving under new regulations and better knowledge of culture. There are fine granite quarries on the island, and considerable china clay is exported to the Staffordshire potteries. The rock is generally porphyritic granite, green-stone (diorite), and metamorphic slate; there are no stratified rocks, everything being altered and metamorphosed. This kind of rock invariably yields a rich soil, and promises pure water, and when the climate favors, as it does here, even in the most exposed situations and where the soil is but superficial, vegetation is luxuriant. Too much cannot be said for the climate of Jersey.

According to observations which have been kept for many years, the temperature is remarkably equable, the variations being neither very sudden nor very violent. Night frosts rarely occur earlier than December, and snow is extremely rare; in some years it does not fall at all, and on these rarely for more than four or five days. In nine years, according to Dr. Hoskins, there occurred but fifty days when the thermometer was at thirty-two degrees, or below it. Under these advantageous circumstances it can well be believed that many plants grow in the open air which are generally only met with in greenhouses or in the tropics. The evergreen oak and the elm have an individual character, and preserve their foliage a long time. Many shrubs which in the Northern States of the Union are only known in hothouse plants or Summer sproslings, here grow to the size of trees, and are sometimes used as substitutes for the hawthorn in hedges. The magnolia grandiflora, the myrtle, rose, and geranium, attain large size, and there are numerous delicate flowers blooming in the open air, which are usually only met with in Italy.

Fig-trees, pear-trees, and grapevines, flourish ordinarily; but the apples, for some reason, never equal the American production. Ferns adorn every nook and corner—every leafy lane and woody bank; many of these being very curious and beautiful varieties, although there are by no means as many species as are met with in Massachusetts, the peculiarity here being that they grow in the open air, on banks, or hedges, without the protection of shade, and to great size.

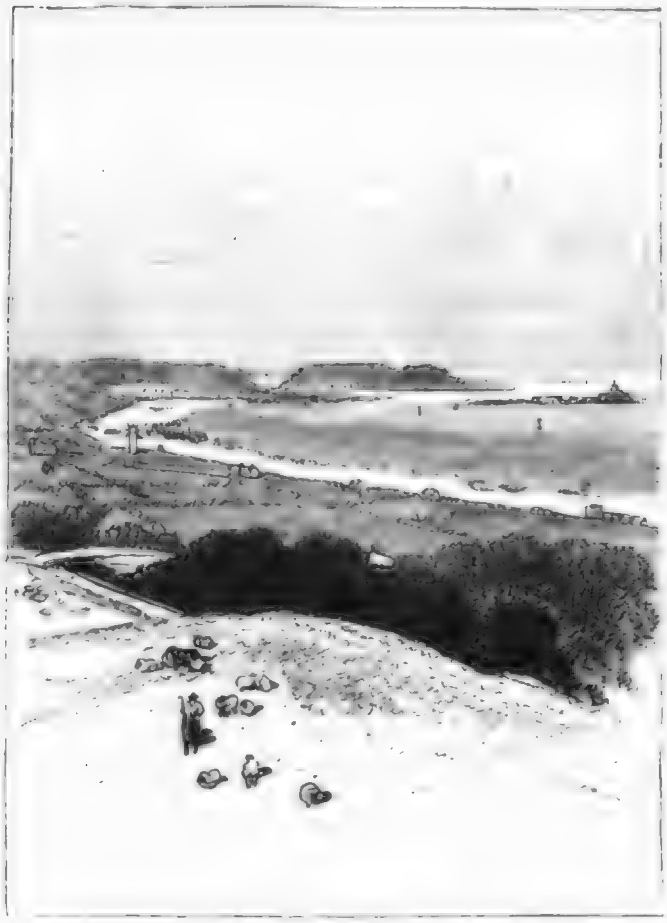
Large quantities of grapes, Chaumontelle pears, and wall-fruit of every description, are annually exported from Jersey. The comparative mildness of the Winter, and the genial nature of the Spring, combine to hasten the growth of choice vegetables, such as potatoes, asparagus, sea-kale, peas, etc. The early exportation of the Jersey potato into the English market is a large source of profit to the Jersey farmer, the sales sometimes reaching £200,000 ($1,000,000) per annum. According to a report issued by the Royal Agricultural and Horticultural Society of Jersey, the yield six years ago was, in one instance, six tons per acre, and was sold for $125 per ton, representing a total return of $750 per acre! During some seasons the potato-rot has manifested itself, and the yield has been much less. The crops of wheat, barley, rye, and oats, which we saw in driving through the island, were something wonderful to behold, and recalled the best days of Western New York. Seventy-seven bushels of wheat per acre have been raised on a few farms in Jersey. The meadows afford an ample supply of fodder, and the lucerne-grass can be cut four times and fed off a fifth. The mangel, parsnip, and carrot, are extensively cultivated; but no attention is paid to the sugar-beet.

The Island of Jersey is divided into twelve parishes, and these again into *vingtaines*, from their having contained only twenty houses at the time of their original foundation. Each parish has communication with the sea, which possibly arose from a singular privilege formerly existing in the island, namely: from each of the parish churches, which in ancient times were sanctuaries for those who, after the commission of a capital offense, took refuge there, a path one foot in width ran in a direct line to the sea, and had the same power of protection from arrest as the church itself. The Reformation destroyed this power to shield criminals from justice, and the paths were seized by the Crown and granted away by Charles II. It is also probable that direct access to the sea for obtaining vraic, and for fishing purposes, was deemed essential by each parish. The line of coast is irregularly broken up by numerous sandy bays, some of which are remarkably picturesque, and afford excellent facilities for bathing. St. Aubin's is the most important one, as the two principal towns of St. Helier's and St. Aubin's are situated on the eastern and western sides of it. The hills around this bay are remarkably fertile, and are studded with farms, gardens, villas and wood, and present a most cheerful and beautiful prospect. It is a favorite resort for Summer bathing, particularly as from the long stretch of sandy beach the residents can walk directly from their own houses to the bath, and are thus saved the trouble of bathing-machines. It is a great place for children, who appear to spend half their time paddling in the water, or in digging in the sand on the beach.

The general face of the country throughout the island is, with few exceptions, remarkable for richness of cultivation, and is diversified with wood and continual undulations of ground, hills and valleys constantly succeeding one another. The soil is in almost every part very productive, sometimes sandy and gravelly on the higher grounds, but in the valleys and lower lands always rich and deep. Cottages, often thatched and picturesque in appearance, single and in groups, are thickly scattered over the island, and a vegetable and flower-garden is generally attached to each. They were formerly built in a solid and substantial manner, of rough stone, and almost invariably thatched, but the difficulty of making repairs in the thatched roofs has led to the introduction of tiles and slates, and it will not be long before the thatch will disappear. As can be inferred from our account of land tenure, the inhabitants are generally the proprietors, and are seldom absolutely poor. The condition of peasant and the peculiar costumes of that class are fast disappearing, and the proprietors assume the dress and manners of farmers. Water is everywhere plentiful; small streams run through the valleys which intersect the country, irrigating the meadows and turning the wheels of numerous flour-mills. The farm inclosures are small, varying in size from half an acre to two or three acres, which they rarely exceed. They are usually formed by large banks of earth, often above six or eight feet high, partly faced with rough, uncemented stonework, and planted on top with hedges and trees, which frequently overhang the road, and even, close over many of the smaller lanes. The improvement in agriculture, with increased price of land, is in many places leading to the substitution of walls for the earthworks, as the latter occupy much greater space and require constant attention. Every one must be struck, while driving over the island, with the great waste of land entailed by the hedges, and although the present arrangement gives a rare beauty to the country, the practical wants of the community will be apt to prevail in the end, and ugly stone walls will have to take the place of the lovely hedges.

Plantations of timber or underwood are rare, except on the side of steep hills, where the soil is shallow; the level and best ground is too valuable, and brings too quick a profit to be generally used for that purpose. Good meadow-land in the neighborhood of St. Helier's, and even at some distance from it, often lets at the rate of fifty or sixty dollars an acre, and thriving orchards frequently let for twenty-five dollars an acre. The island is peculiarly favorable to the growth of the apple-tree, and the orchards occupy a very large proportion of the cultivated land—many estates almost wholly consisting of them. They are a great source of profit to the farmer, who is sure of a ready sale of any quantity of fruit or cider he may have to dispose of. Cider is the chief beverage drunk by the field-hands, and is generally given to them in unlimited quantity. When it is bottled it is remarkably fine.

The principal town is called St. Helier's after a pious recluse who was murdered in one of the early incursions of the Normans. The situation of this city is decidedly picturesque. A range of hills rises up behind it, covered with hanging-gardens, beautiful flower-beds, rare trees and shrubs and handsome houses, from many of which there are to be had fine views across the harbor and far out to sea. The drainage is perfect, and there is an ample supply of the best spring water. The streets are, however, generally very narrow and very crooked, so that one could have suspected the original inhabitants of having taken the octopus, or devil-fish, as the model for laying out the town. It is dangerous to meet a vehicle in some of the streets, and the widest are little better than lanes. All are remarkably well paved with the granite and diorite of the island. The expense of paving and repairing the streets is defrayed by the interest of the money paid by the British Government for some land formerly belonging to the city. There are no very remarkable buildings in the city. The Court House, or Cohue, is a large building on the Square, in which the various law-courts are held, and the Legislature holds its sessions. In one of the rooms is a fine portrait of General Conway, formerly Governor of the island, by Gainsborough, and a copy of the celebrated picture of the death of Major

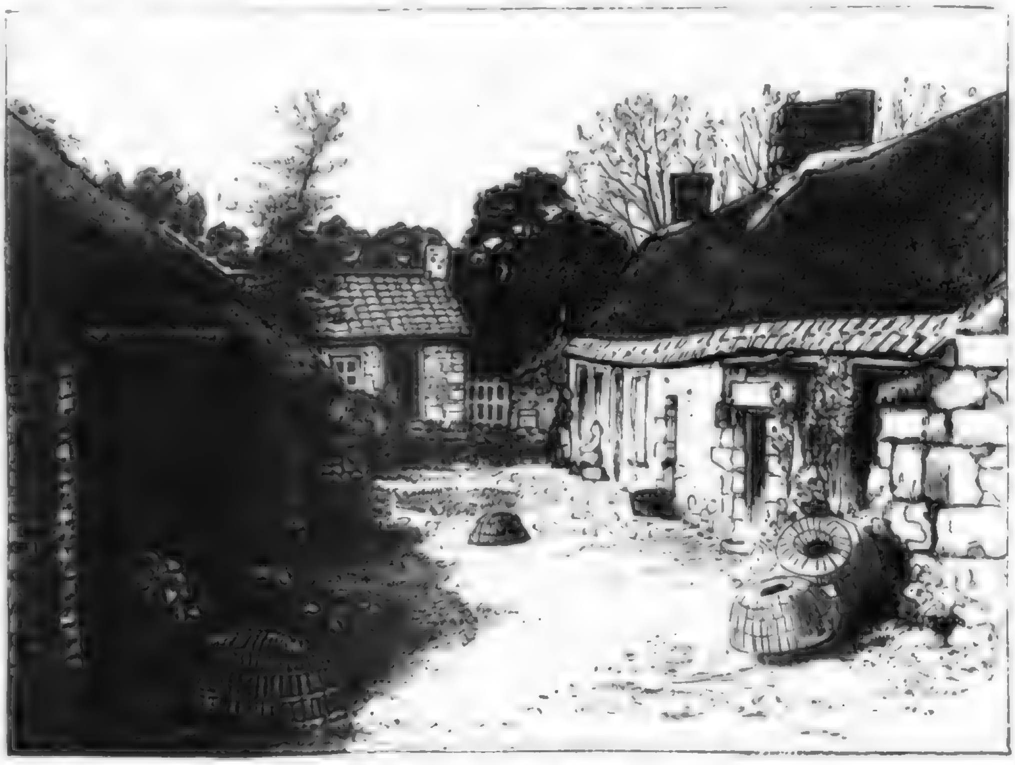


ST. AUBIN'S BAY, JERSEY.

Pierson, by Copley, the original of which was sold for $8,000 on the death of Lord Lyndhurst. The copy is by Mr. Holyoke, and is remarkably fine. The markets are large and commodious, and on Saturdays present a very animated appearance. There are separate compartments for the sale of cattle, foreign provisions, vegetables, fish, poultry, butter, fruit, etc., and as many of the women wear the old Norman caps and display their wares in an artistic fashion, the scene is particularly attractive to a stranger. The fruit was very tempting, though by no means cheap, and the vegetables were of the best varieties belonging to the season. There was one cow on sale, for which the modest price of $150 was asked, and a farm-horse was sold at auction for $100.

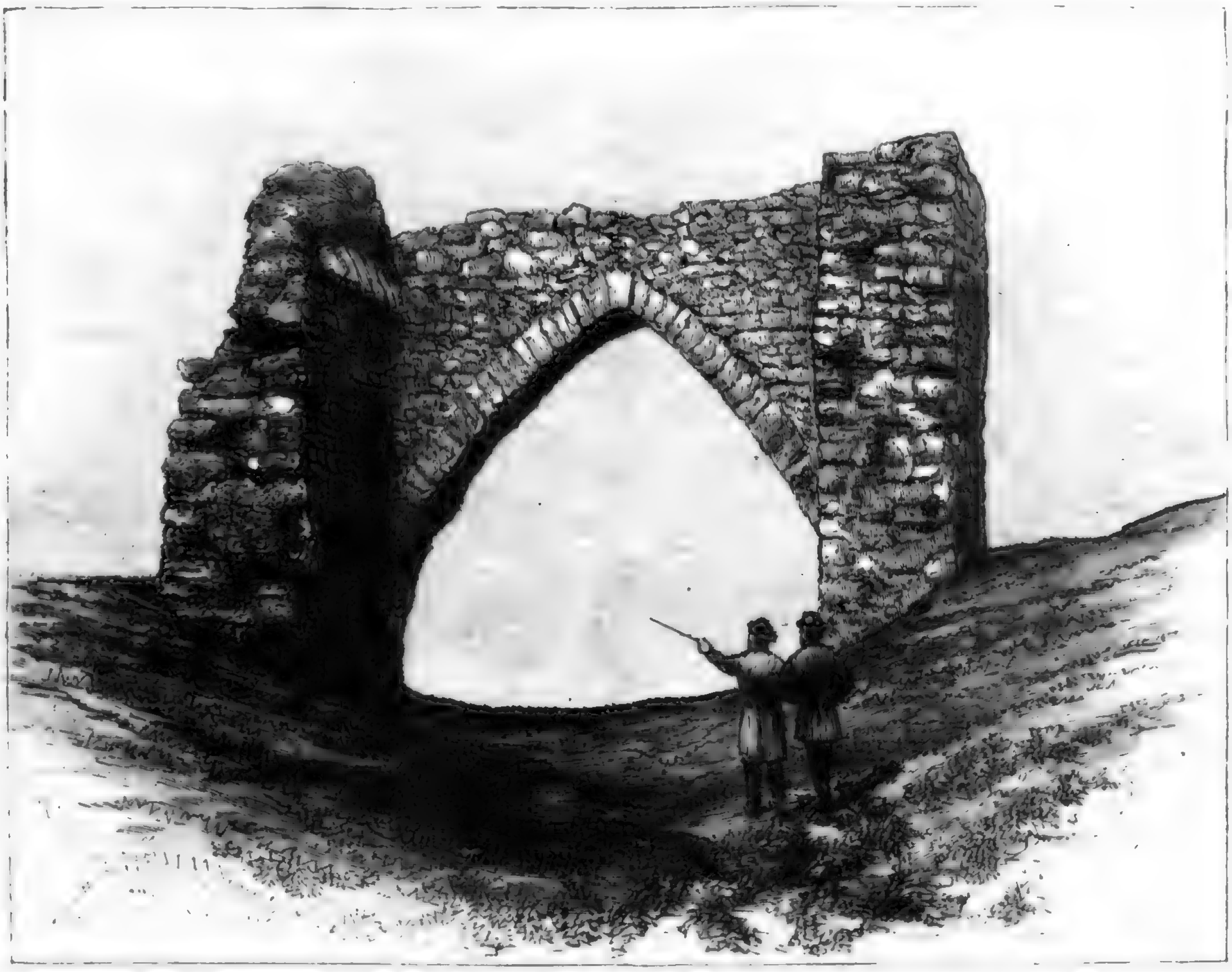
The churches in St. Helier's are none of them remarkable, if we except St. Peter's, which has little else than its great age to commend it. There are eight Episcopal churches in St. Helier's, and seventeen chapels and churches of other denominations, among them only two Roman Catholic. The Wesleyans are growing more and more in numbers and influence every year, and as they are not limited to natives of Jersey in the selection of their pastors, they are wise enough to call very able men, who, being superior to the rectors of the Established Church, draw large congregations, and thus entice many from the Episcopal form. The natives complain of this, and there is talk of breaking up the old limitation in the choice of Episcopal clergymen.

The Prison at St. Helier's—to pass from prevention to punishment, from Church to jail—speaks well for the humanity of the people. It is a handsome building, faced with granite. An arcade, 120 feet in length, supports the front and gives it a light appearance. The cells for criminals are clean and airy, and heated in Winter by means of hot-water pipes. The first story of the building is occupied by the debtors, who have very spacious and comfortable quarters adjoining a handsome garden laid out in parterres, in which they are allowed free exercise. Such quarters as these would soon be taken possession of by tramps if imprisonment for debt were in vogue in America, unless a little work were to be prescribed to keep the prisoners in good health and to enable them to pay for their board. Adjoining the Prison stands the General Hospital, a magnificent structure, erected in 1862, on the destruction of the former building by fire. It was formally inaugurated on the 10th of March, 1863, and formed an interesting episode in the public rejoicings held in Jersey in honor of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. The cost was only $65,000, and there is accommodation for 500 patients. There are numerous charitable and religious institutions existing in St. Helier's, but they are conducted on the same desultory plan to be found everywhere, and need systematic organizations. There is a large school for poor children, where, in addition to the elements of education, instruction is given in several useful trades. Victoria College has a high reputation, and is much patronized by the *élite* of Jersey. It is an educational institution of the nature of the collegiate schools recently founded in many parts of England, where classical and scientific instruction are combined. The building is handsome and remarkably well placed, being on an eminence overlooking the town and harbor. It is surrounded with public walks and terraces, and provided with tempting benches where young and old can come to enjoy the charming view.



FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE AT SARK.

The academic shades are here made unusually attractive and lovely. The principal of the college is a clergyman of the Church of England, who is assisted by a staff of eleven professors. The cabinets of natural history are scarcely up to the requirements of the day, but efforts are being made to remedy this defect. The Island of Jersey is a great museum, where every form of life can be studied in the most convenient manner; botany, geology, mineralogy, and every variety of sea-fauna, are here developed and displayed to perfection. It is rather remarkable that some great naturalist has not sprung up from amid such surroundings. It would have been a wonderful field of research for such a man as Thomas Edward of Banff.



RUINS OF GROSNEZ CASTLE, JERSEY.

The private residences on the heights of St. Helier, with their massive walls, fine shade-trees, luxuriant hedges and well-kept flower-gardens, are thoroughly English in all of their appointments, and lead one to forget that the inhabitants are some of them direct descendants of a race who emigrated to the island even before the time of William the Conqueror. Their names are French, and they all speak French, but in every other particular they have assumed the manners, customs, and distinct features, of the English.

From the time of William the Conqueror, with the single exception of a short space during which Robert, son of William the Conqueror, held Normandy as a separate dukedom, the Island of Jersey has been attached to the British dominions. The people of Jersey are quite alive to this latter fact, and when the families of England put forth the proud claim that their ancestors "came over with the Conqueror," they show that they ante-date all this, and go back to a period more remote than the first invasion of the Normans, in 837.

In looking over the list of the names and addresses of the resident gentry of the Island of Jersey, it is interesting to see how many families there are whose ancestry have played an important part in the wars and conflicts which have raged here and on the Continent during the last thousand years. We meet with the names of De Carteret, De Gruchy, De la Haye, De Ste.-Croix, Le Breton, Le Cornu, Le Gallais, and many others through the Directory. These people go so provokingly far back with their genealogical tables, that the most ambitious American, who can only date from the Pilgrim Fathers, is quite put to shame. We noticed in the Directory the name of Millais, the artist, who is a native of Jersey, and whose father was a chemist and well-known man of science on the island.

The town of St. Helier's is protected by a fortress of considerable size and strength, called Fort Regent. It is a modern structure, built on a hard, porphyritic rock, rising 150 feet above the level of the sea, overhanging the harbor, and commanding a fine view across St. Aubin's Bay. Fifty-six thousand dollars were paid by the British Government to the city for the hill on which it stands, the interest on which goes to keep the streets of the town in repair. The fortress cost the Government $5,000,000, and is very impregnable, even with modern artillery. There is a well in the court cut through the solid rock to the depth of 232 feet, yielding an abundant supply of pure water.

Elizabeth Castle, an old and now useless fortress, built on the rocks to the west of the harbor of St. Helier's, is detached at high water, but connected with the main land at low tide by a causeway about a mile in length. It may not be valuable for defense, but its antique appearance and quaint architecture constitute it a most interesting object for the decoration of the harbor. There was some trouble in raising funds to build this castle, and in 1577 the churches were plundered not only of relics belonging to the old worship, but all the bells, excepting one for each church, were carried away; these objects were put on board a ship, to be sold in France, but the vessel was wrecked, as the historian says, "in just judgment for the sacrilegious spoliation of the churches."

There are telegraphic cables connecting Jersey with Normandy and England, so that messages can be sent to any part of the world. The cost of an ordinary message to England is twenty-five cents.

TO MARY.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE.

Mary, the gods have heard my prayers,
For thou art growing old;
Yet still thou would'st be beautiful,
And sport with look so bold;
Still wantonly, with harsh discordant song,
Thou temptest lagging Cupid, lingering long.

But he delights to ever bask
In Elsie's dimpled cheek,
That winsome girl with 'witching smile,
So coy, so fair, so meek;
But wind-like passes in his headlong flight
Gaunt oaks, disfigured by unsightly blight.

Thou donnest locks the dead have doffed;
False is thy every tooth;
Thou apest by the gaudy dye
The glowing gloom of youth:
Yea, still thou longest to be young, though now
Time carves his furrows 'thwart thy dainty brow.

Not borrowed plumes, not ermines dear.
Nor gems from Golcond's mine,
Not rustling silks, nor weird headgear,
Not juice of luscious vine,
Can summon back the long-departed days,
Which, aye, are lost in Time's eternal maze.

Ah! where is gone thy loveliness?
Thy graces, are they dead?
Heart-melting voice, soul-stirring look,
Oh! whither have they fled?
What now hast thou of her, who all the day
Breathed love, and stole me from myself away?

Thy excellence was next to Jane's,
But Fate laid fair Jane low;
That Fate doles out to thee the days
Of antiquated crow;
That jovial youths may gather round and see
The end of all thy silly vanity.

JOHN T. COLLIER.

THE EXPULSION OF PAGANISM FROM SWEDEN.

If the reader should ever happen to visit Lagga, a parish in the southwest of Sweden, the people will point out to him an enormously large stone which a giant once threw at a church, and in which the marks of his strong fingers are still discernible. It was, Afzelius says, a common practice with giants in Sweden to hurl stones at the churches, but they never hit them. Moreover, the sound of the church-bell was very hateful to them. Near Lagga is a mountain celebrated as the former domicile of a giant, who lived there until the time of the Reformation, when the church of the place was provided with bells. One morning the dejected giant addressed a peasant from Lagga, whose name was Jacob, and who happened to be at the foot of the mountain.

"Jacob!" said the giant, in a subdued tone of voice, "come in, Jacob, and eat of my stew!"

But Jacob, alarmed at the kind invitation, replied, rather hesitatingly: "Sir, if you have more stew than you can consume, you had better keep the rest for to-morrow."

Upon this sensible advice the dejected giant complained: "I cannot stay here even till to-morrow! I am compelled to leave this place because of the constant bell-ringing, which is quite insupportable!"

Whereupon Jacob, getting a little courage, asked him: "And when do you intend to come back again?"

The dejected giant, hearing himself thus questioned, ejaculated, whiningly: "Come back again? Oh! certainly not, until the mount has become the bottom of the sea, and the sea itself arable and fertile land; if this should ever happen, then I may perhaps come back again."

GREEK IN A GULCH.

TWO STRANGELY CONTRASTED NEIGHBORS IN A FAR WESTERN WILDERNESS.

In 1870 I was exploring the western portion of Shasta County, Cal., near a mountain town named Igo, supported by a few mines, and slowly sinking into decay, but now, as I hear, becoming a famous place for fruit-raising and vineyards. North and west from Igo the land is a sepulchre of buried hopes and blasted energies and ruined lives, for in every gulch, on every flat, are the wrecks of the era of placer mining. There is one town, prominent on the State maps of 1860—a town named Muletown, situated where a stage road crossed a creek—whose gravel was particularly rich. It threatened to become a metropolis once, but now the visitor finds a few posts, a few scattered timbers, a broken wheelbarrow on the bank, a "*baranca*," or "gully," half full of empty oyster and fruit cans—that is all there is of Muletown.

In one of these tortuous gulches, northwest from Igo, I found a hillside garden, a vineyard loaded with Mission and Muscat grapes, for it was the month of September, and a white-haired pioneer for a guide and genial philosopher.

"How long have you been here, Old Dick?"

"Twenty years an' more, young feller. Came from York State, outen the Genessee region, stopped in Injeany and in Misssoury, an' came here over Beckwourth's trail. An' I hain't never been furder South. Hain't seen nothin' 'cept Shasta. Hain't been ter Sacramento nor Frisco, nor anywhere. Never will, young feller; it's a fact. Old Dick will stay jest here, an' mine out his little placer lead, an' live on quail an' venison an' trout an' grapes."

I thought the hale old man, sinewy, straight as a ramrod, rosy-cheeked as a June-apple, had some advantages after all.

"But you are entirely without neighbors here; the nearest cabin is two miles away, is it not?"

"Ya-a-s; all 'cept Old Oxford, down in the Gulch, an' I don't call him much cump'ny. But you can't understand, young feller, 'less you're made so—'tain't eddication as does it. You can't possibly realize how happy, reely happy, a man's life is all by himself this way. I washes out sumat like a hundred dollars of dust from the flat each year, an' the exercise is good for me, an' the money keeps me in sugar an' coffee an' tobacco, an' sich like. Then I looks at everything, clur down ter ants an' beetles, and diskivers quantities of things. Then I reads the news an' reflects on the foolishness of your cities, an' then I studies Oxford. I guess, young feller, you better see Oxford afore ye go."

It was easy to get the story out of Old Dick. When the mines were in their prime, a rather young man, evidently English, had come to that place, taken up a claim, built a cabin, and drawn himself into a shell of absolute silence and isolation. He never spoke to any one, only nodded in reply to their greetings. When there were three hundred miners on the Gulch not one of them knew his name, and a large number of epithets, such as "Mumm" and "Old Dum-itt," were applied to him by facetious and erudite miners. But one day his cabin caught fire, and was hastily pulled to pieces by the assembled crowd, in order to rescue his goods. Numbers of heavy boxes had been brought on horseback over the rough mountain trails, and great had been the curiosity concerning their contents. The fire revealed this: a couple of hundred volumes of costly books, in languages that were entirely unknown to any of the miners present, were rescued from the flames and piled up on the rocks.

"What is this printin'?" asked one, bolder than the others, of the quiet recluse.

"That is Greek, and this is Hebrew, and this Syriac, and this is Arabic," was the reply. And he thanked them for their services, and built another hut, and resumed his old mode of life. But one of the miners, peering into the curious volume, saw on the fly-leaf of several a "book-mark," though he always described it as if it was a mediæval illumination, so gorgeous the scrollwork seemed to his uneducated eyes. And under the book-mark were initials and the words "Oxford, England." And that is why he was called "Old Oxford" from that day onward.

He had seemed to age fast; unhappiness and silence girt him round about like a garment. Old Dick said that he could not be more than fifty, while Dick himself was seventy-six, and that yet the latter was much the best equipped for ten years more of life's struggle.

We walked over the low ridge, pine-clad and rocky, the brown grass crisp under our tread; we proceeded more than three-quarters of a mile, to the head of a wild and steep ravine. Here, a hundred feet below the crest of the hill, and in a very picturesque spot, was a pointed cabin of logs and stone slabs, and we found the recluse "at home"—on his doorstep, in fact.

"Well, Oxford," said my guide, "this young feller wants ter see you."

A simple but not unkindly nod was the only reply. I talked with him a few minutes, and told him of my botanical and geological exploration in the region, and of my interest in all that pertained to the pioneers and the romantic past of the gold era. No reply, except an intelligent nod, and a look of further inquiry.

"Do you enjoy your life here?" I asked.

An emphatic nod.

"Don't you ever think it would be pleasant to see what men are doing in the world—their railroads, canals and marvelous enterprises?"

An equally emphatic shake of the head was the only reply.

"Well, would you be so kind as to let me see a few of your books, that my friend has told me of?"

He rose, went into the cabin, shut the door behind him, and soon reappeared with three volumes. The first was an Aldine Virgil of 1501; the second, a seventeenth century edition of "The Birds" of Aristophanes; the third, a manuscript in characters which were entirely unfamiliar to me. Beautiful letters, written in the loveliest of ink, with flowing capitals and illuminated borders.

"It is Oriental," I said, but where its birthplace was I know not, except that it lies about the great Himalayan axis."

He smiled, and spoke in tremulous, reverential tones, as one should to whom speech is so rare and sacred that he uses it scarcely five times in twenty years.

"It is Thibetan, and written by the priests of the college at Lassa—by the Theosophists," he said, and then he arose quietly and took up the well-worn books and the manuscript, and carried them back. He came to the door again, bowed to us once more, and re-entered his cabin.

"That means good-by," said my guide. "You're lucky to get him to speak a word to you. He never spoke to me but once. Then, when we were sittin' down on that rock in the gulch, he says to me: 'You're goin' to be sick. Go home and take care of yourself.' An' blame ef I didn't get took down with fever that very night."

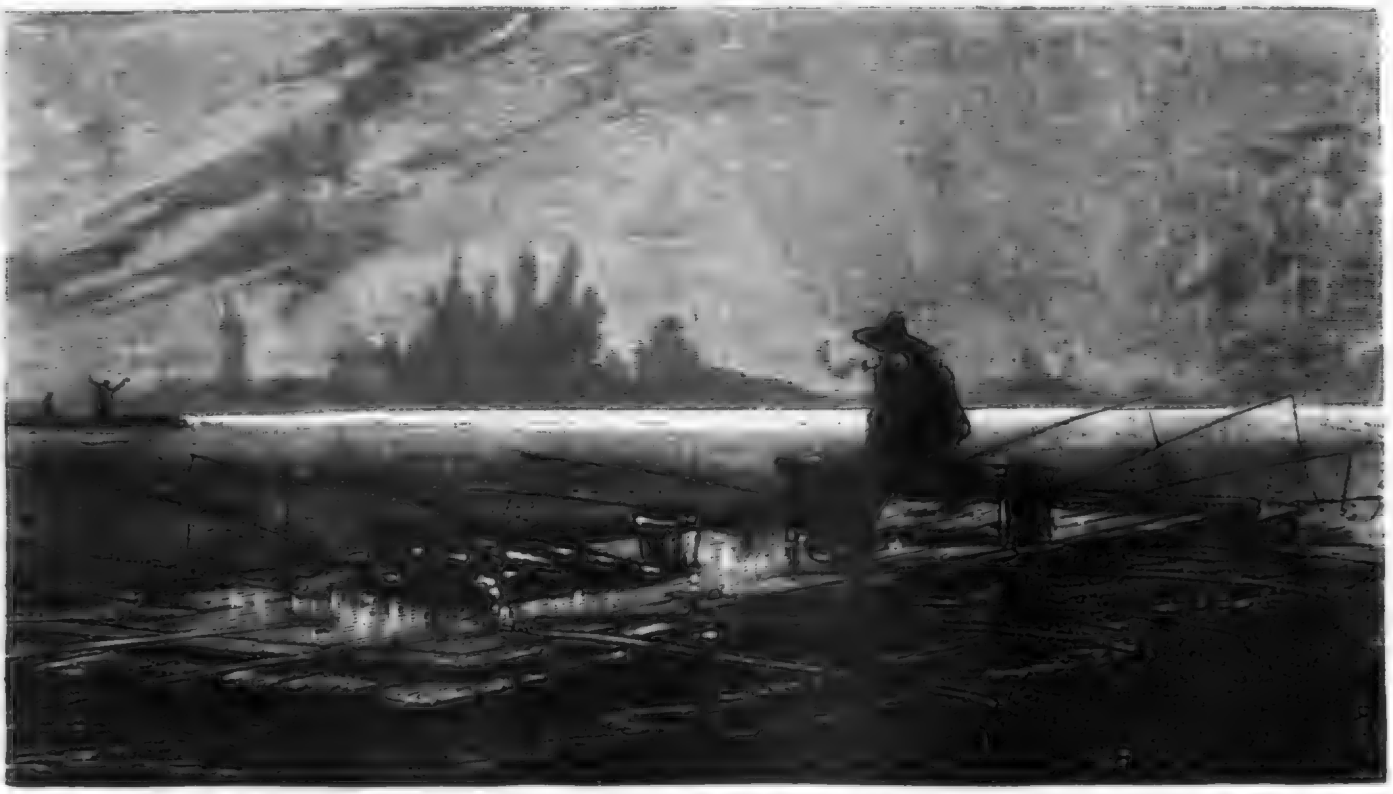
UNCLE JAKE AND BLACK LAKE PICKEREL.

The mountains of Sullivan County, New York, are studded with many charming natural lakes. They are from twelve hundred to eighteen hundred feet above the sea-level, and all are in the midst of picturesque, wild and romantic scenery. These lakes are literally immense springs of the purest water, and are famous haunts of pickerel, black bass and other game-fish. The surroundings of some of them are almost as primitive as when the red men had their homes in the Sullivan wilderness. Their isolation has made them popular with the lovers of the wild in nature, and rendered possible the preservation of their primitive character. Wild game in abundance roam the forests surrounding the lakes, the red deer and the black bear still lingering there on the very suburbs of civilization.

One of the most isolated as well as most beautiful of these lakes is one with the local appellation of Black Lake. This rather awe-inspiring name was probably given to it because of the great depth and dark color of its water. The lake is in the township of Bethel, the nearest railroad station being Cochecton, on the Erie Railway. One of the great attractions of Black Lake is the excellent pickerel-fishing to be found there. In a miserable cabin on the shore of the lake lives an old fisherman, hunter and guide, familiarly known as Uncle Jake. The visitor will generally find this well-known character arrayed in a dilapidated wool hat, hickory shirt and pantaloons, and one suspender. He has a wife and a house full of sons and daughters of all sizes. A hickory dress and sun-bonnet comprise the wardrobe of Mrs. Uncle Jake, while the scions of the Uncle Jake stock—especially the younger ones—disport themselves about the cabin, dressed with a view to economy in the use of clothing that is frequently startling. But Uncle Jake knows all about pickerel-fishing, and his fund of reminiscences of the sport in olden times is large; as to its authenticity, the visitor may be left to form his own conclusions from its character.

A peculiarity of Uncle Jake and his family is their taciturnity and snappishness toward visiting sportsmen

XUM



A PICKEREL-RAFT ON BLACK LAKE.

until the capacity and nature of the latter's commissary department are made manifest.

"Uncle Jake allus sizes a party up by the heft o' their jug," said a philosopher of the Sullivan County backwoods, who was once asked for some information regarding the old fisherman; and the saying has passed into a proverb around the Black Lake country.

If the supplies of a party are all satisfactory, however, Uncle Jake and his family are profuse in their welcome, and garrulous to a degree. They have palates that are sensitive to the contact of products of the still, no matter in what shape the product comes.

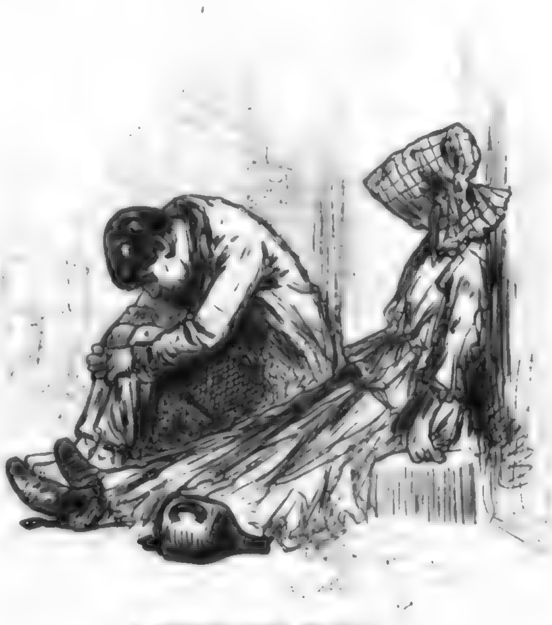
Recently a party visited the lake. They had chosen to drive thirty miles over the mountains to reach it. They rode all night, and, to cheer the loneliness of the journey, carried a small demijohn.

As the ride back was to be equally lonely, they saved a goodly portion of the small demijohn's contents to cheer their return trip. For safe-keeping, they left it at Uncle's Jake's cabin while they went out on the lake, with the old man as their guide.

They returned to the cabin late in the day. Mrs. Uncle Jake reclined on a bench outside the door. Her sunbonnet was cocked on her head in a comical way. By her side was a son "laying off" with the manner of a nabob. Other members of the family were about the premises in various degrees of hilarity.

On the ground lay the small demijohn, empty. Mrs. Uncle Jake and her flock had been making merry. Uncle Jake was much grieved.

"Ye've drinked all their whisky up, hev ye?" he howled. "Yes, by Juniper! Drinked it all, like a passel o' onmannerly galoots that ye be, and ain't left me a goldarn drop!"



A DEMORALIZED FAMILY.

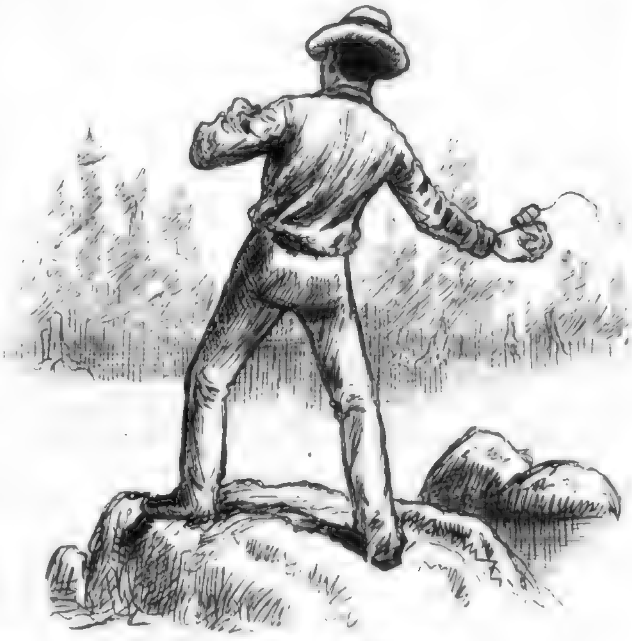
The favorite way of fishing for pickerel adopted by the natives of the Black Lake region is the use of the float, or raft.

A small raft is built of hemlock slabs or plank. It is strongly made, and will sustain the burden of several men, although one man usually monopolizes a float. From all sides of the raft, lines attached to "fish-poles," the hooks being baited with live minnows, are thrown out. Sometimes twenty poles will be "set" on one float.

The bait is kept at the proper depth by means of a "bobber," which is a light piece of wood, to which the line is fastened, and which floats on the surface. The bobber also indicates to the fisherman when he has a bite, for the moment the pickerel takes the bait, the bobber disappears beneath the water. Several of the bobbers may disappear at nearly the same time; then the fisherman has his hands full in handling the poles, so that he may save all the fish that have taken his hooks.

Seated on his raft, the angler is moved about the lake by the wind or the motion of the water. With a number of the floats dotting the surface of the lake, the scene is a picturesque one, and if the pickerel are feeding well, is one that would be exciting even to the most experienced sportsman.

A couple of sportsmen gave Uncle Jake and his family a little unusual excitement at the lake one day this season. They had brought with them a cartridge filled with giant powder, intending to test the destructiveness of that explosive when discharged in fishing-waters. The quantity of powder used was small. The cartridge was tied to a stone in order that it might sink. A long fuse was attached to the cartridge. The most venturesome of the two visitors lighted the fuse, and held the improvised bomb in his hand until the powder in the fuse began to "fizz." He then threw it into the lake. It had scarcely disappeared before it exploded. A column of water was thrown sixty feet in the air, and the surface of the lake was covered with dead fish of all sizes.

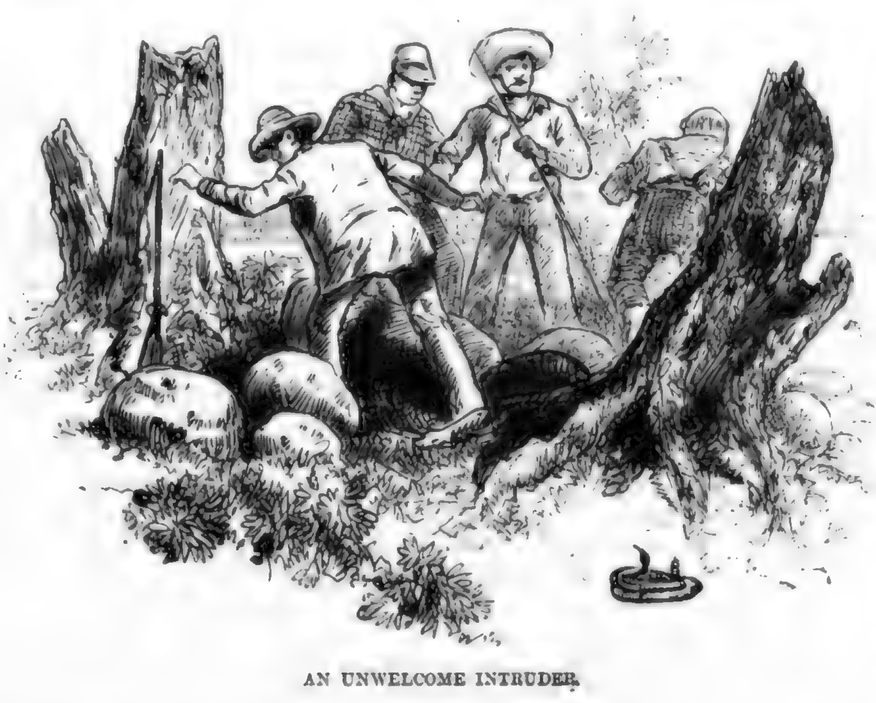


THROWING A TORPEDO.

"They seems to be a good many pickerel hangin' out in this pond yit," said Uncle Jake, "but they ain't sich an all-fired passel on 'em as they was thirty year ago, though. I'm gummed ef they wa'n't so many pickerel in th' pond then that when it'd freeze up in the Winter, the fish couldn't git out o' the way o' the ice, and it'd jest shet down on thousands on 'em; all we had to do when we wanted pickerel was to chop a hunk o' ice out'n the pond, take it hum and knock it to pieces. We'd allus find from ten to a dozen pickerel froze up in every squar yard o' pond-water the frost had its work in on. An' ravenish! Jewhillikin cats! Why, I'm durned ef I ain't afeered to tell you half them pickerel us'ty eat, for fear you'd think I were a-lyin' to you. They'd tackle anything. We'd didn't mind it so much to have them yank our ducks and geese under the water by the dozen every day or so, but when they got to carryin' our cows off, I'm gashed ef I didn't begin to think it were time suthin' were did! You see, our cows us'ty wade inter the pond on hot days to chaw their cuds and cool off. One day a lot o' pickerel took it inter their heads to surround two o' the best cows we had, and drag 'em out inter the pond and chaw 'em up. So we had to watch our stock to keep 'em away from the pond.

"We had an old hoss we called Whitey. One day we missed him. We hunted the woods for two weeks for him, but couldn't find him. I s'picioned that a feller livin' over on the Sackett road had stole him and run him inter Pennsylvany, an' we was a-gittin' evidence t'gether to put the constable on him. But one day I ketched a big picker'l in the pond that had a hoss-shoe in his innards, 'bout half-*die*gested, and then I know'd whar old Whitey had gone. The cussed old fool had went to the pond to drink, and the picker'l had gobbled him. Picker'l is allus hungry, durn 'em! Why, a picker'l that's healthy 'll eat anything that comes in his way, even his children and his children's children to the tenth generation. I hope to go dry for a week if I didn't see a five-pounder oncet as had managed to git his own tail in his mouth, an' he were jest a-takin' of hisself in about three inches ev'ry gulp. I don't think he tumbled on to what he was act'ally doin' till he'd absorbed all of hisself up to the gills, and then, all of a suddint, he thought what a cussed fool he'd ben makin' o' hisself, an' he quit chawin', an' looked 'round as sheepish as if he'd ben ketched robbin' a crow's nest.

"He see me a-lookin' at him an' laughin', an' he were so durned shamed o' hisself that his gills turned redder'n a pine-knot fire, an' he steered all they was left of him inter the weeds an' hid. Two days arterw'd I was rowin' 'cross th' pond with a spoon-hook trollin' behind the boat. I got a ter'ble strike, an' arter a long fight landed my fish. Now, mebbe you won't believe it, but it's a dead fact—an' I could prove it by Deacon Plumb ef he hadn't moved to Illynoise—I had ketched that very picker'l as had eat hisself up. Lestways, I ketched all they was left o' him, which was his head. He knowed me in a minute, an' he felt so durn mean that he jest butted hisself three times agin the side o' th' boat an' killed hisself—act'ally committed suicide.



AN UNWELCOME INTRUDER.

"Picker'l is durn sensitive, as well as voraycious and tenaycious, and any one as takes pains to obsarve their habits an' customs, as I've did all my life, kin get material for any 'mount o' interestin' an' instructive anecdotes 'bout 'em without stretching any p'ints to make a yarn sound good. I hate a liar."

Years ago the pleasure of a visit to Black Lake was, in a measure, destroyed for timid people by the not infrequent appearance of rattlesnakes in its vicinity. But they are seldom seen now. The two sportsmen who tried the giant-powder experiment came with Uncle Jake upon one during their stay. It was coiled up in a rocky place. The man who had dared to hold in his hand a bomb until it was within two seconds of exploding fled in terror from the presence of a reptile which one slight blow from a switch would have killed.

THE HAUNTED VOICE.

CHAPTER I.—IN THE HIGH-HALL GARDEN.

A WHITE figure cautiously emerges from the oaken doors and moves across the piazza, goes silently down the massive marble steps, and then, upon the polished sea-gravel, pauses and looks toward the windows of the house. Light, perfumed and golden, and the music of the Dunstedt Gallop, "*Zur Attaque*," pour through them and make way into the outer darkness.

The figure is a woman. As she stands, her eyes glistening under the silver stars, her finger, like Psyche's uplifted, and her robe trailing behind her, white as the milky turban of night stretched across the velvet sky above, she is a statue, and forms the last point of a triangle begun by the sculptured Hemeresios and Aristophon in front.

With a start, like one who wakes suddenly out of disturbed sleep, she sets on again, and presently fades into the shrubbery. The path she takes uncoils toward a lake, and coming after a moment upon the dark waters, a man springs abruptly out of the shore-shadow and stands at her side.

"Beatrice!" he whispers, seizing her marble fingers and pressing them to his lips.

"Rupert, I have not failed," she answers, in a low, rich voice, the voice to troll voluptuous Tuscan, the weird voice to madden the souls of those who listen.

"No, no, dearest! You love me, and you could not fail. Ah, Beatrice," he cries, in ecstasy, "a moment like this is Paradise. To have you alone with me one little hour is better than all I dream of heaven!"

"Is it true? Make the most of this chance then, Rupert, since to-night you see me for the last time."

He raises his eyes, and looks half-smiling into hers. His face, however, grows deadly white, and the corners of his mouth quiver strangely. Gradually the smile deepens into a silly, vacant laugh, and as he tries to speak his body sways drunkenly from side to side.

"Merry Beatrice!" he exclaims; "your name permits you to make smarting jests, sweet one."

"Alas! I do not jest, Rupert," she returns, carelessly. "I have spoken true. We part to-night for ever. The coming month will make me the wife of the English Lord Arthur Fitzalan."

"It—it is a lie!" he hisses, between his teeth, springing back from her. "Nobody can make you marry any one but me, Beatrice. Only *I* love you—love you, darling; only *I* would barter life and soul for you, my queen! Mercy, mercy, Beatrice!" he falters, dropping upon his knee, and holding up his beseeching hands. "Think what it is to love as I love! Pity me—give me only one little drop of pity! I have seen the torture that comes from rejected love. My brother suffered it all before my eyes. I have shown you his picture—his dark, stern, fiendlike face—and have told you how it was once joyous and bright as mine. Yet, though a woman's perfidy so changed him, he went away and lived the sorrow down. But, my queen, my love, *I* could not; I should perish. Therefore relent, Beatrice, as you hope Heaven will in the hereafter relent toward you!"

His appeal has all the pathos of the cry that is said to come up from the souls lost for ever in perdition.

"It is useless to spend the little time we have together in this way, Rupert. Lord Arthur Fitzalan has my promise; my family are eager for the match; and, in short, the matter is unalterably arranged. So, if you are wise, you will make the best of it."

He rises very slowly to his feet, and looks at her steadily. A strange light is in his eyes, such as at some time in your life you may have seen upon the face of a person who, about to die, is taking his last lingering look at the cheerful day, the merry sunlight, and the friends about him, ere he passes into the weird region of eternal night.

"Beatrice!" he says, very gently, "with my last breath I curse you! I am not angered now, nor mad; my pulse is as temperate as yours, and makes as healthful music. But let the very circumstance add new horror to my words. May you suffer what I suffer—no more. I go from you for a time, but we shall meet again. And, Beatrice, though you see me not in the intermediate while, I shall yet be always by you. Farewell!"

He leaves her slowly, and makes his way to the brink of the lake. She stands rooted to the spot, observing him. Her hands are clasped together, and her eyes nearly bursting from their sockets.

Another instant and a dark form leaps from the shore and falls, with a hollow thud, into the placid water.

"Rupert!" she cries.

But he is gone.

Good have mercy on the poor suicide! This is a harsh world for some people to live in, masters.

CHAPTER II.

THE ECHO.

LORD ARTHUR FITZALAN had come back, one year after his marriage, to America. There was nothing more certain than that he was tired of his own country, and could find no excitement so agreeable as that to be had in ours. The Lady Beatrice, his wife, was not at all averse to this taste on his part, and readily came with him. Everybody has heard of lives spent in a round of ceaseless dissipation; such was the existence of this noble pair. They created out of the old residence, Monteith Park, upon the model of one left behind in Scotland, naming both after Lord Arthur's younger brother, and had the satisfaction of knowing it was the only place of the kind in America. Here flocked all sorts of people, for who, though we be democratic by nature, could resist the invitation of a title? And the days went madly by.

Two men were sitting in the billiard-room, lounging over some absinthe—Lord Arthur's own.

"What an odd fish that Emelraet is!" said one of them, relighting a thin, delicate-looking cigar. "I watched him out of curiosity, some moments ago, and was more struck with the man than ever. He is so cold and silent, I should be rather afraid to make approach, I think."

"Ah," drawled the other, sipping a spoonful of the green liquor before him, "like Napoleon; grand, gloomy and peculiar—quite a Priuli on the whole, eh?"

"Ya-as! Precisely, Skelton. And I have fancied the Lady Beatrice is this Priuli's Clarisse. What do you think? She shudders every time he draws near, and sinks to the very ground under his strange gray eye. And, by-the-way, it is so odd to find black hair and an olive complexion in company with a gray eye; isn't it?"

"Deucedly queer! Let us drink the rest of this stuff and go down again. I know we're missed already."

When they had swallowed the absinthe and descended, the first person they encountered at the door of the *salon* was Emelraet. He was leaning in a Titanesque attitude directly under one of my lord's brown Italian paintings—I think an Esau. His face was perfectly abstracted, and in dead repose; but there rested upon it an expression of quaint melancholy—almost regret—yet there, too, lurked about the corners of the full lips implacable resolution. No soul stood by. Several people had incommoded themselves greatly, it was evident, to get apart from this man of secrecy, and, perchance, evil.

Some interminable argument was going on, generally, throughout the room. Conversation progressed in sharp, brisk sentences, which fell from the lips like the dropping shots of sharpshooters. Suddenly Lord Arthur turned around from the mirror, looking rather bored, and cried out, above the din:

"My Beatrice, we must now have that song, love! You know it was promised me three days ago."

"His wife rose from the ottoman very gayly and said:

"True, Arthur; I had forgotten."

She sped quickly to the piano, and sat down unattended. Scarcely had her slender fingers flashed across the keys when Emelraet, rousing himself from his dream, walked slowly toward her, and took up a position by her side. She bent her head, and endeavored to repeat the first few notes of the careless symphony; but her hands involuntarily paused.

"I must at least make myself useful now and then, Lady Beatrice," Emelraet whispered.

She offered no reply, but once more essayed to begin the accompaniment. Never once did she raise her eyes. At the first sharp treble note the buzz in the room was hushed to stillness. Emelraet moved a step aside, and resting his arm upon the piano, fastened his icy gaze upon the singer's quivering lips.

Slowly, tremulously pealed forth those beautiful lines by H. King, the Bishop of Chichester, upon the death of his wife, then just set to music, but now sung wherever music is known:

"Stay for me there. I shall not fail
To meet thee in that narrow vale,
For, hark! my heart, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach—tells thee I come;
But howe'er long my marches be,
I shall at last lie down by thee."

Scarcely was the second stanza commenced ere every person in the room started suddenly and listened with more eager interest than ever. As the air proceeded, some grew visibly pale, and, not daring to breathe a syllable, looked horrified into each other's faces. The ladies trembled and grasped one another's hands.

"Great Heaven!" whispered Lord Arthur, white as marble, "do you not hear another voice beside my wife's?"

It was true, indeed. A weird baritone, vailed, as it were, rising and falling upon every wave of the soprano of Lady Beatrice, and reaching the ear apparently from some strange distance, as the chanting in the Sistine Chapel reaches the ears of the worshiping crowd without, could be distinctly heard.

Of all in the room, Emelraet alone was calm. His unearthly eyes were still fixed upon the lips of the haunted singer. She seemed fascinated by his mercilessly steady glance, and yet continued her strange music.

"I shall at last lie down by thee,"

she sang, her voice dropping sweet and low, the haunting echo following it, and, at the closing word, she fell back in a dead faint. Emelraet caught her in his arms.

"Lord Arthur," he said, quietly, "your wife has the soul of an *artiste*. She would make a perfect *prima donna* for the Grand Opera.

"She shall never sing that song again," said Fitzalan, laving Beatrice's forehead with some water from an adjacent bowl.

Presently she opened her eyes, and glanced at the amazed crowd gathered about her.

"I have quite upset the good meeting!" she laughed, nervously; "have I not? It was so foolish in me to allow myself to be carried away by my own music. Come, Monsieur Emelraet, you must take me into the air."

"Nay; permit me, Beatrice," said Lord Arthur, coming forward.

"Thanks, dear Arthur; but I am convinced I shall sooner recover by placing myself in the care of Monsieur Emelraet."

"And bowing to the still astonished guests, she took the arm of the man of mystery, and they went out of the tall conservatory window and into the night together.

"How long shall this last?" said Beatrice, when she had got some distance from the house.

'Till death!" returned Emelraet, his tone sharp as the thrust of a stiletto.

"You will haunt me to my doom?"

"As sure as heaven, Beatrice! I have told you the story long ago, and you know it full well. I am here to avenge my brother's murder. You took his life, and shall requite me with your own. He left me the mission before that night when you cast him off, and he perished. He now watches us both from the land of shadows. It was he, unseen, who sang with you at the piano a moment ago."

She hid her face in her hands.

"Who ever suffered such torture as mine!" she cried, bitterly.

"You know too well, Beatrice, who suffered all of it, and more."

"And there is no rest out of the grave!" she continued.

Emelraet suddenly drew closer to her.

"Yes, Beatrice, there *is* rest! I can save you."

"Save me!"

"And will! Listen to me; I came here to hunt you down. I hated you as only souls like mine can hate. It was my purpose to drive you to madness—to destruction. But, Beatrice, I have learned to love you!"

She sprang back as if stung.

"I love you better than all in the world. To possess you, I am prepared to prove false to my dead brother—I am prepared to save you from the fate which must be yours."

"You would have me fly with you?"

"Ay, from your husband—from the world! We will go to Italy, where none will ever find us. If you refuse me—and this is the last time I make the offer—beware."

"Pity me, Emelraet."

She sank upon her knees at his feet.

"I can love, but cannot pity. Once he—that dead one—asked for pity, and you gave it not. Speak quickly, Beatrice. We are already waited for in the *salon*. Presently, some one will come to look for us. The time is going swiftly. Will you be mine?"

"Anything—anything!" she cried, wildly, weeping hot tears, "rather than these days of torture—these nights of pain. Save me, Emelraet, and I am yours!"

She threw herself into his arms. He drew her to his bosom, and imprinted a kiss upon her brow.

Scarcely had he done so when a man stepped out of

XUM

the adjacent foliage, and stood, with folded arms, observing them.

It was Lord Arthur Fitzalan.

"I have heard all," he said, calmly.

The wife stood rooted to the spot with terror. Emelraet bowed courteously.

"My lord, the fault is mine. If I must answer for it, consider me at your service."

"There is but the one code to govern these things, Monsieur Emelraet," returned the nobleman. "I presume I shall have the honor of meeting you to-night, at the lake below, within an hour."

"Most certainly; but the honor is mine, my lord."

"Madame, I will accompany you to the *salon*," continued the husband of Beatrice, politely giving her his arm; and all three went into the drawing-room together.

"The Lady Beatrice has quite recovered," said Emelraet, to the company.

"Thanks to the ministrations of Monsieur Emelraet," added Lord Arthur, bowing.

No one present suspected.

Chapter III.

THE DUEL.

The turret-clock was just pealing eleven as two men, one carrying something held together by a white handkerchief, silently met on the shore of the lake. The moon was bright and full, and in the heavens shone unnumbered stars.

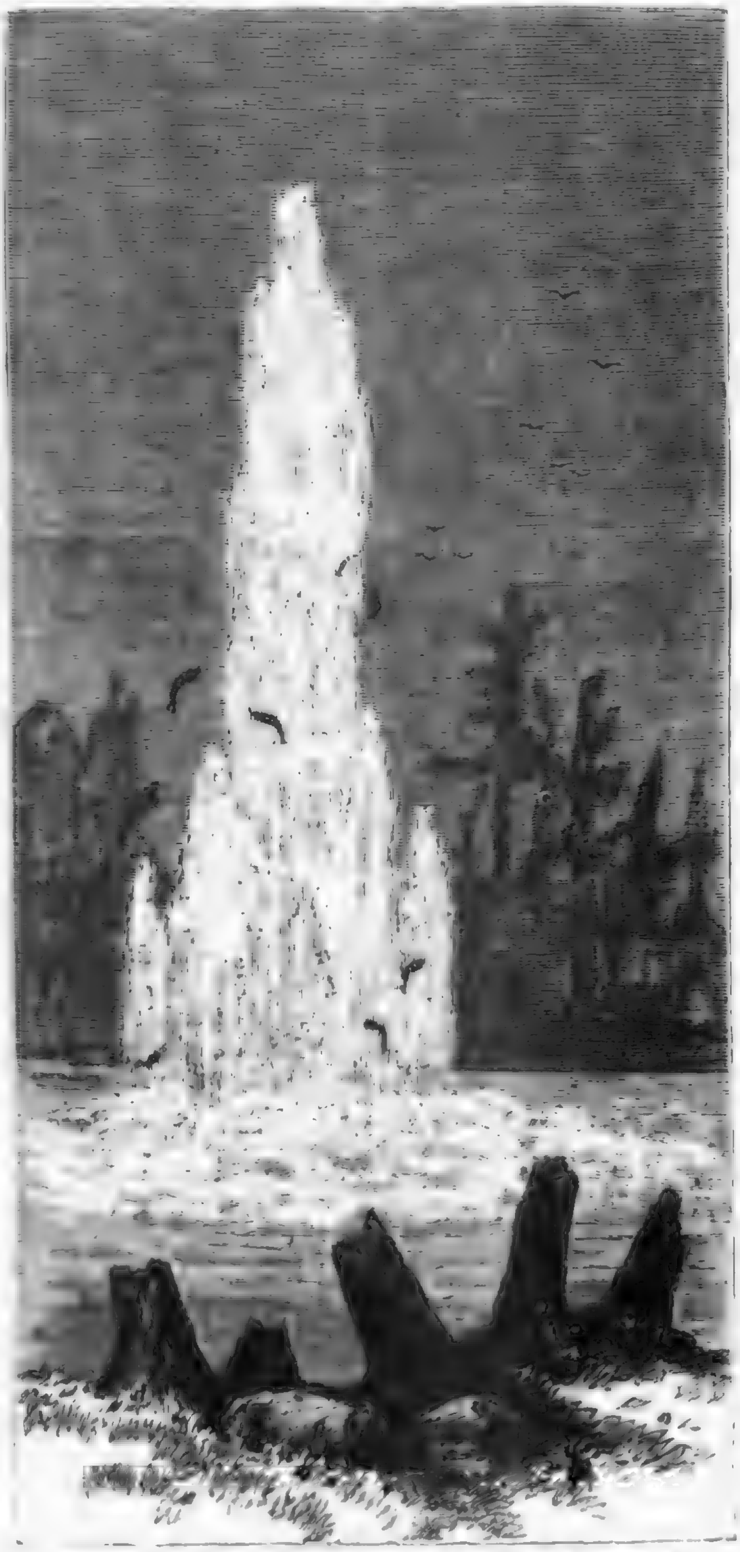
A light breeze swept from the bosom of the waters, cooling the perspiration which stood on the brows of both the duelists.

Monsieur Emelraet was as usual calm and collected; Lord Fitzalan only slightly moved, if at all.

"I trust, my lord, you have taken the necessary precautions to prevent intrusion here until this affair is over," said the former.

"Be under no alarm," returned Lord Arthur. "It is only necessary for us to be expeditious as possible."

"Then, permit me to offer you the choice of these weapons." Emelraet held forth two swords. His foe selected at hazard.



UNCLE JAKE AND BLACK LAKE PICKEREL.—THE EXPLOSION. SEE PAGE 667.

"They are so nearly alike that it is of little consequence, I suppose, which I take," he said.

Emelraet trifled with his steel an instant, and then threw himself into position. Lord Fitzalan followed.

The two stood but a few yards from the lake, and exactly in the spot where, not two years before, Rupert Dunscombe had been cast off and sent to his death by the Lady Beatrice.

Scarcely had the blades met, cautiously, yet sharply, when a movement was heard in the shrubbery. Both the fencers paused.

"It was nothing," said Lord Arthur.

Once more the weapons crossed. Then the fray began. Both fought carefully, and in all earnestness. The only difference was, that while Fitzalan's eyes danced with excitement, and his limbs trembled palpably, his opponent was cool throughout, and almost business-like.

"You trifle with me," whispered the nobleman, quite out of breath, and growing tired.

Emelraet—or, to give his true name, Talbot Dunscombe—shook his head, bearing too wary an eye to trust himself to further explanation; but, perhaps moved by the reproach, struck out suddenly, and then as suddenly drew back.

The success of the manœuvre was evident; Lord Arthur's forehead had been cut open, and the blood rained down in torrents.

"Shall we rest, my lord?"

"No, no! Come on!"

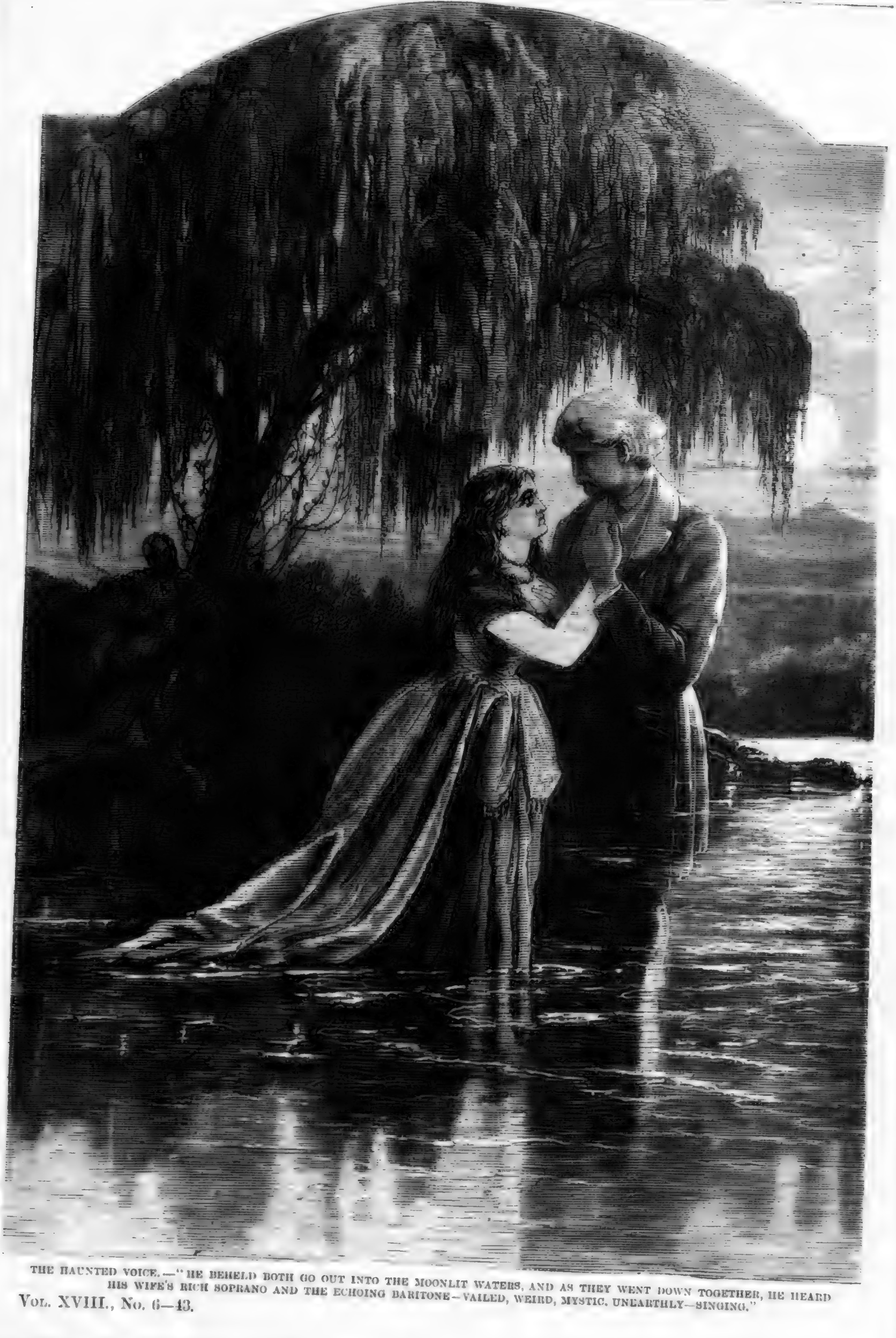
His tone was one of anger. Quickly they went at it again; but now the sounds of the encounter were no longer low.

Sharply the clash of the steel rang out upon the night, heavily echoed the earth to the swift-beating tread of the combatants, hot and angry came forth their heaving breaths.

Lord Fitzalan gained ground. Wrought up to fury, he drove his foe backward toward the lake. Emelraet, however, was still quite self-possessed, and contented himself simply with parrying.

"This is to the death, my lord?" he asked, nearly breathless.

"To the death!" was the reply.



THE HAUNTED VOICE.—"HE BEHELD BOTH GO OUT INTO THE MOONLIT WATERS, AND AS THEY WENT DOWN TOGETHER, HE HEARD HIS WIFE'S RICH SOPRANO AND THE ECHOING BARITONE—VAILED, WEIRD, MYSTIC, UNEARTHLY—SINGING."

While the weapons yet clanged, while the iron bootheels yet clattered upon the turf, a white form emerged from the shrubbery, and looked on with starting eyes.

It was the Lady Beatrice. With every step in retreat made by Emelraet she made a step in advance. All three consequently drew closer and closer to the waters.

Fitzalan's passionate onset seemed about to gain the fight. The only danger was that his strength might fail. He seemed, however, not to consider this, for he rained down his blows more furiously than ever.

They stood on the brink. Here, certainly, Emelraet must make a stand, or lose his life. He planted his foot firmly in the grass, and for the first time offered to attack.

Then his policy in reserving his strength until the last moment stood him in good stead. He was enabled not only to ward off every cut of his adversary, but by a skillful trick to slit open the nobleman's left cheek. Lord Arthur could not forbear a cry of pain.

His guard dropped for a second. It was an irreparable misfortune. Emelraet saw the advantage, and raised his little weapon to thrust it forth, when—merciful heaven! the figure of the dead Rupert Dunscombe suddenly appeared between the two combatants.

Emelraet's hand dropped nerveless to his side, and he grew white with horror.

Fitzalan, not yet perceiving the spectre, with a last effort lunged forth his arm, and pierced his opponent's heart through and through.

Emelraet dropped backward into the lake.

"I was false to my trust," he murmured, choking with the blood that poured from his mouth. "I deserve my punishment, brother Rupert." And so saying, he sank, and the waves closed over his ghastly face.

Lord Fitzalan, who had by this time discerned the spectre, fell against a willow.

Standing in this position, haggard and terrified, he beheld the dead Rupert.

Dunscombe beckoned thrice to the Lady Beatrice; he beheld her advance toward him; he beheld both go out into the moonlit waters; and as they went down together, he heard his wife's rich soprano and the echoing baritone—vailed, weird, mystic, unearthly—singing the words:

> "Stay for me there. I shall not fail
> To meet thee in that narrow vale,
> For, hark! my heart, like a soft drum,
> Beats my approach—tells thee I come;
> But howe'er long my marches be,
> I shall at last lie down by thee."

FORMS OF SALUTATION.

It has often occurred to me that national salutations, both by word and by action, might, in most cases at any rate, have a natural history within the limits of investigation; and that their form might be shown or surmised to have been due in some degree, perhaps entirely, to the history, character, geographical position, occupations, or other peculiar circumstances of each particular nation or group of nations, or might at least furnish an interesting parallel to these specialties, while occasionally also the salutation might throw a ray of light upon the conditions of the past. However the matter may stand, the inquiry is at all events, so far inviting in that it supplies us with all the elements of a speculation which may lead us along some of the pleasant byways skirting the main road of the world's progress.

The materials collected in investigating a subject so fertile exceed the bounds of any reasonable paper, and, in consequence, I am obliged to confine myself to as judicious a selection as I can make of those salutations which appear to me most striking. On the threshold I have to confess that the laudable ambition which at first fired me to strive after a scientific classification has been ignominously frustrated. I have given up in despair the attempt to draw any rational parallels between divisions of salutations and divisions of language, or divisions of race. Semitic, Indo-European, Turanian, Monosyllabic, Agglutinative, Inflectional, furnish but faint lines of correspondence; nor have I drawn more comfort from Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American, and Malay. I still think that a partial classification might be made on some basis of the kind I have mentioned, but I am reduced to hope that this will be the reward of efforts other than my own.

The order of treatment has been selected more by instinct than by reason. I can only hope it will not be found injurious to the discussion of the subject.

Naturally we turn to the East for the origin of most of our customs, and I cannot do better, I think, than begin with the salutations of those Eastern nations of whose customs we have the earliest knowledge.

A large, if not the largest, class of salutations can be traced to intercession. The deeply religious character of the Orientals showed itself specially in their salutations. The Hebrew word *barak*, "to bless," had all the meanings of saluting, welcoming, and bidding adieu, the person spoken to being in each case commended to God. "Blessed be thou of the Lord"; "The Lord be with thee"; "And Jacob blessed Pharaoh, and went out from before him," are instances which illustrate the usage of the word. They are paralleled by the Arabian, "God grant thee His favors," "May God strengthen your morning," "May your morning be good"; by the Persian, "I make prayers for thy greatness"; and by the Ottoman, "Be under the guard of God," "My prayers are for thee," "Forget me not in thy prayers." And we cannot be surprised that this kind of salutation is found to exist, in some shape or other, among all national greetings. Our religion has come from the East, and some of their religious salutations still survive; as, for example, in the Esthonian "God guide you," the "Adieu" of the French, the "Go with God, Señor," of Spain, and our "God be with ye," corrupted into "Good-by." And here it may be remarked, in passing, that the obviously religious phrases have been preserved by nations in a sense less distinctly religious than the English, while they have been lost or changed among ourselves. Has the closer intimacy of the Continent with Roman Catholicism produced an effect upon outward expression, or is the change due to our greater reverence for sacred names?—a reverence often, of course, merely Pharisaic, but which has led us, as it led the later Hebrews, to shrink from uttering the actual name of the Deity, and either to corrupt it as in "Good-by," or eliminate it as in "Mercy me," "Save you, sir," while the French are much more lavish with their "*Mon Dieu*," and the Germans with their "*Mein Gott.*" If these suggestions will not hold, perhaps we may find a more rational solution in the universal tendency of the West, and especially of the English, toward brevity, which tendency would find illustration in our "Good-day"; in the German, "*Guten Tag*"; in the Swedish, "*God-dag*"; and in the French, "*Bonjour.*"

Under the distinctly religious category come all wishes for good health; and here, again, we find the Easterns retaining the name of God, and the Westerns usually dropping it. The *Chaire* of the Greeks; the *Salve, Ave, Vale*, of the Romans; the Swedish *Farwol;* the German *Leben Sie wohl;* the Esthonian and Russian *Be well*, and our *Farewell*, are all instances of the repression of the Oriental mention of the Deity.

The religious character of the Easterns is obvious, or obtrusive, likewise in their answers. To the question, "How is your health?" an Arab would reply, "Praise be to God," the tone alone showing whether he was well or ill. "Is it well with thee?" would draw forth the response, "God bless thee and preserve thee." These were the stock answers which it was and is still considered rude to vary—an instance, by-the-way, of punctilio and conservatism truly characteristic of Oriental ceremoniousness and stagnation. This style of answer reminds us of the *Deo gratias*, a salutation of the early Christians, who, carrying out the apostolic injunction, "In all things give thanks," laid themselves open to the ridicule of the heretics, who said it was only an answer. "Thank God, how are you?" is one of the salutations in Arabia at the present time. In Andreas Hofer's district of the Tyrol the people still salute with "Praised be Jesus Christ." Among the poorer classes in Poland the visitor often says, "The Lord be praised," to which the reply is, "World without end. Amen."

The salutation "Be prosperous," "Mayest thou have ease and plenty," has been from the earliest times the commonest of all in the East. We are reminded of the Old Testament age, when prosperity in this world was regarded as the reward of goodness, and as the mark of the favor of God, who blessed "the basket and the store." However much the Western nations value the same prosperity, they have ceased to regard rich men as presumptively favorites of Heaven. Christianity and experience have taught them otherwise, though there is a tendency still among certain more or less religious men of commerce to make Providence invariably responsible for their gains.

Connected with prosperity was peace. This saluation has always been common to Hebrew, Arab and Persian; but I am not aware that it is extant in Europe, save among the un-original Slavs. "Peace be on you" takes us back to those ages when wars, important and insignificant, were chronic among the nations and tribes of whom we are speaking, and when neither person nor property was safe from the enemy and the marauder. Amid such conditions, "peace" was equivalent to the whole heart's desire; with it came prosperity and all other excellent gifts, leisure for cultivating land and body and mind, for fattening the flocks, and multiplying the herds. Hence the complete formula, "Peace be upon you, and the mercy of God and all His blessings," was often concentrated into the single phrase, "Peace be upon you." When Christianity was blending the East and West, their salutations were, to some extent, blended likewise, or transferred bodily from the one to the other. Thus, the Pauline greeting, "Grace and peace," seems to have been a combination of the Eastern "*Peace*" and the Greek "*Grace.*" But the Apostle's "Rejoicing" or "Faring well" was all spiritual, the free gift of God; and the peace was spiritual, too, ensuing upon the same free gift—the peace which passed all understanding, and which dwelt in the heart and mind. The external had become the internal. The ecclesiastical salutation, *Pax vobiscum*, had of course the same Oriental and Christian basis.

Another blessing upon which the Easterns laid great stress was long life. We find the corresponding salutation among the Phœnicians, the Hebrews, the Babylonians, and the Persians, chiefly addressed to chiefs or kings, but apparently also to superiors generally. The Hebrews regarded length of years as a reward for obedience, and premature death as a punishment for some open or secret iniquity. A good man's life ended naturally when he was gathered to his fathers, old and full of days. Thus, long life depended, in Eastern opinion, on the favor of God, and the salutation, clothed in characteristic hyperbole, "Let the king live for ever," had its origin in intercession. So far as this formula was addressed to non-royal personages, it has not been preserved among Western nations, save in Paddy's "Long life to your honor," a salutation furnishing an interesting parallel to certain Oriental characteristics of the Irish nature; among others, that loyalty to ancient families which is a lingering homage to the patriarchal form of government. Even as addressed to royalty, the phrase cannot be said to have been borrowed as a salutation properly so-called; for the Latin *vivat*, the Italian *viva*, the French *vive le Roi*, and the English "Long live the King," are scarcely salutations, although personal communication was their starting-point. In their intercession for long, peaceful life, the passivity of the Oriental is illustrated; the Occidental world, on the other hand, has thrust it aside to make room for salutations more characteristic of industry, hurry and restlessness, and of climates, too, where winds and fogs and snows chill the enjoyment derived from mere existence.

The Oriental code of politeness supplies an example also of their clannishness in religion, their inclusiveness as well as their exclusiveness. No social distinction ever stood in the way of a Moslem greeting one of his own faith, or served as an excuse for not returning a salutation; this neglect was forbidden by Mohammed. But if a Moslem found that he had by ill luck saluted a Jew or Infidel, he instantly recalled the salutation to himself with the words: "Peace be on us, and on all the true worshipers of God," or else, taking advantage of a fortunate similarity of sound in the phrases of blessing and cursing, he changed his *Al-salamo-alaica* into *Al-samo-alaica*—"Death to you," to which the Jew responded, *Alaica*, "The same to you." The Jews refrained from saluting Gentiles and Publicans, their aversion to the latter being both religious and political; for the Publicans, though Jews, were scorned as traitors who had sold themselves to the idolatrous oppressor. Our practice, on the contrary, is to segregate classes rather than religions. In the East, as we learn from the story of Boaz and Ruth, the poor were treated with courtesy, being reminded by forms of speech of their brotherhood before God; and the early Christians, breaking down all barriers, strove to honor all men as men by equality in salutation. The servile demeanor of the poor among ourselves, wherever it obtains, is the result of feudalism, which sided with human nature against a comprehensive Christianity; and we cannot be surprised if the reaction which has now set in against the old servility should seem to threaten religion likewise, when we recall how those who have taught a religion of submission to our betters have striven to mix the spirits of Christianity and feudalism.

The absence of hurry, the leisure of Oriental life, was exemplified in their practice of salutation. Modern life is too short here in the West, business is too pressing, we have scarcely time to do anything well; the Easterns, however, took their time about everything—*ab ovo usque ad mala*—salutations included. Two friends meet after a journey; they join their right hands together, compliment one another upon their safety, describe the mutual

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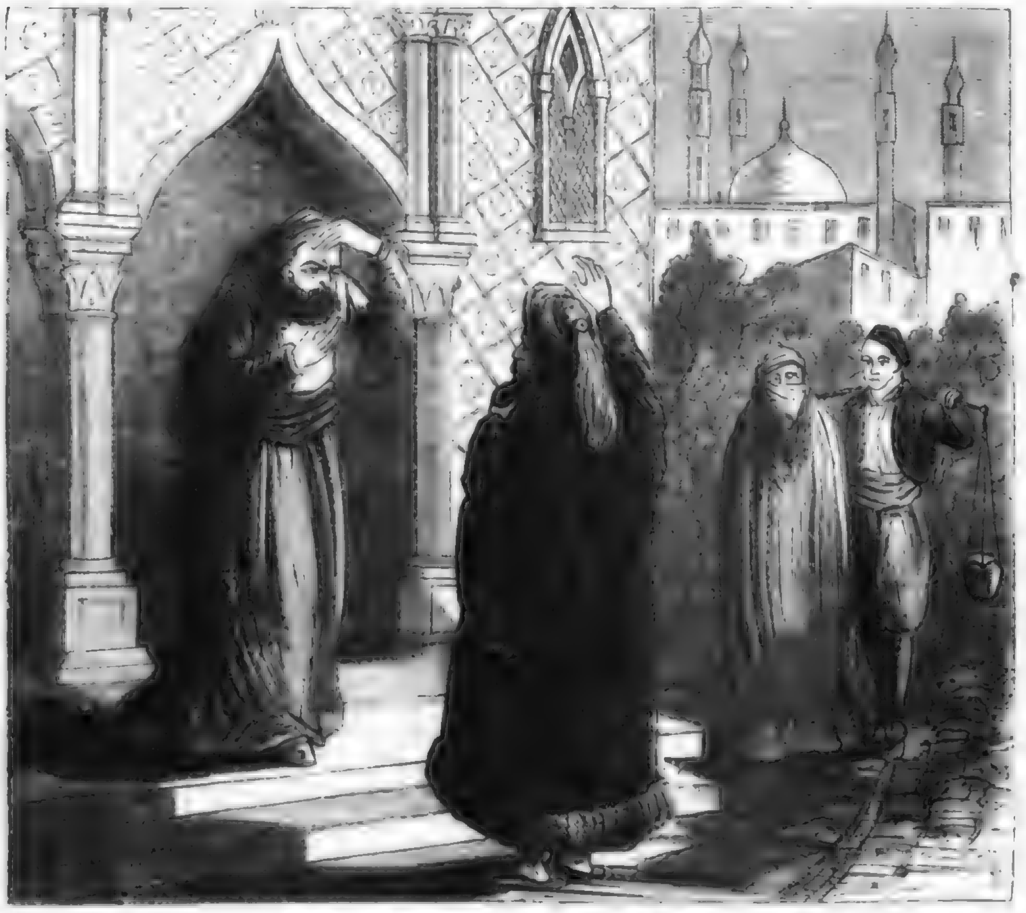
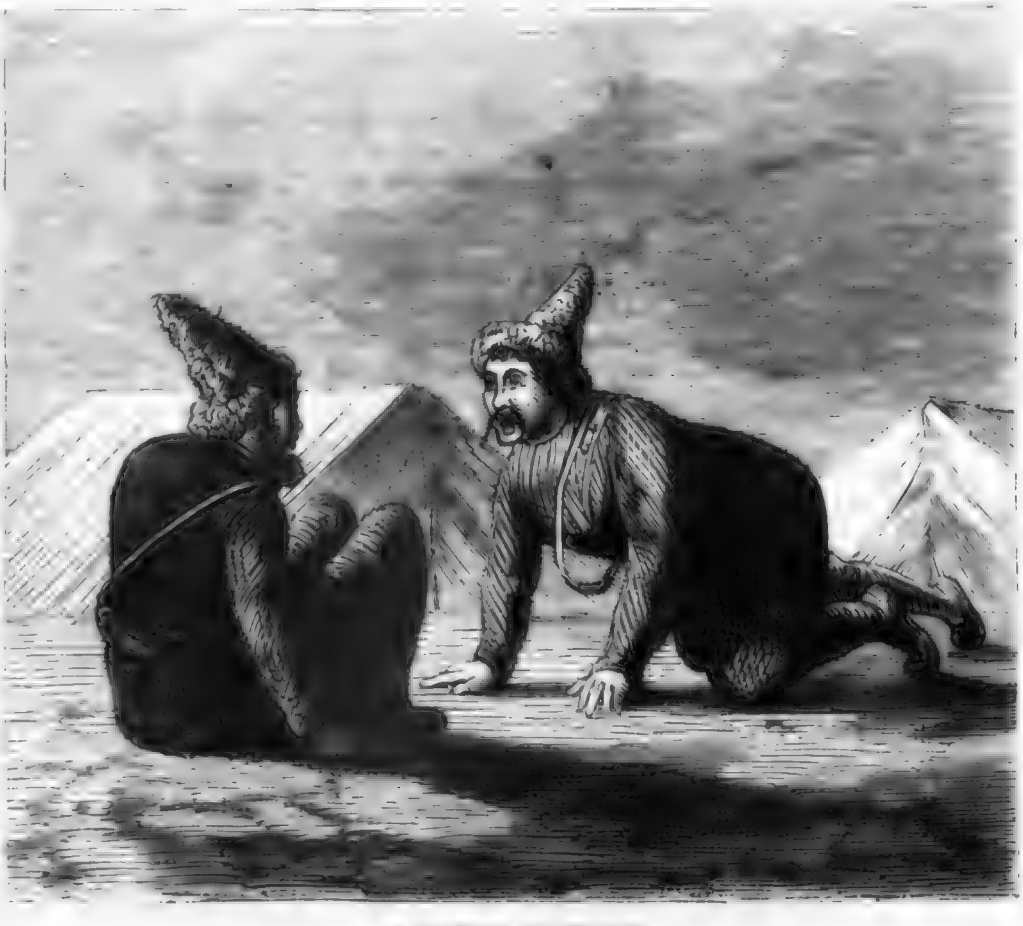


FORMS OF SALUTATION AMONG THE TURKS.

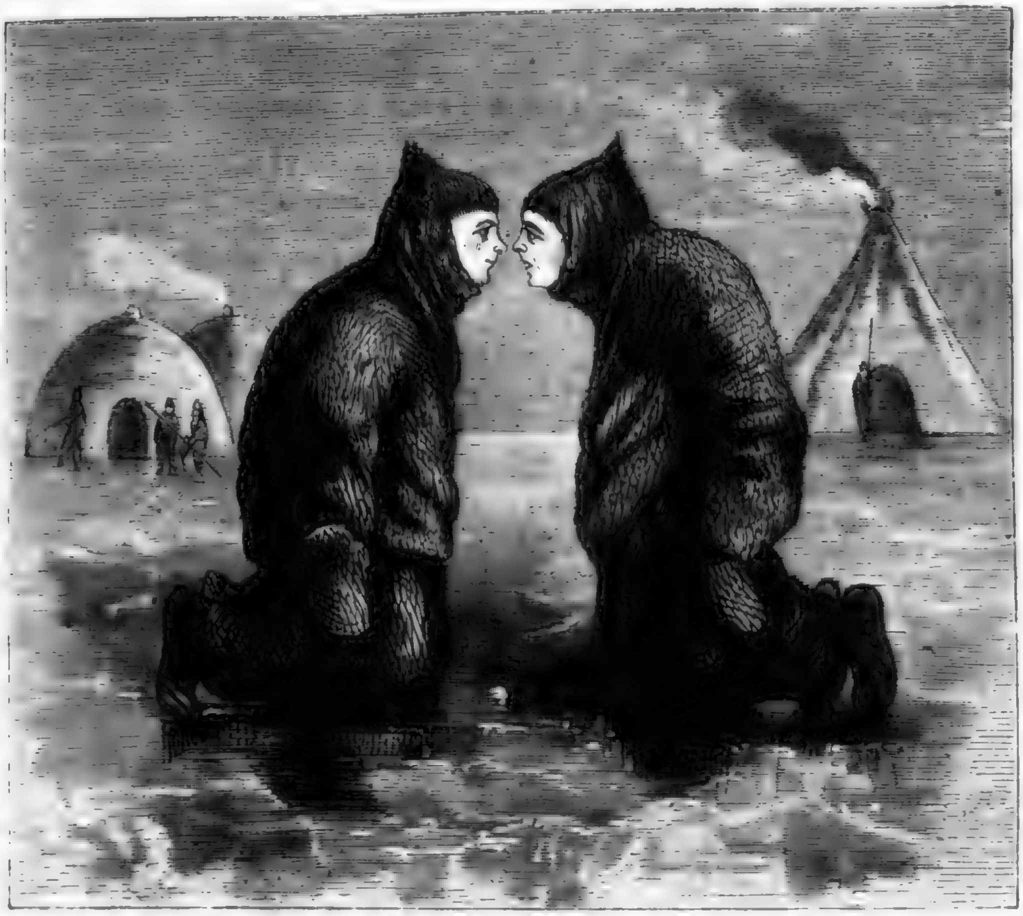
desolation brought to each of them respectively by the absence of the other: "Thou hast made me desolate by thine absence from me"; "May God not make us desolate by thine absence." Then succeed good wishes many times repeated, the position of the hands being changed at each alternation of compliment. Such a portentous business did this become in the East, when performed according to the letter of ritualistic politeness, that a whole set of such salutations occupies twelve ordinary pages. Can we wonder that these various compliments were often omitted in crowded streets, and by persons whose business required haste? So did Elisha urge on his servant, Gehazi, when he was dispatching him to lay his staff on the face of the dead Shunamite child: "If thou meet a man, salute him not; and if any salute thee, answer him not again." When the seventy, again, were sent forth on their pressing mission, they were ordered to "Salute no man by the way." We have changed all this; it suits neither our more phlegmatic character, nor our busy life, nor the independence which is the outcome of industrial relations between man and man; and the only survivor of such Oriental effusiveness — the friend that holds your hand in his and shakes it in a way that resembles a cross between a minute-gun and a dropping fire—is a source of blushing uneasiness, and is voted an infinite bore.

Fatalism, in a greater or less degree, is, of course, a characteristic of Eastern thought and action, and its presence is most marked in the greetings of those countries which are affected by Mohammedanism. The Arab reveals a strong tinge of fatalism mingled with his religiousness, when he salutes his friend, "If God will, thou *art* well"; "if God will, all the members of thy family enjoy good health"; by his very tense referring to such a prearrangement of all things that the present and future are only the fulfillment of past ordination. The salutations of the West, on the contrary, have, as we should expect, a reference not so much to predestination as to free will; but of these presently.

The climate of the Persian is the background of his salutations, "May God cool your eye," and "May your shadow never grow less," wishes that would sound

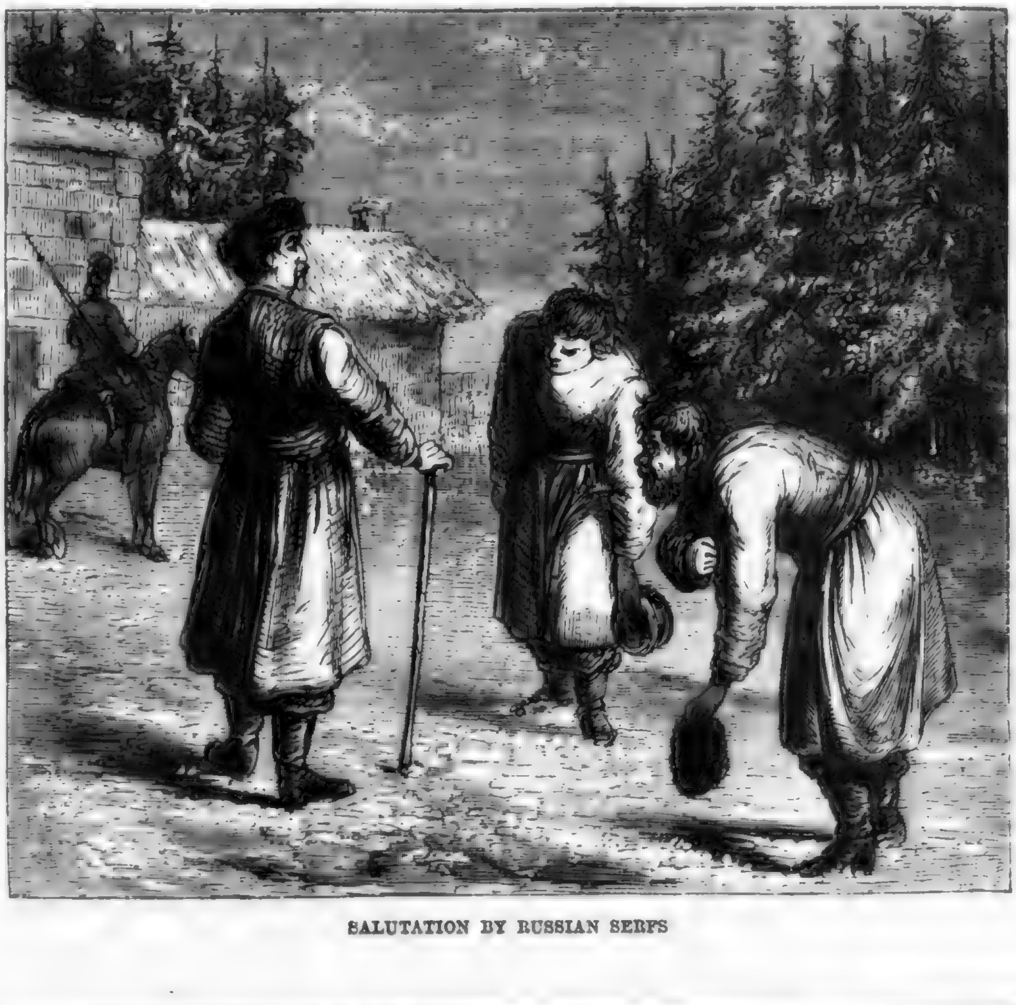


A KALMUCK SALUTATION.



AN ESQUIMAU MODE OF SALUTING.

strange indeed among the frosts of Siberia. In these the poetical sense also is revealed, as well as in the common Oriental salutation, "Peace be upon thee," instead of "with" thee; the "upon thee" reminding us of the gentle descent of the dew or of the dove. The hyperbolical and poetical salutations of the Persian stand in direct contrast to those of the grave, proud, laconic Ottoman—hitherto a ruler over conquered races—whose only poetical salutation seems to be, "Thy visits are as rare as fine days."



SALUTATION BY RUSSIAN SERFS

"May your shadow never grow less," if it be genuine, reminds us of the respect which the Orientals entertained for obesity. In that melting, sweltering climate, none could venture to aspire to imposing proportions unless plenty to eat and little to do enabled him to repair his daily losses. Hence a fat man meant a rich and prosperous man, and a never-decreasing shadow stood sponsor for a never-decreasing opulence. I am grieved to say, however, that, sanctified as this salutation is by the acceptance of some generations, it does not appear to be (so Professor E. H. Palmer declares) a genuine Oriental formula, but only a specimen of the *bogus* school of Oriental apologue common in the last century. The nearest approach to such a salutation, we are assured, is, "May God prolong his shadow"; but this is rare, and is used only of a king, who is often called *Zillah Allah*, "the shadow of God."

The Egyptians take another view of the melting process. The pores in that feverish climate are the loopholes of quotidian, tertian and quartan; and hence some of their salutations take the shape of an anxious inquiry, "How goes the perspiration?" "Do you sweat copiously?"

Before we pass from the verbal salutations of the Orientals (conventionally so called), I may be allowed to notice the practice of saluting after a sneeze. This curious custom is found, or has at some time or other been found, in almost all countries. It existed in Africa among nations unknown to the Greeks and Romans. Strada, in his account of Monomotapa, informs us that when the prince sneezed, all his subjects in the capital were apprised of it, that they might offer up prayers for his safety. The author of the "Conquest of Peru" assures us that the Cacique of Guachoia having sneezed

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in the presence of the Spaniards, the Indians of his train fell prostrate before him and stretched forth their hands, invoking the sun to enlighten him, to defend him, and to be his constant guard. Sneezing seems to have been regarded among the Greeks and Romans as a good omen generally, but sometimes as a bad one. To Parthenis, who sneezed in the middle of her love-letter to Sarpedon, it supplied the place of an answer. To Penelope the sneeze of Telemachus promised the return of Ulysses. The sneeze of a soldier (Xenophon's *Anabasis*, bk. ii.) encouraged Xenophon to order an advance. Yet there are instances on the other side. "You are struck with astonishment," said Timotheus to the Athenians, who wished to return into harbor with the fleet after he had sneezed, "because among ten thousand there is one man whose brain is moist."

The origin of the custom is given, whether truly or not, by Mohammed, quoting from the Rabbis. He says that sneezing was a sign of death inherited from the first man, till the evil omen was taken away from it by the special intercession of Jacob; from that time the salutation first began as a grateful acknowledgment. Polydorus Virgilius, on the other hand, says that in the time of Gregory the Great there was prevalent in Italy an epidemic distemper which carried off all its victims by sneezing; whereupon the Pontiff ordered prayers to be offered up against it, accompanied by certain signs of the Cross. It is difficult, therefore, to ascertain the veritable origin of the custom, and to decide either where it took its rise, or whether the salutation was an intercession or a congratulation. The salutation assumed various forms: in Arabia, for instance, "Good life," was the phrase; among the Romans we find, "*Sit faustum ac felix*," "*Sit salutiferum*," "*Servet te Deus*," "*Bene vertat Deus*"; in modern Italy they say, "*Felicità*"; in France, "*Dieu vous bénisse*"; in Germany, "*Gesundheit*"; in the Swedish language the equivalent of "God bless you"; and "Bless you" among ourselves; for the custom still obtains in some parts, especially in Scotland, where one sneeze is considered lucky and two unlucky. On the whole, in spite of some contrary evidence, and in spite of Aristotle's tracing it to natural religion because sneezing was connected with the brain, and in spite of the legend that sneezing was the first sign of life betrayed by the man whom Prometheus had created—(a legend, by-the-way, which has a curious parallel in the story of Elisha's miracle, "and the lad sneezed seven times, and opened his eyes")—I am inclined to that solution which finds the origin of the custom in sneezing regarded as a sign of mortality.

It would be quite impossible to discuss in detail the Oriental salutations by gesture. They vary with the dignity of the person saluted, and range from a mere gentle inclination of the body, accompanied by the placing of the right hand across the breast (for a bow only has never been held enough), to the most abject prostration, with a kissing of the ground. Sometimes the hand is put first to the forehead, and then to the breast, as in Turkey, representing (it may be) the homage of the intellect and of the heart, or implying that the head and breast are to be considered as groveling in the dust. Sometimes the hand of the person saluted is kissed upon the back, or on the back and front, and then put to the forehead, as when the servant salutes his master, or the son the father, or the wife the husband. This is no doubt a typical embrace of the sign of power, and more suitable on the part of inferiors than the kissing of the face, which involves an erect position of the body, and implies greater familiarity of contact. Sometimes the hand is laid under the beard of the person saluted, and then the beard is raised to the lips, homage being in this way paid to that part of the man to which veneration has always been attached. Thus Joab took Amasa with the right hand, by the beard, to kiss him; and the custom prevails to this day, after long separation. In Arabia Petræa it is more common to put cheeks together, which reminds us that the Arabs have never really groveled under an oppressive and degrading rule. Kissing was primarily a sign of tender respect and reverence, simulated affection being both respectful and propitiatory; the worshipers of Baal, for example, used to kiss or throw kisses to their god. The salute had its origin no doubt in the desire to taste, and so to realize vividly the person for whom affection was felt, just as (to quote Mr. Spencer's illustration) pigeons bill and coo one another, and the Chittagongs smell one another, and the Esquimaux rub noses, as Kalmucks do after creeping up to each other on their knees, while the Gond people pull the ears of their friends, a mild form of the wholesale embrace by which the delight in the sense of possession, or the desire to possess, was first of all gratified and intensified, and afterward professed for the sake of politeness or propitiation.

There is a curious and, at first sight, inexplicable form of salutation of which I have heard, and which may possibly be explained as the converse of kissing, a desire to give, instead of a desire to take. In some of the South Sea Islands, I am told, they spit on their hands, and then rub the face of the complimented person. This appears to be the nearest approach possible to giving your friend something of yourself, and is paralleled or surpassed by the ancient practice in Carmana, a province of Persia, where the inhabitants, when they wished to show peculiar esteem, used (so Athenæus says) to open a vein and present the blood as it issued for their friends to drink—a form of salutation that, of course, falls likewise within the sphere of those which have sprung from "militancy," and, as in the old Frank presentation of a hair from the beard, symbolically surrender the whole person to the authority of the real or assumed superior. But to return to the notion of respect in kissing. The kissing of the cheek or mouth, which is scarcely any longer with us accounted a token of reverence, was regarded in this light by the ancient Persians. Cyrus is represented in the *Cyropædia* as kissing his grandfather, "because he wished to honor him." The kissing of the hand (as among ourselves), of the foot (still perpetuated ecclesiastically in the salutation of the Papal toe), of the hem of the garment, and even of the footprint, furnished humbler and humbler gradations to those who were, or for the time represented themselves as being, unworthy to kiss a higher part of the body. The "kiss of peace," in the early Church, was a mode of greeting which sprung from the Oriental element, and was no doubt a sign of respect, unity, and brotherhood, at a time when it was natural and important that all the members of a sorely tried community in any particular place should be united together in closest sympathy.

The salutation by gesture is, I take it, the result of the feeling that acts speak louder than words, and the further we retrace our steps toward the time when words were less numerous, and when the machinery of language was less perfectly developed, the more manifold and expressive shall we find such salutations to have been. The mother countries of language, moreover—I speak of such languages as have been really studied—are also those countries in which fewest linguistic changes have been made, and which are least prone to change or progress of any kind. For this reason, among others, such salutations are much more numerous there than among the progressive countries of the West. The more progress, the more haste and the less ceremony; the more men mix with one another, and the more the facilities for speedy communication are increased, the less necessity is there for men to be continually testifying their respect, or, rather, I should say, the more naturally they cease to do so, especially as industrial relations go hand in hand with progress, and an approximation to equality inevitably follows in their wake.

Perhaps the inclemency of climate also may help to explain how men in the North and West do not spend so much time in standing still to talk and bow; certainly, to take a concrete instance, an Englishman will never, until his winds become less cutting, stand in the street with his hat off, as the Frenchman does, while he is talking to a lady. But however much or however little each of these causes may have respectively contributed to the grand result, there is no doubt that the fastest going nations expend least time and effort in gestural salutations, or, in fact, in any salutations whatever. There is a great gulf fixed between the Semitic prostration, with its multiplex accompaniments, and the English or American nod, in which curt gesture respect has deteriorated into mere recognition; while the shaking of hands, however much foreign matter may be exceptionally imported into it, has ceased to express more than acquaintance and cordiality. As to kissing, it has decreased gradually from East to West. It is said to have been unknown in England, as a greeting between the sexes, until Rowena kissed Vortigern. Only in early wassail times was it a salutation between men and men, as in Continental countries it always has been. As a common salutation between men and women it lasted in England long after it had gone out in France, perhaps because English civilization came later; and it was finally accounted by foreigners an English custom. Erasmus has left behind him a humorous letter in which he tells Faustus that if he (Faustus) had wings to his feet, he would fly to England because of the kissing. But how little store was really set by it in that country may be gathered from a remark in the autobiography of a certain John Mitchell, who, in speaking of the jealousy felt toward him by a Mr. Alexander Dunlop, a Scotch minister curiously, observes that he, John Mitchell, had never *so much as* kissed Mrs. Dunlop's mouth in courtesy for eleven years before the minister's jealousy broke forth. This salutation continued till the reign of William and Mary; from that date it became less prevalent, partly, no doubt, because the restoration of the Stuarts had brought in French modes of politeness, in some degree; but partly also because, as the civilization and refinement of the nation advanced, such signs of familiarity declined. The influence of French gallantry upon Teutonic coarseness, both by inheritance and by contiguity, may account for the disappearance of the kissing of women: the influence of English common sense and manliness upon Continential effusiveness may account for the disappearance of kissing between men.

And now, perhaps, I may be allowed to follow the march of migration from East to West, and take such European salutations as I have not already been led to discuss incidentally.

What, then, shall we say to the old Greek term, "Rejoice, be glad"? Does it not suddenly throw a light upon the national character? "From the cradle to the grave, in the *agora* and in the vineyard, in the torchlighted *thalamus* or on the battle-field—every moment of the Greek's existence was filled with joy, with joy and grace." The word flashes before us all at once their cloudless sky, their sunlit hills and valleys, their limpid streams, the music of their language, and the harmony of their lives. From their deteriorated descendants the joy and grace have mostly vanished, and the salutation has vanished, too. The substitute, "What dost thou?" if not connected with the prying and over-reaching elements of their modern mercantile reputation, may, perhaps, be traced back to the age when Greece became Achaia, and the *Chaire* became the *Quid agis?* of the conquering Roman. The Romans said *Salve, Ave, Vale;* and what was their *beau-idéal?* Health, vigor, fitness for quitting themselves like men, readiness for fighting, conquering and governing. *Vale* suggests to us *valor*, in the senses of *value* and *courage*, and tells us how the value of a man was measured according to his valor; and *ave* (connected perhaps with *augeo*), pictures to us the growth of his powers and the aggrandizement of his authority. Somewhat later we find *quid agis?* "What dost thou?" —a hint of his indomitable activity. But in the more degenerate days, when freedom and independence were on the wane, more effeminate salutations came into vogue —such, for instance, as *Quid agis, dulcissime rerum?* "What dost thou, sweetest creature?" a greeting intelligible enough when simpered from the lips of the "gentleman about town," but utterly at variance with the spirit of the sturdy warrior of the republican period. The answer of Horace to the button-holder: *Cupio omnia quæ vis,* "I am your most obedient," certainly breathes an air of later refinement.

In modern Italy the salutations have much increased in number; and here, again, in some cases the harmony between them and the character and circumstances of the several districts is very striking. The Genoese in the Middle Ages used to say, "*Sanità e guadagno,*" "*Health and gain.*" Could any phrase have been a more perfect commentary upon their characteristics? But at the present time the brand of long oppression and servility still remains impressed upon the phraseology of the people, and the Neapolitan hails you with, "Increase in holiness," while the Piedmontese salutes you, "I am your slave." With the growth of freedom and commerce, the last few years have done much, I believe, to reduce sycophantic verbiage of address, of dedications and of subscriptions. As to the common *Come sta?*—"How stand you?" it seems to bring before us at once and in brief the *far niente* of the indolent Italian, basking in the sun, eating macaroni, and letting life flit lazily and delightfully away.

In Spain we approach nearer to the Oriental than in any other country which can strictly be termed European, and consequently we meet with more distinct traces of the East in its salutations. The Divine name is frequently used, and the prayer for long life is not uncommon. In *Vaya con Dios, señor,* "Go with God, señor," we seem to detect Eastern religiousness and Castilian haughtiness combined. The constant use of *Vuestra merced,* "Your mercy," "Your grace," *e. g.,* "I kiss my hands to your grace," exhibits the contrast between the grave, somewhat curt reverence of the Spaniard and the diffusiveness of the Italian. His punctilio also is illustrated by the fact that the *Vuestra merced* is contracted into *Usted*, a proof of its perpetual and wellnigh burdensome use. The peculiar influence of the Roman Catholic religion upon the Spanish mind finds its counterpart in their salutations. For instance, a few years ago it was *de rigueur*, on entering or leaving a house, to say "*Maria purissima!*" to which the reply was made, "*Sin pecado concebida.*"

Comment vous portez-vous? or, "How do you carry

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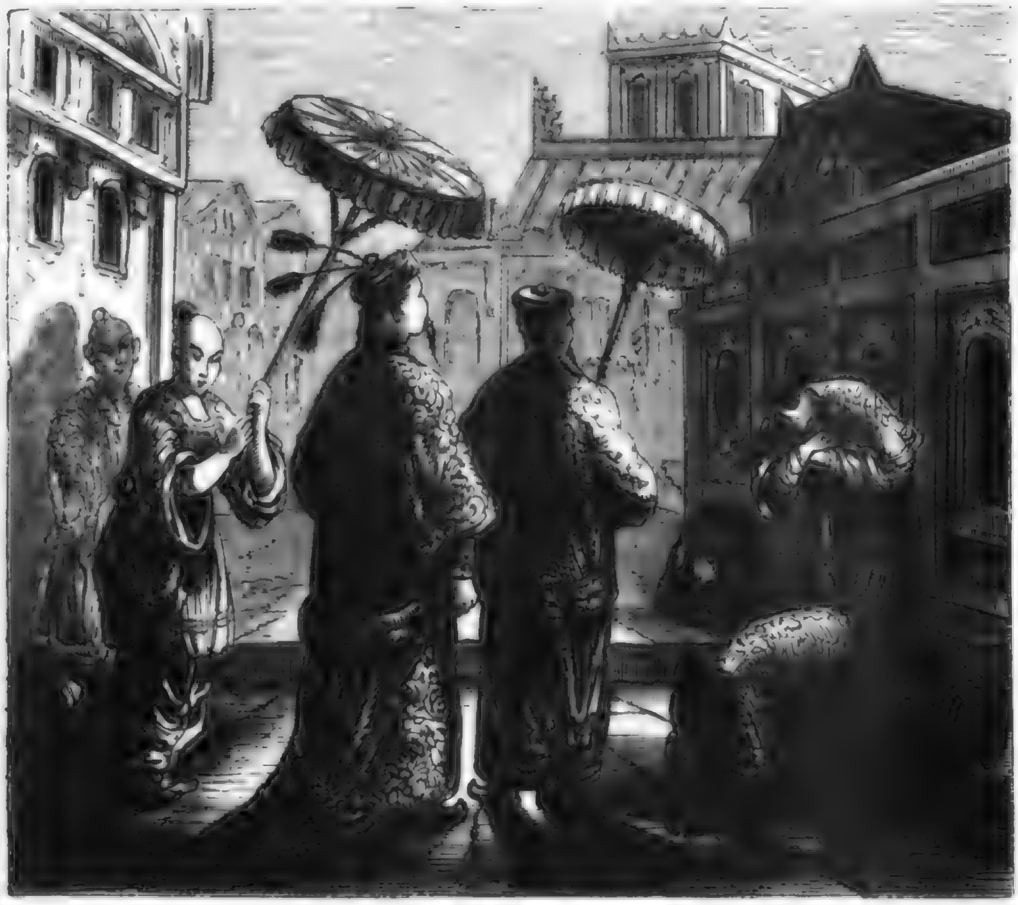
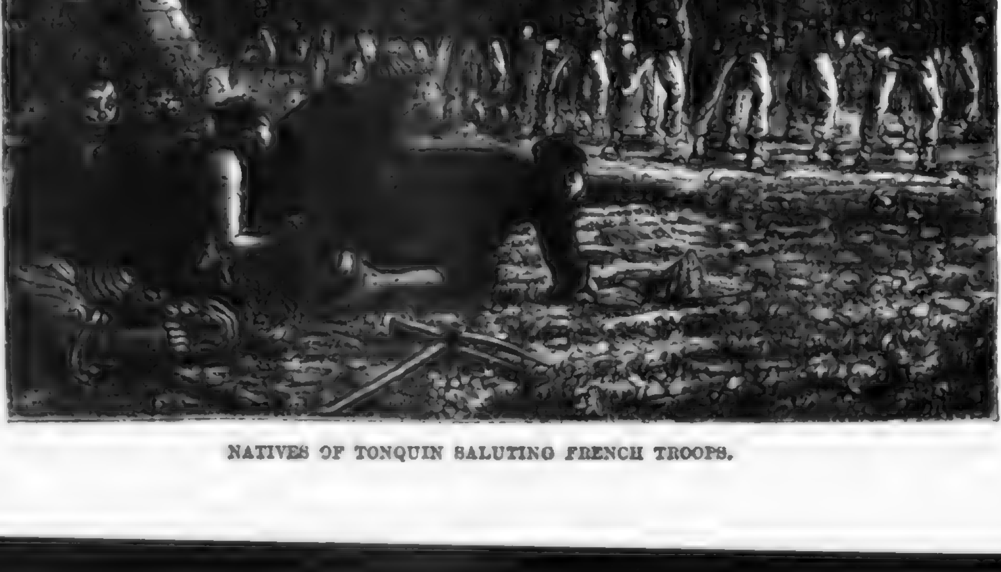


CHINESE FORM OF SALUTATION.

yourself?" Is not this the phrase of a nation that has striven chiefly after outward grace? Unjust as it would be, in the easy and sweeping style which is so common, to fling at the French people the charge of flippancy, superficiality, and incapacity for seriousness, yet I think no one will be found to deny that, in their past history, they have given the impression of caring for show more than for reality, for the theatrical rather than the practical, for the *how* they did a thing rather than *what* the thing was. But now "the time past of their life has sufficed for them," we trust, to prate and vapor about *la gloire*, and to tear one another in pieces for the color of a flag. There is an air of eager triviality, too, about the sound and sense of *Comment ça va-t-il?* "How goes it?" Far more calm and self-contained is the semi-Latin Gascon, when in his *Commo vas?* he saves his breath, and does not skip and hop over an infinity of little words.

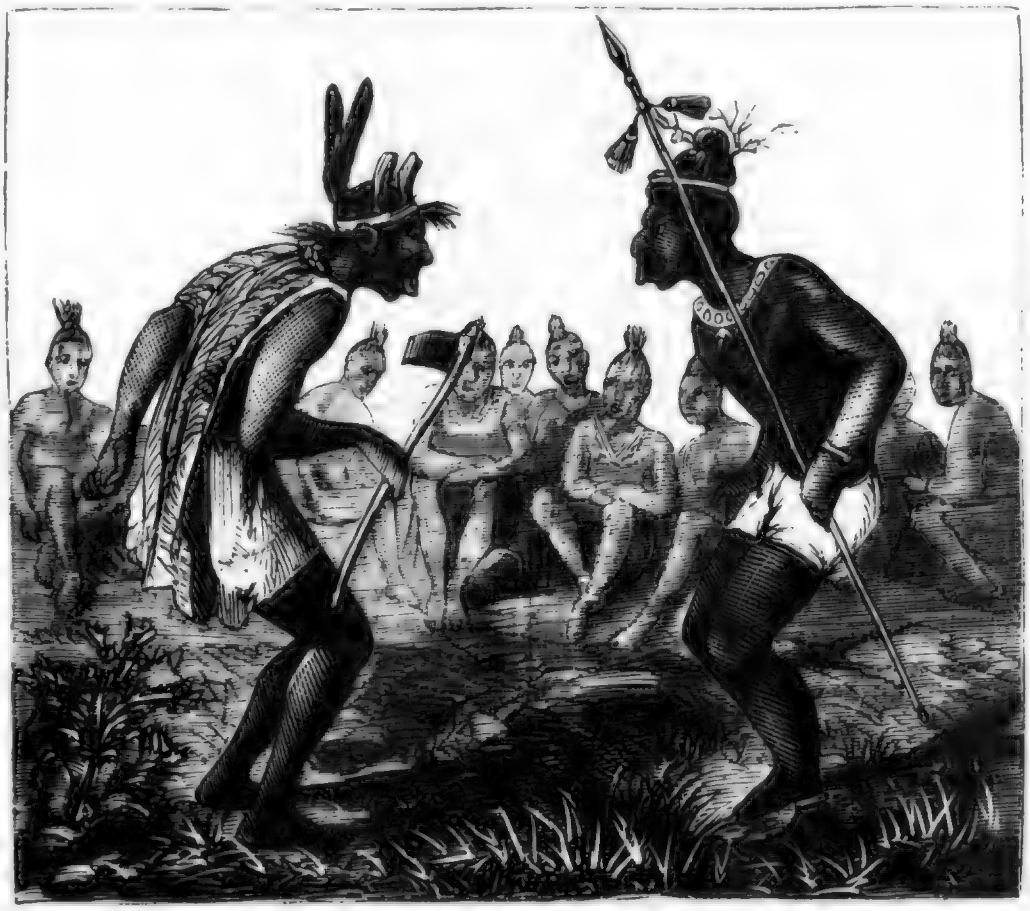
I suppose there is some connection between the *Comment ça va-t-il?* and the *Comment vous trouvez-vous?* of the Frenchman, and the *Wie gehts?* and *Wie befinden Sie sich?* of the German. But they conjure up, for the fancy at any rate, different ideas according to the different characteristics of the two nations. If the French somewhat less usual greeting *Comment ça va-t-il?* "How goes it?" unvails to us the abstraction and speculation, the logic, too inexorable for facts, experience, and friction, of the typical Frenchman, how much more may this be said of *Wie gehts?* the habitual familiar greeting of the cloud-inhabiting German? *How goes it?* Not "how go *you?*" but "how goes *it?*" Paul Richter said that to the German nation was reserved the empire of the air. If Socrates brought philosophy down from the clouds, the Germans have in a sense taken it up again. "How goes *it?*" "the great abstraction, that which permeates our lives and shapes our ends," the great omnipresent and omnipotent necessity, the eternal not-ourselves that makes for everything conceivable and inconceivable? And *Wie befinden Sie sich?* too, brings, before us the everlasting investigation of the German spectacle-compelling night-lamp, and explains to us the higher criticism of the Tübingen school, and the rationale of Kant, Hegel, and Schopenhauer. There is, moreover, a tone of simplicity, familiarity and equality about the bluff hearty *Wie gehts?* which reminds one of the times "when there was not much difference in thought, accent or idiom between the Prince of Saxe-Pumpernickelhausen and his Serene Highness's postilion." Would you expect a more characteristic salutation from the square-shouldered *Mein Herr* as he receives you with open arms in his *Bierbrauerei*, a high-art pipe dangling from his mouth, with a portrait of the Kaiser or Martin Luther upon it, a *Flasche Bier* in front of his capacious ventricle, while as he raises his glass to meet the glass of his *lieber Freund*,



NATIVES OF TONQUIN SALUTING FRENCH TROOPS.

his big-boned physiognomy gleams through the spectacled eyes with a genial sense of brotherhood and fatherland! And as he says good-by to you in the *Kirschwasser Strasse*, and raises his cotton-velvet above his head with a *Leben Sie wohl*, you can take in all at once with eye and ear that there was a time when good living was the *beau-idéal* of German life; the long *sederunts* at their dinner-parties bearing witness that the old paths are not yet altogether forsaken. And when we recall Sir Francis Head's summary of German *cuisine*, "Whatever is not sour is greasy, and whatever is not greasy is sure to be sour," we are not surprised that "we are introduced to the *Speisesaal* with the salutation 'good appetite,' and dismissed from it with the parting prayer for 'good digestion.'"

The Low Dutch greeting, "How fare you?" "How travel you?" is a most suggestive representation of Dutch history and manners. It will not let us forget the naval and commercial commonwealth, "occupying" (as says Motley) "a small portion of Europe, but conquering a wide empire by the private enterprise of trading companies, girdling the earth with its innumerable dependencies in Asia, Africa, America and Australia—exercising sovereignty in Brazil, Guiana, the West Indies, New York, at the Cape of Good Hope, in Hindoostan, Ceylon, Java, Sumatra, and New Holland—a commonwealth which was the precursor of the English scheme of empire, and which bequeathed its chief characteristics, resistance to dogmatism and despotism, to the Great Republic of the West." Was it not consistent with the fitness of things that the nation whose ships thus explored the world "from China to Peru" should have the salutation "How travel you?"



AUSTRALIAN SALUTATION.

"But, of all salutations, none perhaps is more characteristic than the Anglo-Saxon "How do you do?" It has been our meeting-word ever since the days of the restless Plantagenet. It contains in itself the essence of productive existence, national and individual—it is the formula of activity; it is the correlative of the *All right! Right away!* of the English railway-guard, and the *Go-ahead!* of the Yankee boiler-burster. It accounts for the British Constitution, Magna Charta, and the Great Rebellion; for the steam-engine and the telegraph; for Trafalgar, Waterloo, Commodore Vanderbilt, and the Grand Pacific Railway; for the *Times*, *Punch*, the New York *Herald*, and even for the *Matrimonial News*. "How are you?" is less active in appearance, and may perhaps represent the opposite side of the English character, the phlegmatic, "let alone" side. On the other hand, it may exhibit the national restlessness in another phase. It has been suggested that it may imply a constant inquiry on your own part before you can answer such a question; a ceaseless reckoning with yourself not only in reference to your present state, but to its connected past and future. The great problem of the whence, why, and whither, may be contained in the three words, "How are you?"

The secularizing tendency of English social life—and I do not here mean to confound secular with atheistic, according to the practice of some good and well-meaning people, but I mean that tendency born of their natural reserve, which inclines them to estimate religious feeling in inverse proportion to religious froth—this tendency, I say, may account partially, as has been before hinted, for the curtailment of certain salutations which originally contained the name of God. Such a secularization of the outward is not necessarily an unmixed good, but it is at any rate less revolting than "God save you," in the mouth of a Falstaff.

Is not the canny and inquisitive Scot betrayed in his peculiar formula, "Hoo's a' wi' ye?" Not content with the knowledge of how you are yourself, he wants to know the condition of all your surroundings. Perhaps inquisitiveness is nowhere developed so fully as in Scotland; especially does Sandy feel that he has a right to all information concerning you, if he is within the sixty-third longitudinal line of relationship. An inquisitiveness is first-cousin to canniness. Sandy *will* know "hoo's a' wi' ye"—your whisky before he will consent to dine with you, as well as your bank balance before he will consent to do business with you.

The Irishman's "Long life to your honor; may you make your bed in glory!" proves by its first member his Oriental kinship more conclusively than all the mythical blarney of his genealogical tables. The second member of the salutation appears to be the offspring of a religion which, with most Irishmen, at all events, is more or less materialistic in its foundation and prospects.

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The only remaining European salutations which call for any remark are those of the Slavs; and here our attention is attracted chiefly by the absence of originality. As far as I can ascertain, Russians, Poles, Bulgarians, Servians, *et hoc genus omne*, of whom "we have lately heard so much," cannot boast a single salutation which may fairly be considered their own. "Peace be to you," "The Lord be praised," answered by "World without end. Amen," are all borrowed from the early Christianity of Constantinople. "Be well," "How hast thou thyself?" "How dost thou live on?" are, it need scarcely be said, equally unoriginal. "Art thou gay?" again, is merely an adaptation of the Greek *Chaire*. But is not all this consistent with the history of the race, as a whole? Does not Mr. Carlyle say that the great faculty of the Russian nation is a capacity for submission? Perhaps the faculty is wearing out just now, but the statement is true of the not distant past, whether or not the ancient preamble to petitions be authentic which Mr. Spencer quotes with some reserve: "Do not order our heads to be cut off, O mighty lord, for presuming to address you, but hear us!" The Slavs have not, broadly speaking, shown originality either in government, or in religion, or in industry. Perhaps when the contagious example of surrounding nations has effected them more vitally, their salutations, if never original, may cease to begin with "Your slave," "Your serf," or to degrade the old Greek salutation of *Chaire* into the craven supplication for "pardon."

One word, before leaving Europe, in reference to the practice of shaking hands. Mr. Spencer traces the origin of the custom to the movement which would be likely to occur if each of two persons desired to draw the hand of the other to his lips, and each at the same time endeavored to withdraw his hand, in deprecation of the submissive salutation. This solution, I feel bound to say, appears to me to prove chiefly the difficulty of finding a solution at all. Would it not be better to imagine that the offer and acceptance of a swordless hand indicated peace and brotherhood, the grasp of the hand being a demonstration that it contained no weapon at the time? I have some recollection, though I cannot verify it, that the salute was so regarded at all events among the Norsemen. The shaking could easily be the hearty outcome of the earlier seizing. It is not uncommon in the East to seize the hand, but among Teutonic nations only is it usual to shake hands. Of course, the usage has found its way into other nations, but so contrary is it to their instinct, that, in France, for example, a society has been recently formed to abolish "*le* shake-hands" as a vulgar English innovation. The old French *noblesse*, of whom the Legitimists are perhaps the only true representatives, do not make a practice of shaking hands; neither is the custom so common among the Republicans as among the Bonapartists, who, have always affected English manners. In the "shake-hands" we see, I am inclined to think, brevity and heartiness combined—a characteristic salutation of nations that are energetic, full of business, rather matter-of-fact and cordial without effusiveness.

And now, following the migration from the Euphrates valley eastward, I have to notice one or two salutations from Hindoostan and Ceylon.

From the Mohammedan, the fighting, ruling inhabitants of India comes, it would appear, our "sign-post" military salute: he raises his right hand to his forehead and makes the fingers touch it. This, it may be supposed, is a substitute on the part of a starched and sturdy soldier for a bow or prostration. The salute of the subject, passive Hindoo is different. In the presence of a Brahmin he raises his folded hands to his forehead, touching it with the balls of his thumbs—a much more comprehensive and submissive style of salutation—and utters at the same moment the word "prostration." In South India the inferior prostrates himself with extended arms, crying out, "The eight limbs together!" This is, perhaps, the most comprehensive and dramatic form in which an Oriental expresses his abject lack of independence.

In Ceylon, besides the usual Eastern wishes for good health and long life, both Cingalese and Tamil have a curious substitution for "good-by." It is, "I will go and come." Is this characteristic of the great pleasure which the Easterns find in hospitality and which the departing friend takes for granted? Or does it merely represent the kindred feeling that the guest confers an honor upon the host? This salutation reminds one of the French *au revoir*; though *au revoir* might be considered a slight impertinence if addressed in the Cingalese sense to your host as you leave his house.

The salutation of the Chinese, "Have you eaten your rice?" requires no comment. Their greetings are usually, however, most elaborate, and worthy of that paradise of competitive examination, embodied unnaturalness, and absolute subserviency to the powers that be. Their set phrases and postures are rigorously prescribed by an Academy of Compliments; the exact number of speeches and obeisances being calculated with the strictest accuracy. One gesture is as follows: "The saluting person clasps his hands together, holds them out, shakes them gently, bends forward, and says, 'Chin, chin'"; that is to say, "Please, please," which is equivalent to "Thank you," and also to "Good-by," and is used for both *ave* and *vale*. The national primness comes out in all this elaboration; the national humbleness also appears in the rule—observed likewise in over-governed Japan and Siam—by which they avoid in salutation the first and second pronouns, whether personal or possessive, using at the same time depreciatory terms for themselves and complimentary epithets for the person addressed. Thus the saluter, if he be young, may style himself "the stupid younger brother"; if he be old, "the old stupid," "the old putrescence." A loyal wife calls herself "a mean concubine"; a relative, in saluting his relatives, describes himself as "the tail of relationship." "My house" is "the tattered shed"; "my wife," "the stupid thorn," "the mountain (*i. e.*, the uncultivated) wife"; "my opinion" is "the stupid opinion," "the venturesome saying"; "my son" is "the grass insect." The person saluted is, if respectable, "he beneath whose feet the speaker is," "he who rides in a carriage." A father is "the great old gentleman"; the emperor is "the sire of myriad years." "*Your* father" is "the honorable graybeard," "the honorable severity"; "your mother" is "the good gentleness," "the good hall of longevity"; "your daughter," "the thousand pieces of gold." A minister is "balcony-under," *i. e.*, he under whose gallery we wait. All this abjectness is not unsuited to a country in which a primeval, patriarchal civilization is blended mysteriously with such a primeval, patriarchal barbarism that life is considered of comparatively trivial consequence. "grass insects" are daily dropped over boatsides, and a wholesale decapitation is looked upon as a part of a mandarin's morning programme.

A Tonquin salutation may be seen in the manner in which the natives saluted a French column on the march.

The Japanese, whose verbal salutations have much in common with the Chinese, take off their slippers when they meet—a reminiscence, of course, of holy ground where mortal worshipers were not worthy to wear their shoes; and a practice most natural in a country where the Mikado is as much a god as a man. The salutation, "Do not hurt me," is another outcome of the despotism which has nowhere been so absolute for so many centuries as in China, Siam and Japan.

The *farrago* of my *libellus* may excusably be concluded with a few fragmentary salutations which I have not fitted in with what has been already written. Certain islanders near the Philippines, I am told, take the foot of him they salute, and with it gently rub the face. This appears to be only a variation of the foot upon the head or neck; but the rubbing is curious. May we remember, in connection with it, "the grinding of the faces of the poor" which we read of in Isaiah? Perhaps, however, the movement is meant to extend over a great area the symbolical expression of submission. In New Guinea leaves of trees are placed on the heads of those who are saluted. This practice, with the converse one, which Mr. Spencer mentions, of the saluters themselves wearing the leaves or branches, may be accounted for as having originally demonstrated the absence of weapons in the hands of those so decorating themselves or others; but why this form of salutation should obtain specially in New Guinea, does not seem easy to explain. In some of the South Sea Islands it is held to be the height of politeness to fling a jar of water over the head of your friend. Obviously this can only be for purposes of grateful cooling, and though the salutation might seem suitable for all hot countries, it is clear, nevertheless, that such a custom could scarcely prevail where clothing was not at the minimum. Has the desire to cool the saluted person anything to do with the salutation of certain African tribes, among whom he who salutes strips the other of his robe and ties it about his own waist? However it may be, this manner of greeting can exist only in savage countries, and where there is no chance of catarrh; but the origin of the custom lies, no doubt, in that of covering the face when in the presence of a superior being. The converse custom, likewise African, as well as Tahitian, of unclothing oneself, can easily be understood as an extreme form of taking off the shoes. Western nations content themselves with removing the hat, temporarily in the street (where the movement frequently degenerates into a mere touch), and permanently when entering a house. Perhaps when the hatless negro takes the comb out of his hair and then replaces it, he is actuated by a similar desire to show respect. On the other hand, in the cracking and snapping of fingers with which the members of certain negro tribes salute one another, we may reasonably discern the tendency to express joy by noise resulting from muscular action, just as the clapping of hands among ourselves is the usual token of approbation. Why the Australians salute other each by sticking out their tongues is not so easily explained, the action being generally regarded as derisive. The salutations of the Moor on horseback, when he meets a stranger, is strongly indicative of the suspiciousness engendered by centuries of almost ceaseless fighting, and reminds us that the Ishmaelitish tinge is strong in his blood. At the top of his speed he makes for the stranger, as if to ride him down; then suddenly pulls up, and fires his pistol over the stranger's head, thus paying him a compliment of recognizing a friend instead of a foe.

The salutations of the Aborigines of America do not exhibit many distinct peculiarities. The brief greeting, "Well," which Mr. Spencer refers to the Dakota Indians, is characteristic of a tribe where "liberty, equality and fraternity" seem to have rendered unnecessary all expressions of propitiation or servility. The "pipe of peace" has its local habitation naturally on a continent where tobacco was grown and smoked for centuries before the venture of Columbus. The sympathetic sighs and yells with which two tribes of North American Indians greet one another, after a deputation of the two eldest of each tribe have advanced to meet each other and to recount their stories of danger and loss, are not so strange a form of salutation when we consider the chronic bloodshed of the warpath and the trail. The "jumping up and down" of the Fuegians may be paralleled in Loango, and is, after all, only an animal and childlike manifestation of delight not at all unnatural in an unreserved and agile savage. The morning salute on the Orinoco, which Mr. Spencer quotes from Humboldt, "How have the musquitoes treated you?" must be allowed to be at least excusable, since the miserable inhabitants of that district, so travelers declare, sleep with their bodies buried three or four inches deep in sand, the head alone protruding, and that covered with a handkerchief.

It is time, however, to bring this gossip to a conclusion, though the end comes rather in obedience to a sense of fitness than from a lack of material. But I fear that I myself may be saluted with an adaptation of Virgil's line:

> "Claudite jam rivos, pueri: sat prata biberunt."
> (Shut up the sluices, boys: the fields cry Hold! Enough!)

The subject is not one that admits of an eloquent peroration. Speculation in reference to the origin and rationale of salutations is open to the charge of being often fanciful, and occasionally futile; and I may be told that from this charge my paper has not relieved it. But if any of my readers, who take an interest in this subject, will also take the trouble to transfigure my fancies into facts, "what" in my speculation "is dark" may yet by their help be "illumined."

THE HIGHWAYMAN CLAUDE DU VAL, AND HIS DANCE WITH A LADY.

THIS noted person was born at Domfront, in Normandy. His father was a miller. He was brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, and received but an indifferent education. But, although his father was careful to train up his son in the religion of his ancestors, he was himself utterly without religion.

Du Val's parents were exempted from the trouble and expense of rearing their son at the age of thirteen. We first find him at Rouen, the principal city of Normandy, in the character of a stable-boy. Here he fortunately found *retour* horses going to Paris; upon one of these he was permitted to ride, on condition of assisting to dress at night. His expenses were likewise defrayed by some English travelers whom he met upon the road.

Arrived at Paris, he continued at the same inn where the English put up, and by running messages, or performing the meanest offices, subsisted for a while. He continued in this humble station until the restoration of Charles II., when multitudes from the Continent resorted to England. In the character of a footman to a person of quality, Du Val also repaired to England. The universal joy which seized the nation upon that event contaminated the morals of all; riot, dissipation, and every species of profligacy, abounded.

The young French footman entered keenly into these amusements. His funds, however, being soon exhausted,

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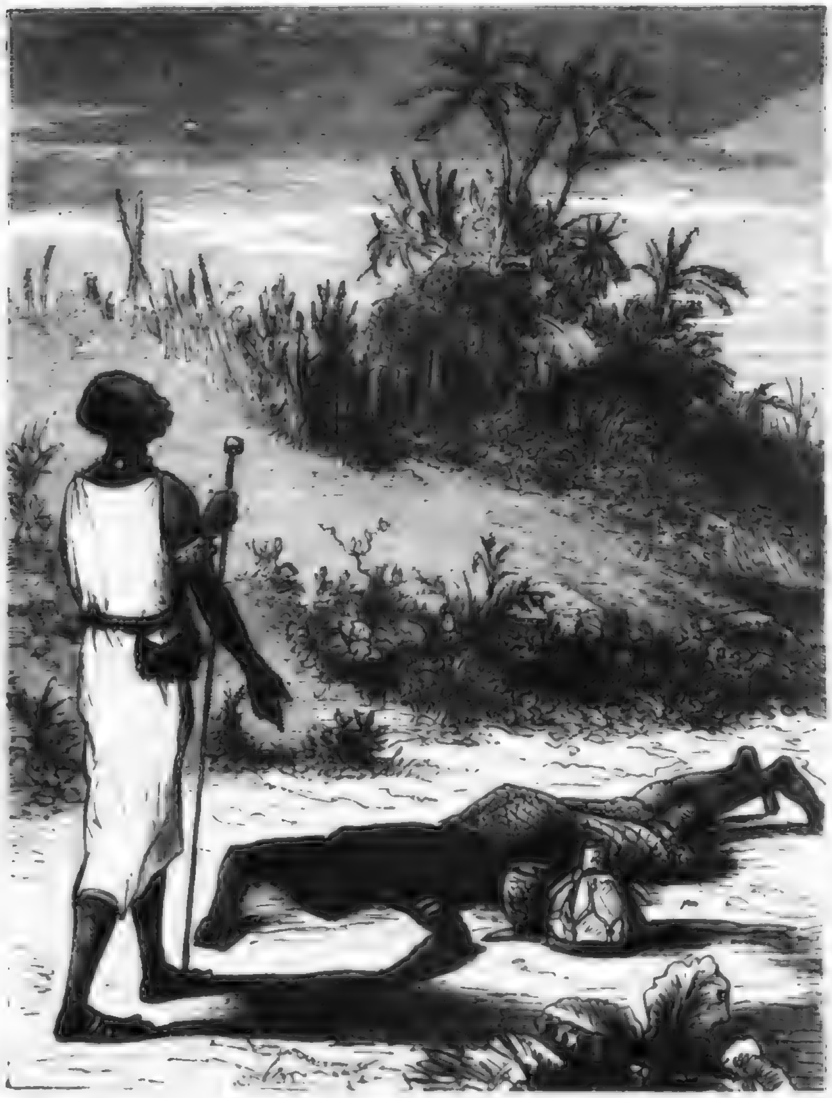


A SALUTATION IN AFRICA.

he deemed it no great crime for a Frenchman to exact contributions from the English; in other words, to rob on the highway. In a short time he became so great an adept in his new employment that he had the honor of being first named in an advertisement issued for the apprehending of some notorious robbers.

One day Du Val and some others met a knight and his lady traveling along in their coach. Seeing themselves in danger of being attacked, the lady resorted to a flageolet, and commenced playing, which she did very dexterously. Du Val, taking the hint, pulled one out of his pocket, began to play, and in this posture approached the coach.

"Sir," said he to the knight, "your lady performs excellently, and I make no doubt she dances well; will you step out of the coach, and let us have the honor to dance a *courant* with her upon the heath?"

"I dare not deny anything, sir," replied the knight, readily, "to a gentleman of your quality and good behavior; you seem a man of generosity, and your request is perfectly reasonable."

Immediately the footman opened the door, and the knight came out. Du Val leaped lightly off his horse, and handed the lady down. It was surprising to see how gracefully he danced upon the grass; scarcely a dancing-master in London but would have been proud to have shown such agility in a pair of pumps as Du Val evinced in a pair of French riding-boots.

As soon as the dance was over he handed the lady to the coach, but just as the knight was stepping in, "Sir," said he, "you forgot to pay the music." His worship replied that he never forgot such things, and instantly put his hand under the seat of the coach, pulled out one hundred pounds in a bag, which he delivered to Du Val, who received it with a very good grace, and answered: "Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no cause to regret your generosity; this hundred pounds, given so handsomely, is better than ten times the sum taken by force. Your noble behavior has excused you the other three hundred pounds which you have in the coach with you."

One day Du Vall met Roper, master of the hounds to Charles II., who was hunting in Windsor Forest, and, taking the advantage of a thicket, demanded his money, or he would instantly take his life. Roper, without hesitation, instantly gave him his purse,

FORMS OF SALUTATION.—SALUTING ROYALTY.—SEE PAGE 674.

containing at least fifty guineas, in return for which Du Val bound him neck and heels, tied his horse to a tree beside him, and rode across the country.

It was a considerable time before the huntsmen discovered their master. The squire being at length released, made all possible haste to Windsor, unwilling to venture himself into any more thickets for that day, whatever might be the fortune of the hunt.

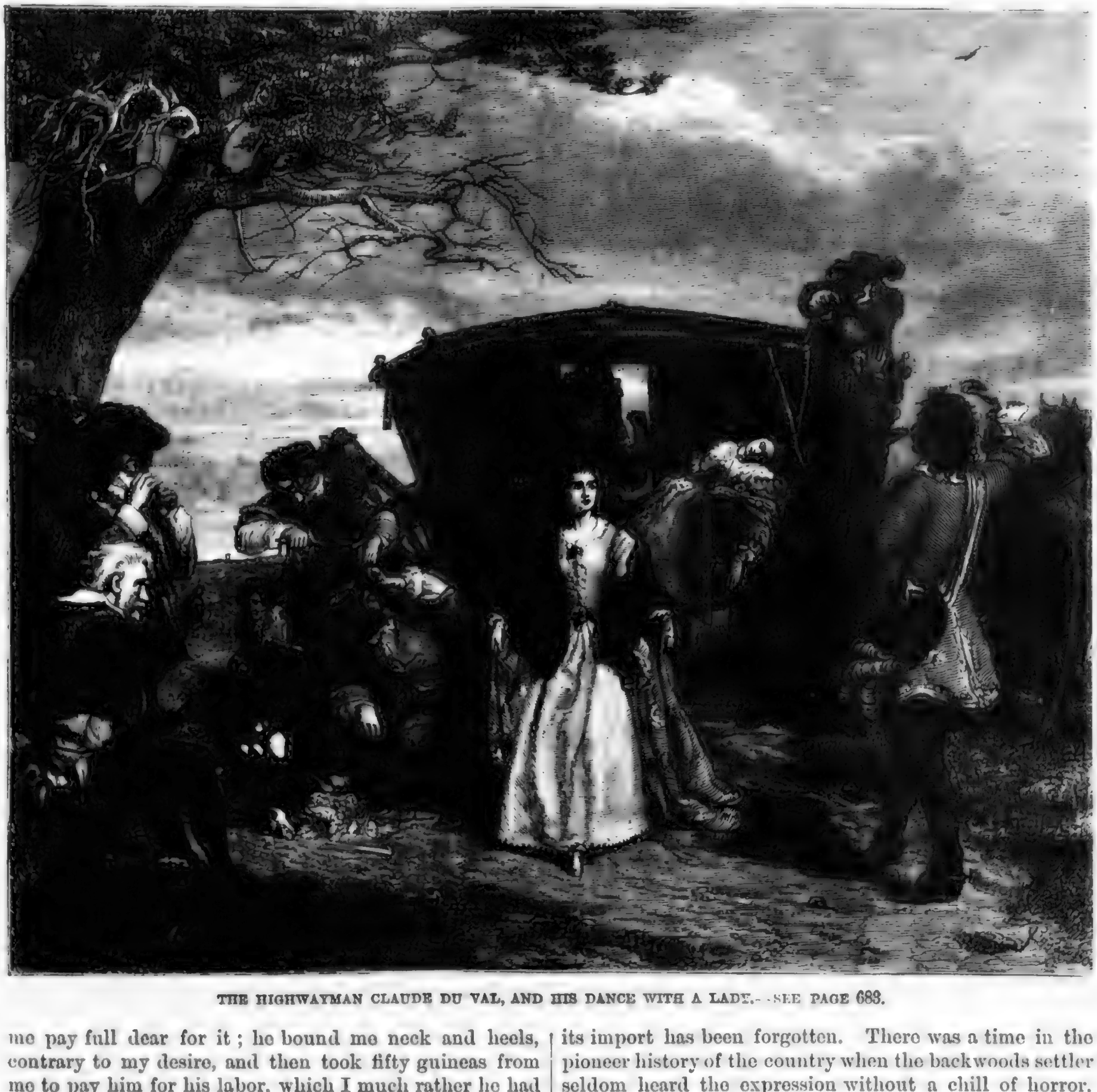
Entering the town, he was accosted by Sir Stephen Fox, who inquired if he had had any sport.

"Sport!" replied Roper, in a great passion. "Yes, sir. I have had sport enough from a villain who made me pay full dear for it; he bound me neck and heels, contrary to my desire, and then took fifty guineas from me to pay him for his labor, which I much rather he had omitted."

England now became too contracted a sphere for the talents of our adventurer; and in consequence of a proclamation issued for his detection, and his notoriety in the kingdom, Du Val retired to his native country. At Paris he lived in a very extravagant style, and carried on war with rich travelers and fair ladies, and proudly boasted that he was equally successful with both. After some time he left France and crossed over again into England. It is uncertain how long Du Val continued his depredations after his return to England; but we are informed that in a fit of intoxication he was detected at the Hole-in-the-Wall, in Chandos Street, committed to Newgate, convicted, condemned, and executed at Tyburn, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, in 1669.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

The name "Indian Summer" is connected with the Indian wars of the northern and western country, and the expression has continued in general use, notwithstanding its import has been forgotten. There was a time in the pioneer history of the country when the backwoods settler seldom heard the expression without a chill of horror, because it brought to his mind the painful recollection of its original application. Such is the force of associations. The reader of the early annals will remember that during the Indian wars, which kept the border settlements in a state of alarm, they welcomed the Winter season, when, owing to the snow and the severity of the weather, the Indians were unable to make their excursion into the settlements. The onset of Winter was therefore hailed as a jubilee by the early settlers, who throughout the Spring and Summer had been cooped up in their little



THE HIGHWAYMAN CLAUDE DU VAL, AND HIS DANCE WITH A LADY.—SEE PAGE 683.

log and mud forts, and subjected to all the inconveniences of such a situation.

"At the approach of Winter, therefore," says a good authority, "all the farmers, excepting the owner of the fort, removed to their cabins on their farms, with the joyful feelings of a man who has just been released from prison. All was bustle and hilarity in preparing for Winter, by gathering in the corn, digging, fattening hogs, and repairing the cabins. To our forefathers the gloomy months of Winter were more pleasant than the zephyrs of Spring and the flowers of May. If, however, it happened that after the apparent onset of Winter the weather became warm, the smoky time commenced, and lasted for a considerable number of days. This was the Indian Summer, because it afforded the Indians another opportunity of visiting the settlements with their destructive warfare. The melting of the snow saddened every countenance, and the general warmth of the sun chilled every heart with horror. The apprehension of another visit from the Indians and of being driven back to the detested fort was painful in the highest degree, and the distressing apprehension was frequently realized."

MY LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

By the Author of "John Halifax," Gentleman.

Look at his pretty face for just one minute,
His braided frock and dainty buttoned shoes—
His firm-shut hand, the favorite plaything in it—
Then tell me, mothers, was't not hard to lose
And miss him from my side—
My little boy that died?

How many another boy, as dear and charming,
His father's hope, his mother's one delight,
Slips through strange sicknesses, all fear disarming,
And lives a long, long life in parents' sight.
Mine was so short a pride!—
And then—my poor boy died.

I see him rocking on his wooden charger;
I hear him pattering through the house all day;
I watch his great blue eyes grow large and larger,
Listening to stories, whether grave or gay,
Told at the bright fireside—
So dark now, since he died.

But yet I often think my boy is living,
As living as my other children are.
When good-night kisses I all round am giving,
I keep one for him, though he is so far.
Can a mere grave divide
Me from him—though he died?

So, while I come and plant it o'er with daisies—
(Nothing but childish daisies all year round)—
Continually God's hand the curtain raises
And I can hear his merry voice's sound
And feel him at my side—
My little boy that died.

THE ELDER BROTHER.

"A dollar twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, seventy-five. There's your change, Katy O'Brien; run along now. And what do *you* want, Jimmy Daly? Gingersnaps? All out. Merrifield keeps them—two doors below. And what shall I show you, ma'am?"

The brisk, tidy little shopwoman (or girl, rather—she did not look over eighteen) turned with a business-like promptness to the pale, beautiful stranger who had just come in—a lady quite past youth—probably thirty-five or near it, yet very lovely still, or would be at her best.

At present she was pallid and trembling, with dark rings under the deep-blue eyes, which bespoke sleeplessness and sorrow. Feebly, as if not far from fainting, she murmured:

"Only a glass of water, if you have it. I am very dizzy."

The girl hesitated for an instant only. The faucet was in a small side-room, and in times past she had received so many requests for cooling draughts from people with "sharper" and "dead-beat" plainly written on their sly faces, and cash-lifting designs so clearly oozing from the corners of their weasel eyes and depraved mouths, that the very word "water" was enough to set her bristling on the defensive.

Here, however, was no deception. The lady was manifestly ill.

"Sit down, please," said the girl, coming quickly from behind the corner, and drawing forward a low chair.

The lady sank into it as to a blessed relief. The glass of water somewhat restored her ebbing strength, but the pallor remained, and the settled look of hopeless grief lifted not in the least.

She was richly dressed, though without the display of plumes or jewels.

"Stay and rest, ma'am, as long as you like," said the girl, kindly.

The lady bowed her head in mute thanks, and a quiver crossed her delicate lip.

The girl went on with her work, casting up accounts in a quick, methodical way, anon referring to the money-drawer to see whether its contents tallied with her cash balance.

The lady looked languidly around the neat shop, with its shelves of shining glass jars, and its bright showcase filled with boxes of gayly-colored confectionery, cheap toys, and numberless trifles to insnare the hearts and harvest the pennies of the neighborhood gamins.

Her gaze rested with interest on the slim figure of the girl—sparkling-eyed, pretty, with all her promise of life before her, and a sigh escaped her lips.

The girl's smooth brow was slightly knit over a refractory puzzle of dollars and cents, but it soon cleared, and she proceeded, half whispering:

"Seventeen and five are twenty-two, and ten are thirty-two, and three to carry——"

An incursion of three juvenile Danes, very much unwashed and unkempt, to purchase a cent's worth of peanuts and two sticks of lemon candy.

The field being clear, the girl returned to her accounts, when a dull fall startled her. She ran to the lady, who was in a swoon on the floor.

The girl dashed water over her face, loosed her garments, and half drew, half carried, her to a little white bed which stood behind a curtain at the further end of the store.

A small boy came in to spend a providential nickel. Hastily giving him a double amount of candy, the girl said:

"Run, Tommy, to the doctor's office on the corner of Sansom Street, and ask him to come as soon as he can to see a sick lady."

Off flew the boy, and the girl returned to the bedside. She had taken off the lady's rich black velvet hat, and the loosened waves of pale-gold hair fell over the pillow, the purple rings grew darker under the closed eyes, and scarcely a breath fluttered from the colorless lips.

Three minutes or so later, Dr. Sylvester would have

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been bowling along the city streets in his swift curricle, and the boy would have gone for another physician. Had he done so this story would have had a far different ending, or would probably not have been written at all.

Dropping the narrative style just at this point, let Dr. Sylvester, for a time, tell the story in his own way, by extracts from a private record in his physician's diary:

Tuesday, March 30th.—New patient. Symptoms cephalic. Serious. Name, Mrs. Delmar. Widow. Residence, 1806 W—— Street. Fainted in a confectioner's shop, and ten minutes after I got her home was raving. Thought at first she had been indulging in some of the terra-albic and arseniated death-dealers from the stock-in-trade, but soon found out my mistake. She recovered sufficiently to give me her name and address, and took her home in a carriage. Residence indicates affluence. James Sylvester's lucky star begins to twinkle higher.

Friday, April 2d.—Brain-fever patient no better. [*Mem.* To try iodide of potassium as recommended in *Flint.*] She must lose her beautiful hair.

Saturday, April 3d.—Slight improvement. Less delirium. Cuticle not so dry. She may pull through.

Wednesday, April 7th.—Ninth day. She *will* pull through. The iodide of potassium has done it. Can't find out whether she has a family physician or not—stupidity of servants. Feel somehow as if I were stealing the case.

Friday, April 9th.—Patient very weak, but bound to pull through. Talked with me rationally to-day, though feebly. As her fever has had a short, acute run, she will convalesce ere long. Her trouble is mental. Husband died a few months ago, but as she did not wear mourning at the time of her attack, I don't know whether or not it was grief at his loss which brought her to her present condition.

Saturday, April 10th.—I must rouse her from her despondency Regret seems the dominant feeling, but for whom or what, I am not Œdipus enough to unravel.

Monday, April 13th.—Sphinx-like still. The ravings of the fever (for, say what you may, fever-ravings are a tolerable index to the true thoughts and emotions) have left one decided impression on my mind: that some one was once deeply wronged both by herself and another, and the name "Roger" escaped her lips many times. [*N. B.* The name on the door-plate is *Wilton* Delmar.] I am not desirous of prying into secrets for mere personal gratification, but if she could bring herself to confide in me professionally, I might take bolder measures for attempting a cure. I use the word "attempting" advisedly. The more the lights of science are thrown upon it, the more bewildering a subject becomes that miracle of poise and peril, the human brain, in the humble opinion of James Sylvester.

Wednesday, April 15th.—I have strong fears of melancholia for my patient. This bracing air, just dashed with Spring, would have a beneficial effect if I could persuade her to try it, in her own luxurious carriage. I think I shall really be obliged to stamp my (professional) foot to-morrow, and give her, in plain terms, the choice between a possible sojourn at Kirkbride's and a pleasant country ride—around Chestnut Hill, for instance, or the beautiful slopes of Bryon Mawr.

Heigho! I am terribly drowsy. Hope there will be no night-calls. That amputation business over at poor Teddy Noonan's has not left me even the nerves of a schoolgirl. How little do the wealthy know of the braveries and battles of the poor! That black-eyed little wife of Noonan's, holding his hand so steadily throughout the operation, free from the quiver of an eyelash, might have sat for the portrait of a Jael or a Judith. How disgustingly obstinate Clayborn was about that second dose of ether! I wanted to punch his head. Wonder what my lady Delmar would think of the inside of Noonan's cabin—for it is little better.

Thursday, April 22d.—Mrs. Delmar rides out daily. Her melancholy lifts a trifle. She insists on my continued visits—says my mere presence helps her! Very flattering! Old Dr. Shelton once told me I was highly magnetic. May the Power that rules the universe save James Sylvester from ever turning the knowledge to a selfish or unhallowed use!

* * * * * *

A sunny highway, fringed by the delicate green of early grass, the spotting gold of butter-cups, the more vivid hue of dandelions, clover-blossoms, snowy and red, and battalions of field-daisies.

Above, pearly tufts of April clouds in the far deep azure, and the faintly songful branches of the roadside trees, not yet fully draped; in the distance the roofs and spires of the beautiful City of Brotherly Love, belted by her two sparkling rivers.

Not so far from the suburbs but that the voices of children shouting at play in the free, fresh, vacant lots—as yet uncaptured by the brick-and-mortar princes—could reach the ear of a listener, and cause his pulse to bound with sympathetic memories of childhood, unless he were pitifully distraught.

Striding fiercely along the road, gashing the tender grass with a stout oaken stick, as if he were rended by unseen demons—an old frayed cloak blowing out behind him, as if he had newly come from a tropical country; his yellow, bony left hand clutching the tarnished neck-button like the throat of an enemy; his thin, gray-streaked hair tossed by the breeze, his eyes deep-set, haggard, despairing—was a gaunt, pallid man, muttering to the sweet air, utterly unheedful of its soft influence—muttering curses. Striding away, away from the busy, bright, beneficent city, looking forward to he knew not what, only to get away, to put swift miles between himself and that fair picture of prosperity and brotherhood. *Brotherhood!* To him the thought was bitterest, cruelest satire!

"Fifteen years!" he groaned. "Fool, fool! And yet she loved me once. No, no! she never loved me! 'Twas herself she worshiped, and the admiration of others but fed her self-idolatry. If I were lying under the stones of the street, her carriage-wheels would rattle and rumble above my head and above my heart, where it lay in ashes of desolation, and not one pulse of hers would leap less lightly, not one smile be lost from her lip, not one gay ripple of talk and laughter die away from her traitorous tongue. Fifteen years! Oh, heaven! to go through long, long months and bear it still! Welcome, Death! The grave will end the weary, maddening struggle! 'Recovering from a severe illness,' the beruffled lackey told me! Ha, ha! So am I recovering—slowly recovering—from the severest illness I have ever had! But the cure will be complete—complete!"

On, on, with feverous haste, past pretty scattered cottages, where mothers drew in their little children, frightened at his wild looks; past country fields, where the ground was newly plowed for sowing; past trees and bridges, fences and low stone walls; past sleek-sided, large-eyed cattle grazing in small verdant spots.

For fifteen years to toil in the heat of tropic suns, a voluntary exile. To shut himself off systematically from every source of news from home, lest his resolution waver. To have but one thought, one hope, one mad, deluding dream, such as few men or women have faith to indulge, in view of the pitiful shallows and inconstancies of human nature, and to come home to receive for bread a stone, for nourishment a serpent!

This had brought the curses to his lips, the fierce, frantic eagerness to his steps. But fate was swifter than his feet.

A violent spasm of coughing seized him, and he was obliged to lean against a fence-post. Harder and still harder came the paroxysms, then the vivid vital fluid stained the old dingy mantle. Dizzy grew his sight, fainter his hold upon the rails, and he was on the point of sinking to the ground, when swift wheels approached, and one alighted, like the Samaritan of old, to succor the wayside fallen.

* * * * * * *

April 30th.—Her despondency gives way occasionally to normal gleams. No confidences as yet, though she now and then drops a

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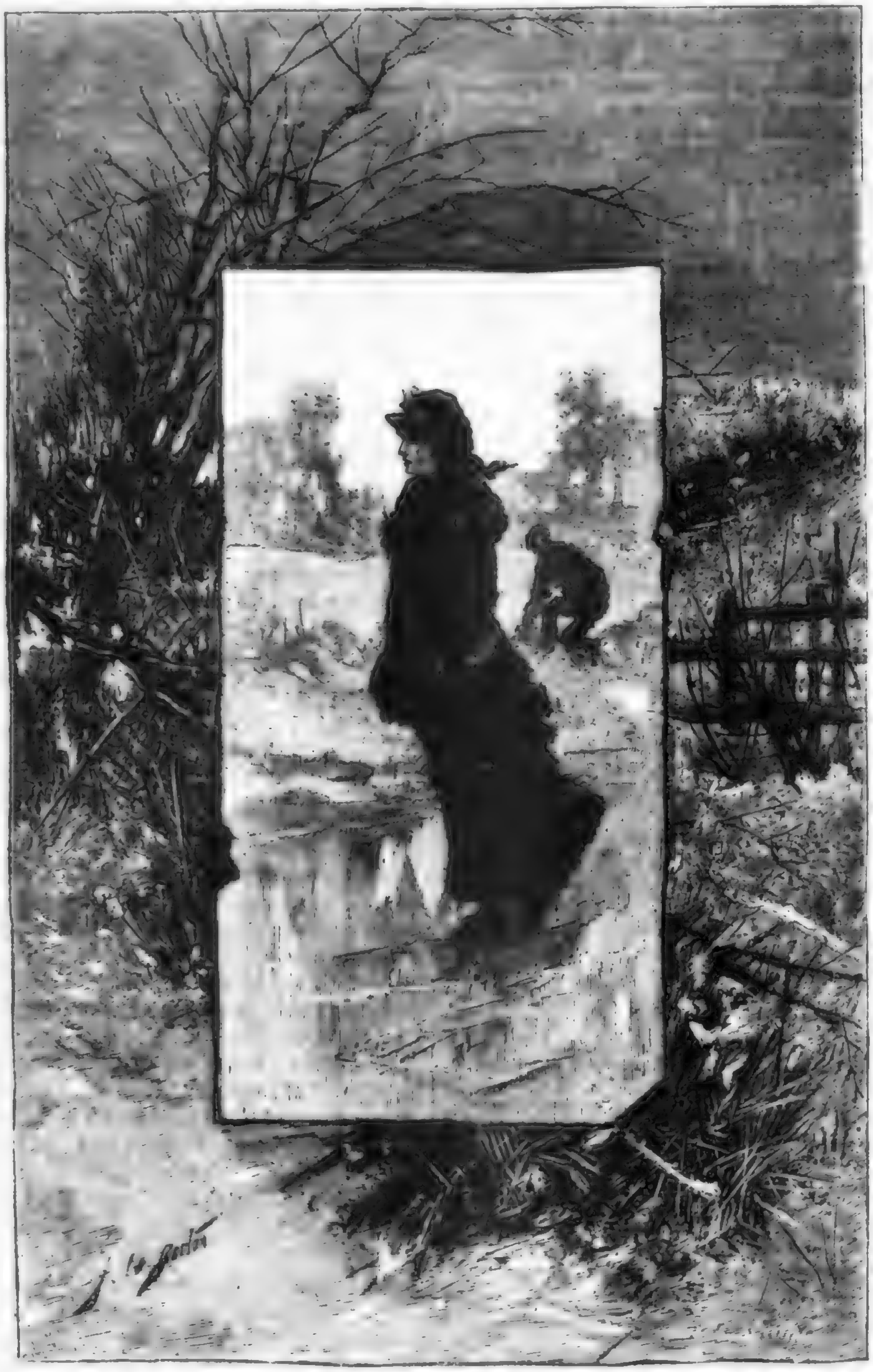
word which indicates probable future disclosures. She is very beautiful—so beautiful that—James Sylvester, you are a fool—a consummate idiot! You need a thorough figurative shaking up. Practice your mental calisthenics, man! ✓

May 2d.—She gains. Her color is returning, and her glorious eyes are less heavy. Her stately head, with its short clustering locks, reminds me of that of a bronze athlete which I once saw at the house of a friend. In health she must be a *perfect* physical type. May it be mine to restore her to that same.

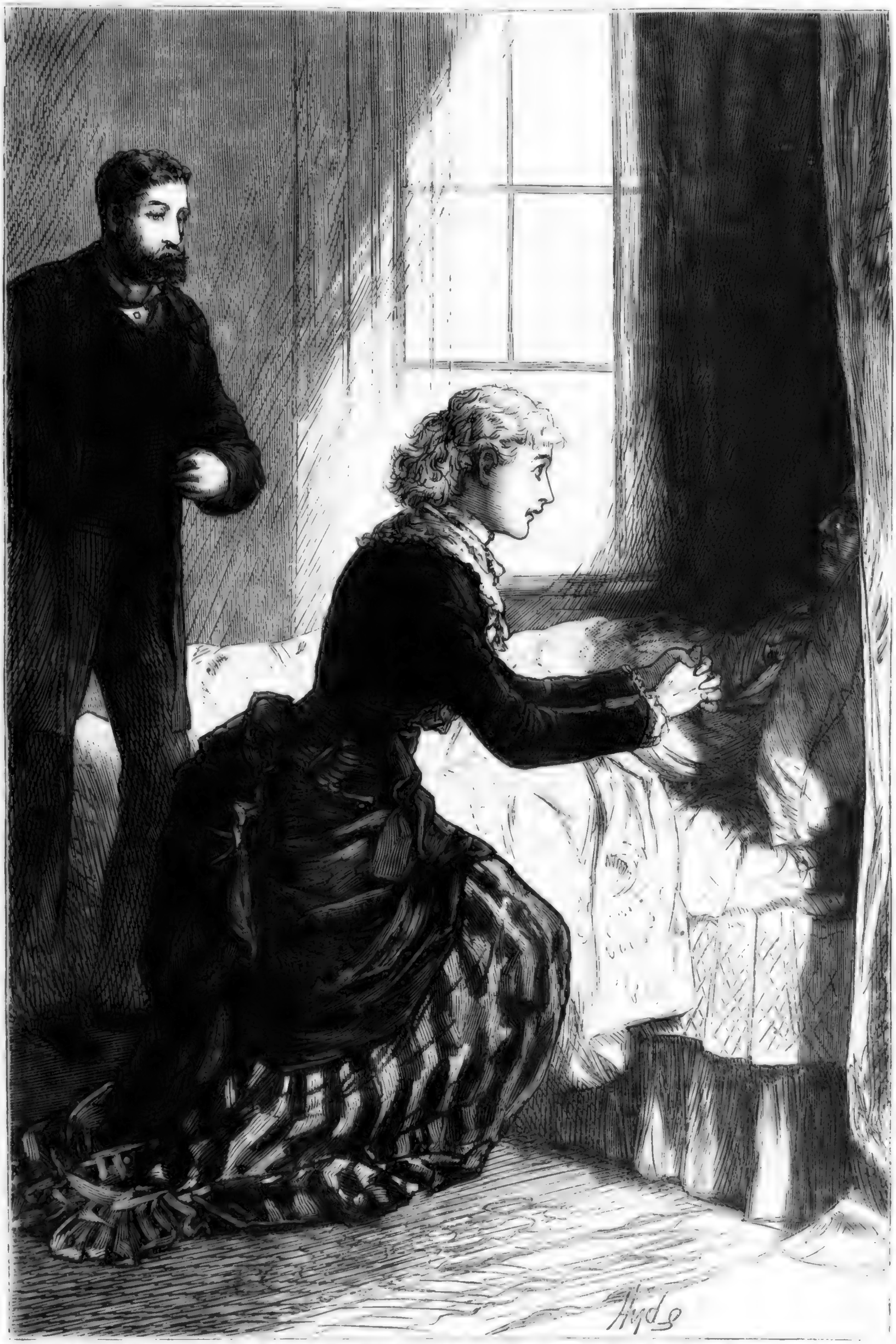


". . . . as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is maddened all to joy."—*Thomson.*

WINTER.

I am fated to have mysterious patients thrown upon my hands in the most unlooked-for manner. A few days ago, while driving home from a hospital convention, I picked up a man in the grasp of the tubercle-fiend—evidently nearing the last stages. Shabbily clad, haggard, unhappy, yet with no lack of funds, he seems to have no kin, no home, no hope of anything this side of the grave or beyond. I have lodged him with a Quakeress on Vine Street, an old friend of my mother's, trusting to the peaceful influences of the house to smooth, in a measure, his last few steps to the dim valley. He gives his name as Dinsmore—has been gold-digging in Australia.

May 5th.—Her elastic vitality is on the rebound. If all mental ghosts were laid, or moral—whienever they be, I know not, though I would stake a considerable sum, if it were mine, on her general rectitude—she would soon glow like the typical Hebe—that much-referred-to and long-suffering young woman. Your average city lady is but a bundle of bones and nerves, tainted from remotest embryonic existence with hysteria and incompetency. The future American population will be eight-tenths Celtic



THE ELDER BROTHER.—"ON THE WHITE PILLOW WAS A FACE SO THIN AND GHASTLY. THE EYES WERE CLOSED, THE BONY YELLOW FINGERS LAY SPREAD UPON THE COUNTERPANE."—SEE PAGE 686.

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to two-tenths Swede and Teuton, or my deductive powers are sadly at fault.

May 7th.—She gave me a purse this morning to buy necessaries and delicacies for a few poor patients. As her interest in humanity seems to revive, I told her the little story of Noonan's devoted wife. With set features, in a hard, unexpected tone, she said. "Ah, she must have loved him—instead of desp——" She checked herself on the instant, but I am sure the word on her lips was "despising."

May 10th.—On visiting Dinsmore this morning, he made a revelation which causes me to question whether the fabled torments of the damned are not a superfluous category—whether this wheeling planet, home of the struggling, suffering, doubting, dying, may not comprise on its smiling surface worse agonies than those of the conventional hell.

As I sat by his bedside, holding his skinny hand, he fixed his superlatively bright eyes upon me, and said:

"I have been deceiving you. D[illegible] is not my name."

I made no answer, but kept my professional hold on his [illegible] wrist, and he continued:

"I know as well as you that I must die soon. I want death—I crave it—but before it comes, I wish to tell you my story. I think you are the only human being who would care to hear it. I have not yet lost faith in you, or in the good saint under whose roof I lie." He hesitated. "I—I am a *jailbird!* I have been in prison!"

"But you were not guilty," I said, [illegible].

The thought leaped to my lips by a heavenly impulse. I felt sure of what I said.

He clasped his [illegible] with a tremor of affection.

"Thank you. You are right; I was not guilty. It [illegible] to tell [illegible] it can make no difference [illegible] one."

I [illegible] him to go on, and then, broken by intervals of [illegible] and prostration, followed [illegible] a history as ever fell upon my ear. Had I the pen of a Hugo, a Dickens, a George Eliot—could I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] My duty is plain [illegible]. To [illegible] both the living and the dying, [illegible]

* * *

Dr. Sylvester found Mrs. Delmar just returned from her daily ride, and resting in a low chair in the reception-room.

She greeted him quietly—even languidly. Her restoration to health was not so near at hand as Dr. Sylvester flattered himself. The smiles had gone out of this woman's life never to come back. It was cowardly, criminal to take arsenic or paris-green, it was simply vulgar to adopt the opium habit, therefore she lived on, "aweary, aweary, and would that she were dead."

A few courteous professional inquiries, then Dr. Sylvester went straight to the point. It was habitual with him. Professional and social success might have been his in greater measure had he been a subtle flatterer, a sick-room diplomatist, but James Sylvester hated shams and trickeries as he hated a patent window-pad.

"I have a strange story to tell you, Mrs. Delmar. I came with the express purpose of telling it this morning, as I think you are now strong enough to bear the hearing of it."

She glanced quickly and keenly at his face. No. She was not in danger of being called upon to listen to a declaration. There was no love-making in those grave eyes.

With a little sigh of relief she settled herself in an easy-chair, in an attitude of polite attention, but without curiosity. If it were about a charity patient, she could give him another purse. She was always glad to relieve suffering.

"I have heard of a man," he began, "who once loved a beautiful lady."

Mrs. Delmar's lips twitched uneasily. Perhaps it was going to be a declaration, after all.

"They were both young, both strong and hopeful, and she, as I said before, was very beautiful—so lovely that she had been the young man's inspiration from her early girlhood, and he believed her to be as good as she was fair. He had a younger brother, and both were employed in the same mercantile house in this city." Mrs. Delmar slightly started. "From the time they were left orphans, the elder had guarded and cherished the younger, had toiled and planned, had sacrificed and striven for his sake. He believed him incapable of wrong-doing. Next to the lovely girl, he was his idol. Time passed. One day the discovery was made that their employer had been robbed."

Mrs. Delmar started more violently, dropped her scented lace handkerchief, and, receiving it from Dr. Sylvester's hand, wiped her pallid lips.

"The evidence pointed to one of the brothers. The elder confessed the theft."

"He was not guilty! I know *now* that he was not guilty!" cried Mrs. Delmar.

The doctor looked at her in surprise at the peculiar emphasis, then continued:

"The elder brother confessed the theft. The younger was so bright, so winning. He had always been their mother's darling. His future was all before him to repent—retrieve. What could the elder choose but suffer in his stead? Another man, making the same sacrifice, would have simply fled the country. This man's sense of honor was so high that he served a two-years' term of imprisonment."

Mrs. Delmar was weeping bitterly.

"Afterward he made himself a voluntary exile for fifteen years, to make good the stolen money (that his brother's pathway might be left clear), and to build up his own fortunes. He could not trust himself to see the beautiful girl. But he wrote her a letter telling——"

"She never——" broke forth Mrs. Delmar.

But Dr. Sylvester heeded not the interruption.

"He wrote her a letter, telling her of his innocence, telling her all the circumstances, as he considered he had a right to do, because he had such *faith* in her"—Mrs. Delmar gave a little moaning cry—"and felt sure that she would approve his course, and at the same time show leniency to his brother. The possibility that she could for one moment be untrue to him, never entered his great, loyal heart. He intrusted this letter to his brother's care. He had restrained himself from writing it till the term of his imprisonment was ended, lest she should not be so heroic as he, and should inform the authorities of the true state of the case. He solemnly adjured his brother to watch over her, just as in the letter he had entreated her to watch over and pity *him*. The brother promised. The night before the elder sailed, he passed with his brother, as when they were little children. Almost his last act was for his welfare. He sailed to a foreign country to carve out a fortune and to dream of *her*. He purposely shut off all source of hearing from her, lest his resolution might waver, and because he had such faith in her. He checked off the days of the weeks, the months of the years, which must elapse before he he could see her face again. In starlit nights, on the ground of Australian camps, he would say to himself, 'She cannot see these glorious constellations, but the old, old stars that we loved together are shining down on her dear head, night after night, and they will help her to remember me.' When storms swept, and lightning hurtled, and strange sounds came from the bush, he thought, 'Thank Heaven, my darling is safe!' He came back to find she had married his brother—the man whom he had saved from prison."

"She was so young—so easily influenced. Remember, it was fifteen years ago," sobbed Mrs. Delmar.

"He came back, broken in health and energy, to lose almost the last vestige of his faith in humankind. He found her his brother's widow, it is true—the servant who turned him from her door told him that much; but her faithlessness had turned his love to ashes. It could never live again, he said to himself—never, in all the world to come, for he had nearly done with *this*. In the letter which——"

"She never received it! Oh, believe me, she never received it!"—this with piteously streaming eyes and clasped hands. "It was withheld from her. Only within a few months has it come into her possession, in looking over her hus—his brother's papers. He did not dare to destroy it. Still less did he dare to show it to her after he had gained her poor, wavering, contemptible allegiance. *Allegiance!*" She struck her hands together fiercely. "What right have *I* to take such a word upon my lips? If you could send him word—if he could only know that it is the one grief, the one undying sorrow, of her life. If——"

Mrs. Delmar poured forth, in a floodtide, her burning hatred of the fraud that had been practiced upon her; her bitter self-contempt for believing Roger unworthy; her denunciation—such as only an aroused, wronged woman can utter—of him who had so wronged her.

Tossing out her slim, white hands, where gleamed no jewel, not a single thread of gold:

"See," she cried, "would I wear this hateful marriage-ring one single hour after I made the shameful discovery? Never again! Oh, my poor, poor Roger, how could you *fail* to hate me? I should almost despise you if you had not!"

Dr. Sylvester was startled at her vehemence. This was a new state of the case. His diagnosis must be remapped. She was not so heartless, fickle, faithless, after all. How much wrath and pain and despair might have been saved to poor Roger, could he have known, or even guessed, in his unsuspicious heart, that she had been deceived. Even the natural wrath against the deceiver might have been swallowed up in the thought that she was less to blame. Mrs. Delmar went on to say that the finding of the letter had brought on her illness—had dragged her to the verge of madness. How many times she had been on the point of telling him all this! How many trifling things had prevented the disclosure!

"He will be comforted to know the true state of the case," said Dr. Sylvester.

"Can you tell him? Do you know him—himself? Have you seen him?"

She cast forth the words in a shiver of desperation. She had risen to her feet, and was pacing up and down, her weakness all forgot. She stopped before him now, and fixed her burning eyes on his face, as she asked the questions.

"I do know him. I have seen him. I see him every day. He is dying!"

She would have fallen if he had not caught her. "Take me to him! Do not lose a moment! Let me tell him from these very lips that I did not know the truth—that I never even suspected it. Take me before it is too late! Father in heaven, let it not be too late!"

* * * * *

Friend Hallowell opened the door herself.

"He is quite uneasy again. He has been asking for thee, James," she said, with an inquiring look at Mrs. Delmar's rich dress and mantle.

"This lady is a relative, who has just heard of his illness," explained Dr. Sylvester, briefly, and he led the way to the inner chamber where the sick man lay.

On the white pillow was a face so thin and ghastly that Mrs. Delmar started back momentarily, as if it had been Death's very self.

The eyes were closed, the bony yellow fingers lay spread upon the counterpane, and the lips were murmuring fitfully.

Mrs. Delmar bent her head to listen. The sick man opened his eyes feebly.

"It is I, Roger!—it is I, Erminia. Can you not remember? Is there no trace in me of the gay girl you left so long ago! Speak, Roger! For heaven's sake do not hate me!"

Over the dulling sense swept a thrill of old memories, sweet—of late ones, bitter. The latter triumphed. With a look of scorn and hate he motioned her away.

"Oh, Roger, believe me! I never knew the truth through all these years. I never got the letter, till I found it a few months ago. It was kept from me. Can you not understand why? I was foolish, I was young—easily led. It seemed to me that if you had cared for me you would not have gone, without a word—a look! Do not hate me, Roger! Oh, my love, my lost dear love!"

She had thrown her arms around him, and compelled his glance to hers.

Who shall say what buried dreams stirred again in the long, long gaze of those living and dying eyes! What years of loss and pain rolled away to meet the fast-coming wave of oblivion, leaving, by divinest mercy, only the brief, bright visions of the time when joy and hope were all in all! Ah, who shall say save those who in some solemn hour have given and received such glances?

Fainter grew the light of the hollow eyes, feebler the clasp of the hand, swiftly and more swiftly came the dark wave that closes over all.

* * * * * *

Erminia felt a slight touch on her shoulder, and looked up to meet grave, kind eyes suffused with such tears as true manliness is never ashamed to shed. She broke forth almost rapturously:

"He knew me! He forgave, me! He was happy in my coming! Did you not see—he understood! Now I can bear all the rest until we meet again."

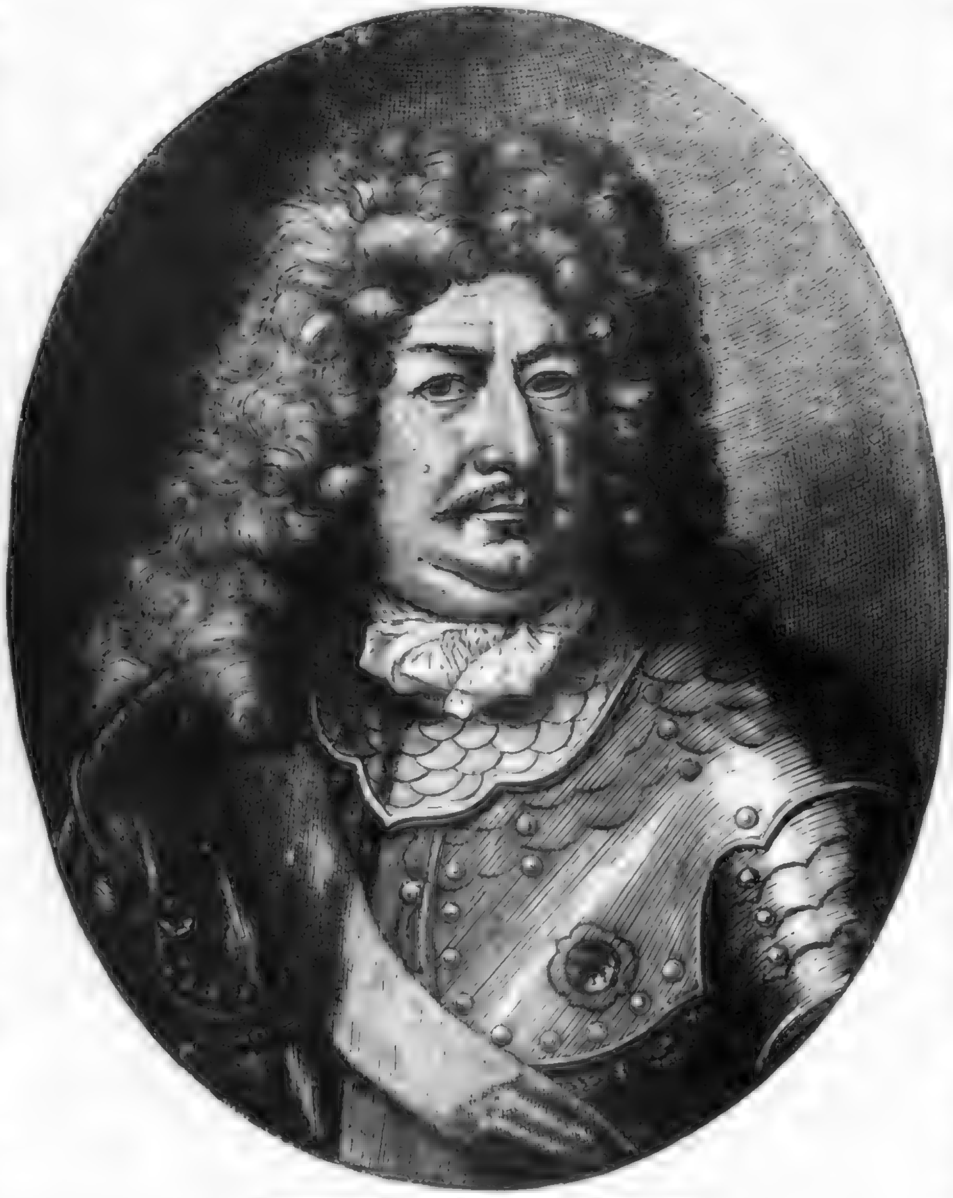
Then, as a father or a brother might lead a little child from its dead mother's pillow, Dr. Sylvester led her softly away.

THE GREAT ELECTOR OF BRANDENBURG.

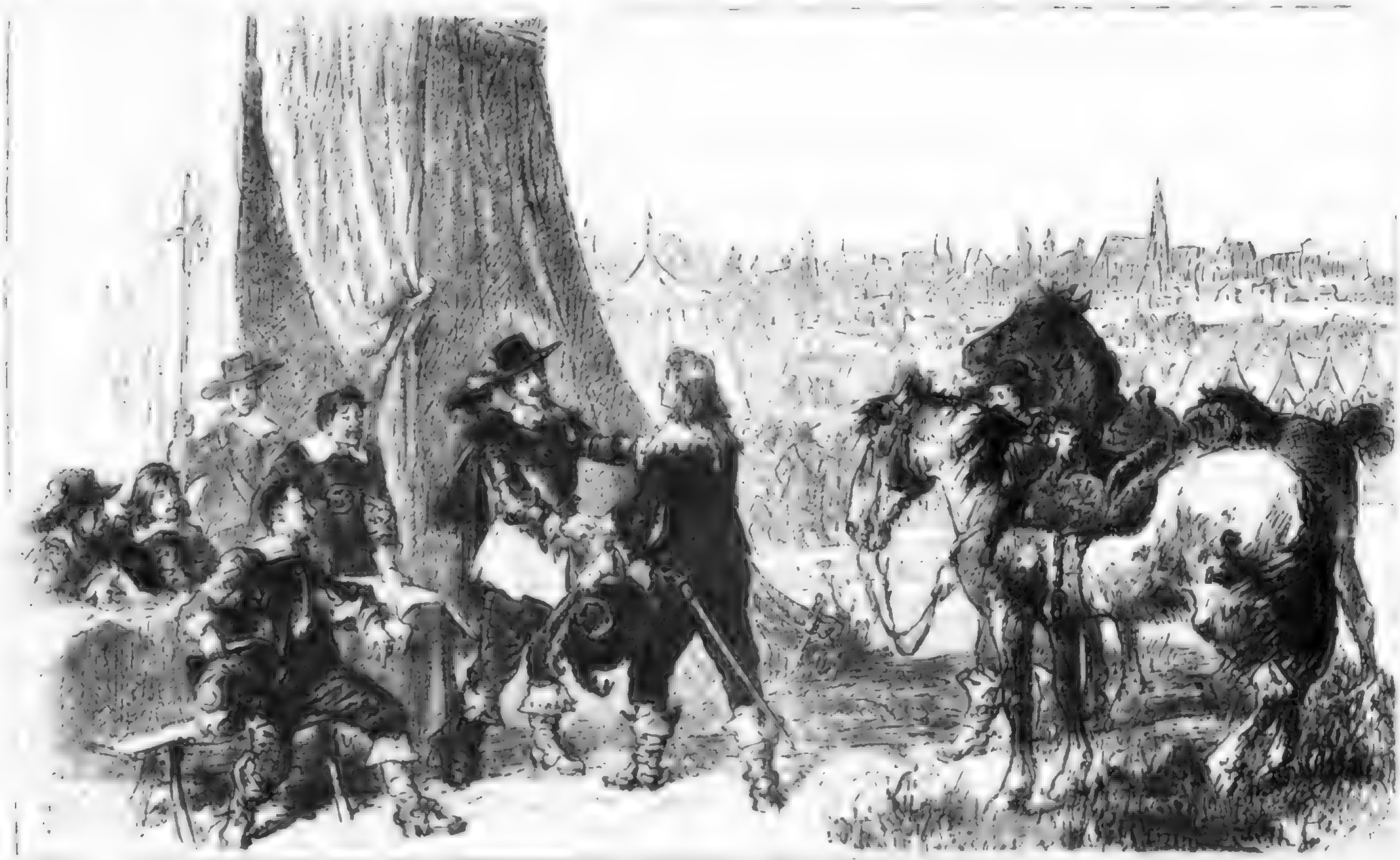
By Alfred H. Guernsey.

Frederick-William of Hohenzollern, the eleventh Elector of Brandenburg (1640-1688), is known in history as "The Great Elector." He acceded to the Electorship before he had completed his twentieth year, and his rule lacked but two years of half a century. He found his scattered dominions only the shadow of a sovereignty, a mere Protestant appanage of the overmastering Catholic Reich. He raised Brandenburg not only to the foremost place among the German Principalities, but to an acknowledged rank among the Sovereign Powers of Europe. He was a king in all but name, and should be regarded as the real founder of the Prussian Monarchy.

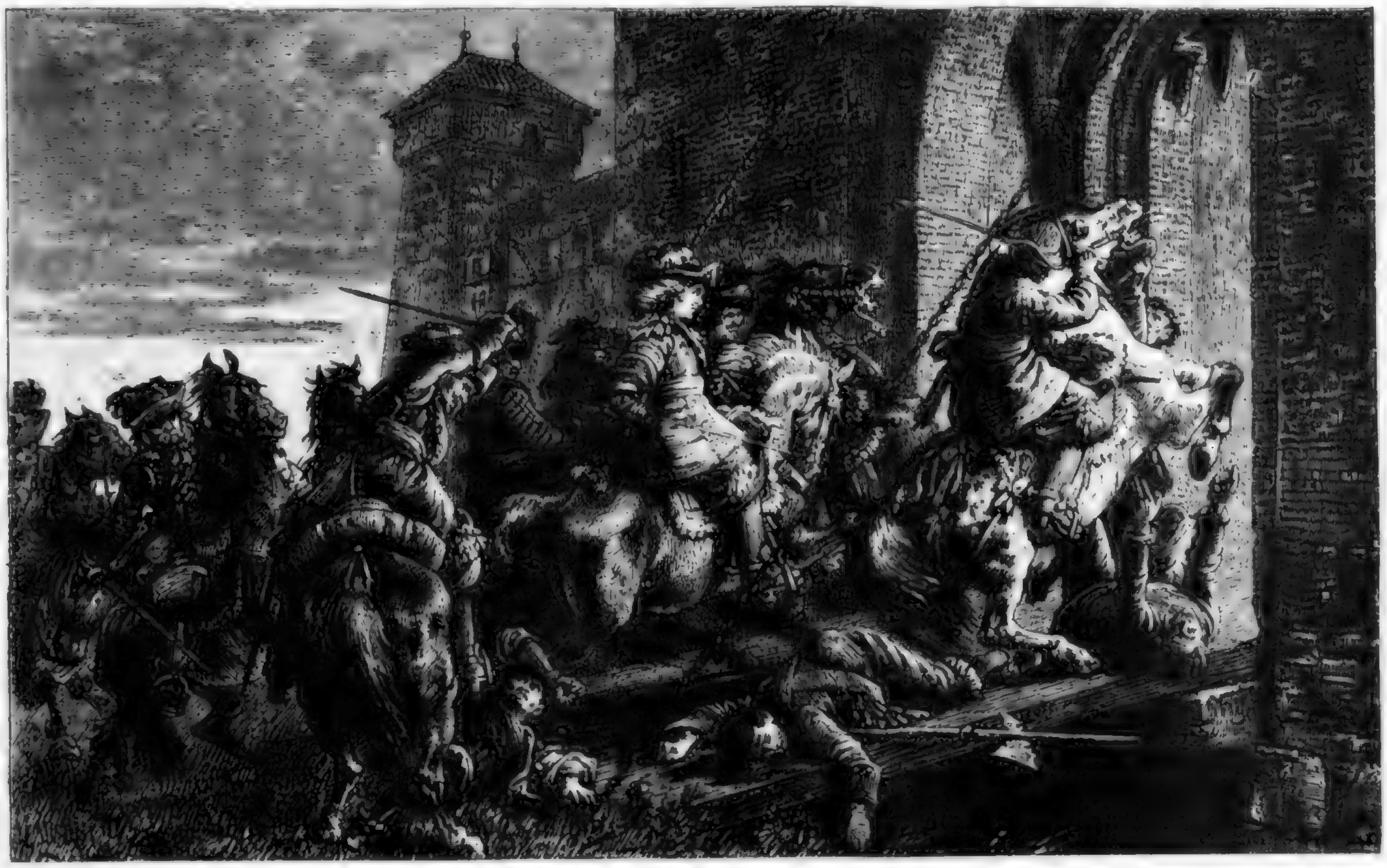
Frederick-William was born February 16th, 1620, just as the smoldering embers of religious strife were bursting out into the Thirty Years' War. Berlin soon became no safe place for the young prince, and while a mere child he was sent to more quiet Küstrin, under the charge of an accomplished and capable tutor, by whom his mental and physical training was carefully conducted. He was twelve years old when Gustavus-Adolphus came over from Sweden to head the Protestants in their struggle against the Catholic Kaiser. The Elector of Brandenburg was forced to join the Protestant League, and the Swedish King built largely upon the growing promise of the young Frederick-William, for the furtherance of his far-reaching schemes. He projected a marriage between the Electoral prince and his own daughter, Christina, the heir-presumptive to the Swedish crown. In that event, Sweden on one side of the Baltic, and Brandenburg, Preussen and Pommern on the other, united under one sovereign, would form a mighty Protestant state; and, as a thoughtful French statesman expressed it, "The Brandenburger would be the most powerful prince in Europe." Gustavus fell in the dearly-bought victory of Lutzen, and this great project came to naught. His trampled corpse was



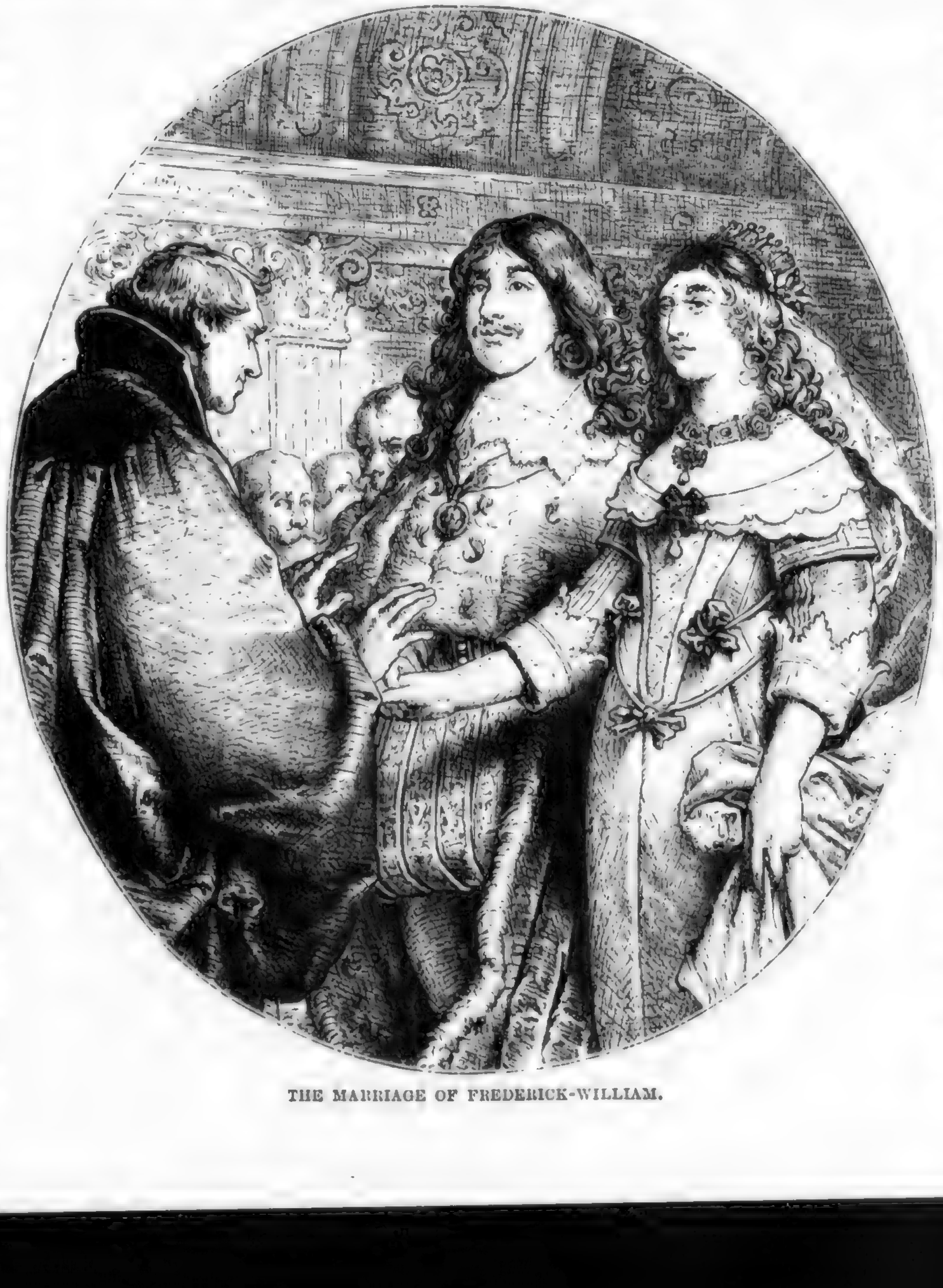
FREDERICK-WILLIAM, THE GREAT ELECTOR.



FREDERICK-WILLIAM AT BREDA.



THE SURPRISE OF THE BRIDGE AT RATHENOW.



THE MARRIAGE OF FREDERICK-WILLIAM.

dragged from under a great heap of slain, and borne to the coast, to be carried back to Sweden. Prominent among those who paid the last honors to the great Swede, as his remains were embarked at the Pomeranian port of Wolgast, was the young Frederick-William, clad in ceremonial mourning.

The half-hearted Elector of Brandenburg soon withdrew from the Protestant League, and joined in the "Peace of Prague." His territories became the scene of warfare between the Swedes and the Imperialists, and were devastated alike by both. But before things had come to the worst, an asylum was found for Frederick-William, who, in his fourteenth year, was sent by his mother to the Netherlands, where her kinsmen, the Princes of Orange, were waging a stubborn warfare with the Spaniards.

The four years — from his fourteenth to his eighteenth — which were passed in the Netherlands were the forming period in the life of Frederick-William. We catch

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pleasing glimpses of him during these years. Sometimes as a student at the University of Leyden; sometimes at Arnheim, where his kinswoman, the Electress Elizabeth of the Palatinate, daughter of James I. of England, and widow of the Bohemian "Snow-king," had found a refuge after her weary wanderings; sometimes in the camp of Prince Frederick-Henry of Orange; sometimes at the Hague, the centre of political and social life in the Netherlands. He breathed an atmosphere quite unlike that of Germany. Here dwelt a people who, notwithstanding the fierce warfare around them, were in the enjoyment of the fruits of industry and trade; here prevailed a slight degree of religious toleration; here was a proud chivalry who had "looked in the whites of the enemy's eye" upon many a hard-fought battlefield. Under such influences the character of the growing youth ripened, and steeled itself for those high duties which were soon to devolve upon him. But these charming aspects of life had also their perils. The prevailing wealth led to luxury, and tempted to license. The Hague was a scene of wild excess. Some gay debauchees of both sexes once sought to make Frederick-William a partaker in their orgies. He sprang from the table, mounted his horse, rode with hot speed to the camp of the Prince of Orange, who was then laying siege to Breda, and told him why he had fled from the Hague. "Cousin," said the Prince, "this flight of yours shows more heroism than if I had taken Breda. One who, at your age, knows how to conquer himself, will achieve greater things hereafter."

Frederick-William had not been a year in the Netherlands when his father went over to the Imperialists, and struck hands with Kaiser Ferdinand against the Swedes and the German Protestants. In Cleves, where the alliance with the Habsburgs was especially odious, the wish was openly expressed that Frederick-William should marry the fair but light-headed Louise-Hollandine, daughter of the Electress Elizabeth, for whom he had formed a boyish attachment, and be made Staathalter of the Duchy, thus practically superseding his father. The Elector—egged on by Adam von Schwarzenberg, his most trusted counselor, an Austrian Catholic, and secretly in the pay of the Kaiser—was wroth at this proposal. He forbade his son to contract any such alliance: and ordered him to return home at once, since "a longer stay in the Netherlands would be neither useful nor creditable."

When Frederick-William, at eighteen, returned to Brandenburg, he met with a cold reception from his father. He was kept aloof from public affairs, and fell into a state of deep melancholy, or muttered smothered invectives at the mere mention of the name of Schwarzenberg, to whom he not only attributed the miseries of his country, but suspected of a design to make way with him. Once, after dining at Schwarzenberg's, he was seized with a sudden illness, occasioned, as he believed, by poison put into his food. There was no lack of reason for such suspicion, for Frederick-William was the only son of the Elector, and should he die, the heritages of Brandenburg, Preussen and Cleves would pass from the Hohenzollerns, and would probably be absorbed by the Habsburgs. After a while the sorely beset Elector betook himself to Preussen, leaving Schwarzenberg as Staathalter in Brandenburg. There he died, in December, 1640; and Frederick-William acceded to the Electorship. "A heavy and almost unbearable burden of sovereignty," he said, when he received the tidings.

The way before him was no easy one to travel. He had to trim his sails to every breeze; to tack and veer; to row against all currents; and not unfrequently to keep his eyes in one direction while aiming at the direct opposite. In Preussen, he had to anticipate the stubbornness of the Lutheran nobles and burghers on the one hand, and the hostility of the Catholic Poles on the other. In the Rhine provinces and the Marks of Brandenburg, his co-religionists, the Dutch and the Swedes, were at war with him, while no effective aid was to be hoped from the Kaiser. The treasury was empty; there were no troops upon whom he could rely, for they had taken the oath to the Kaiser as well as to the Elector. The commandant of Spandau flatly refused to renew the oath to him, saying that obedience to the Kaiser was his paramount duty. He had at first invited Schwarzenberg to retain the Staathaltership of Brandenburg; but gradually as Frederick-William got the reins into his own hands, the Staathalter found his authority more and more restricted. An open conflict between them seemed imminent, when Schwarzenberg, fortunately for Brandenburg, was cut down by an apoplectic stroke, and one peril was averted. It now remained to get rid of the lawless Imperial soldiery, who, nominally allies, were worse for Brandenburg than even the hostile Swedes. One by one the regiments were either disbanded or sent back to the Kaiser, only a couple of thousand men who could be trusted being retained to garrison the fortresses. Negotiations had been entered upon with the Swedes, resulting in a cessation of hostilities, they, however, still keeping in their hands the greater part of Brandenburg, of which they had got possession. But before long difficulties arose with Denmark, which required the Swedish leaders to concentrate their force in distant Jutland: and toward the end of 1643, a treaty was concluded by which the Elector was left in full possession of all his Brandenburg territories, the Swedes, however, retaining Pommern, as a pledge for the repayment of the costs which they had incurred in the defense of German Protestantism. Frederick-William, having thus got rid of hostile forces at home, set himself at work to bring his dominions into comparatively good condition. Slowly, and by degrees, he found himself able to raise and maintain a well-equipped standing force of more than 20,000 men. The Imperial Court at Vienna had too much on their hands to pay much attention to what was going on in Brandenburg, and when at length they awoke to the situation, they saw that it was "too late to clip the wings of the Brandenburg eagle before he could fly too high."

The old scheme for a marriage between Frederick-William and Christina, now Queen of Sweden, was again broached, but without much eagerness on any side. The Swedish aristocracy, who had ruled almost absolutely during the long minority of Christina, feared that their consequence would be lost should such a man as the Elector of Brandenburg become King of Sweden. The Queen, vain of her new power, declared that she would marry no man to whom she must subject herself, and she was also piqued that the Elector "was not more fiery in his wooing." Even while the matter was pending, Frederick-William had fixed upon another bride in case the Swedish affair should fall through. He would ask for the hand of Louise-Henriette, daughter of his old friend, Prince Frederick-Henry of Orange. He did so. The Prince of Orange was more than satisfied, and the States-General gave their full sanction The consent of the princess herself was not so easily gained, for her affections had been given to another; but the union proved a happy one, and for more than twenty years she was his trusted counselor, even in matters of state, and unwearily aided in all the good which he achieved or attempted.

The marriage took place in December, 1646, when the Thirty Years' War, in which all the Continent had come to be involved, was virtually at an end. All parties to it had become exhausted. They saw that little more was then to be gained by fighting, but each was anxious to hold on as much as possible to what it had won. At the Congress by which, in 1648, the Peace of Westphalia was agreed upon, there were present ecclesiastical and lay representatives from the Kaiser and the various states of Germany; from France and Sweden; from Spain and the Netherlands; from the Republic of Venice and the Holy See. No assembly, charged with such high interests, had met since the great politico-ecclesiastical councils more than two centuries before—no one afterward, until the Congress of Vienna, after the overthrow of Napoleon. To the Empire peace was, above all things, essential, and peace could be attained only by making large concessions to both France and Sweden. France insisted upon having Alsace, which she had seized; Sweden would not give up the mouths of the great rivers falling into the Baltic. The Elector of Brandenburg protested against this "unjust postulate" of Sweden, which would deprive him of the most valuable half of Pommern, and gave warning that "fearful dangers to the Holy Roman Empire would spring from these territorial changes." It was all in vain. Vor-Pommern, the region lying upon the Baltic, and comprising the ports of Stettin, Wolgast, Griefswald, and Stralsund, was given to the Swedes; to the Elector was left Hinter-Pommern, lying mainly inland, and even when touching the sea, having no good port. The Peace of Westphalia had ostensibly settled all mooted questions; but it was not till 1653, five years later, that Frederick-William could get full possession of Hinter-Pommern.

Still, notwithstanding the loss of Vor-Pommern, the Elector was a real gainer by the Peace of Westphalia, which left him free to bend all his energies upon the administration of home affairs. It is in this that his real greatness lies. Yet during the remaining forty years of his life he had to take part in the great wars of the period, for his dominions formed a long, straggling region—"the country with the long frontiers," as it was derisively styled—so cut into and surrounded by others, and so wedged in among them, that along the Baltic, and from the Weser to the Rhine, no powers could go to war without his being dragged into the quarrel. In all these contests he showed himself a stout fighter and an able commander.

In 1654, the whimsical Queen Christina abdicated the Swedish throne, and was succeeded by her hot-headed cousin, Charles-Gustavus of Zweibrücken. John-Casimir, the frothy King of Poland, disputed his right, and set up some sort of hereditary claim to the Swedish crown, in which he was backed up by the King of Denmark. Charles-Gustavus marched straight upon him, overswept Poland like a tornado, and captured Warsaw. John-Casimir fled to Austrian Silesia, whence he came back, having gathered a tumultuous horde of Polish and semi-Asiatic cavalry, and recaptured Warsaw from the small Swedish force by which it was held, and the war began anew. Frederick-William would fain have had nothing to do with this, but his Duchy of Preussen, for which he and his ancestors had to pay homage to Poland, lay right between Poland and the Swedish holdings in Pommern, and the combatants must enter the Duchy in order to get at each other. Neither would scruple to do this, and he could not remain neutral. He could only make choice which side to espouse. He demanded that the Swedes, in case of success, should give him some conquered Polish palatinates, which were necessary to join the Marks of Brandenburg to Preussen, and that he should hold the whole Duchy as a sovereign prince, owing homage to no suzerain. Charles-Gustavus refused the latter point, but agreed to the former one, and a treaty of alliance was made in June, 1656, the Elector to support the Swedes with his entire force.

A picked body of the Brandenburg and Swedish forces, only 9,000 strong, moved toward Warsaw, where John-Casimir had four or five times as many, made up of Polish horsemen and wild Cossacks and Tartars. Even then Frederick-William attempted to mediate between the two kings. But the vain John-Casimir, flushed by his great success in driving out the Swedes, and confident also in his vast preponderance of numbers, haughtily rejected all overtures. He indeed regarded the Elector as a rebellious vassal. "I have promised," he boasted to the French ambassador, "that my Tartars shall have the Swedes and Brandenburgers for their breakfast; and as for the Elector, he shall be shut up in a dungeon, where he shall never again see sun or moon."

They came to blows on the field of Praga, a suburb of Warsaw, on the other side of the Vistula. The battle lasted three days—July 28th, 29th, 30th. The action on the first day was indecisive. On the second day the result depended upon the Brandenburg infantry holding their position in the centre while the Swedes moved around from the right to the left, where a favorable opening for attack had been perceived. The Swedes formed themselves into solid squares—"movable castles," as they were called—to receive the assault of the Polish horse. The front ranks knelt, presenting a double row of pikes, upon which the enemy vainly dashed themselves, and from behind which the musketeers poured in deadly volleys, before which the assailants broke in utter confusion. The brunt of the fight upon the third day fell upon the Brandenburgers. Von Spau, with his infantry, stormed the wooded heights of Praga, the key of the Polish position, while Derfflinger's Dragoons fell irresistibly upon the disordered masses of the enemy. The whole Polish army fled in wild panic, leaving behind them guns, flags and an immense booty. "This magnificent victory," said the Swedish Marshal Von Wrangel. "was mainly due to the splendid conduct of the Brandenburg infantry."

The Elector and the King of Sweden entered Warsaw in triumph, and the success of the Swedes seemed complete. Excepting Denmark, all the shores of the Baltic were in their possession, and the conquest of Denmark once achieved, a mighty Gothic kingdom would be established upon both shores of the Baltic, holding the "Belts," a narrow channel leading into that inland sea, thus controlling the rich trade to its shores. Charles-Gustavus left Poland, and threw all his force against Denmark, performing some wonderful feats, such as crossing 20,000 infantry, cavalry and artillery for twenty miles across the frozen Little Belt, and taking possession of Zealand. His victories alarmed all Europe. The Muscovites, not yet known as Russians, were unwilling that one mighty power should hold both shores of the Baltic, from Stockholm to Dantzic; the Dutch were loath to have the trade with the North wrested from their hands; Cromwell in England and Mazarin in France took sides against the Swedes; the House of Habsburg saw that in the re-establishment of Poland lay their best hopes of safety. All Central Europe thus formed one mighty combination against the Swedish aggrandizement. The Elector of Brandenburg, practically deserted by Charles-

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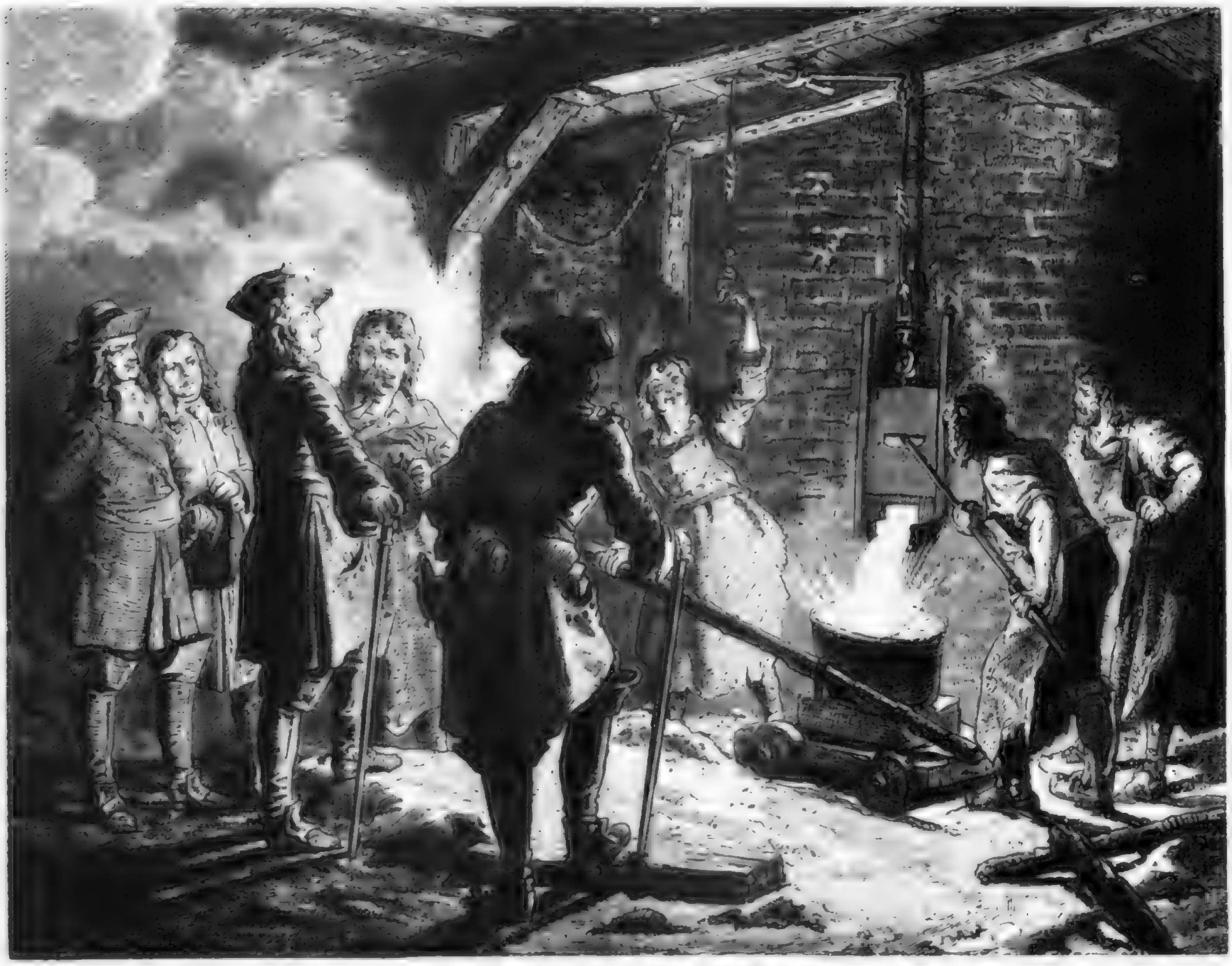
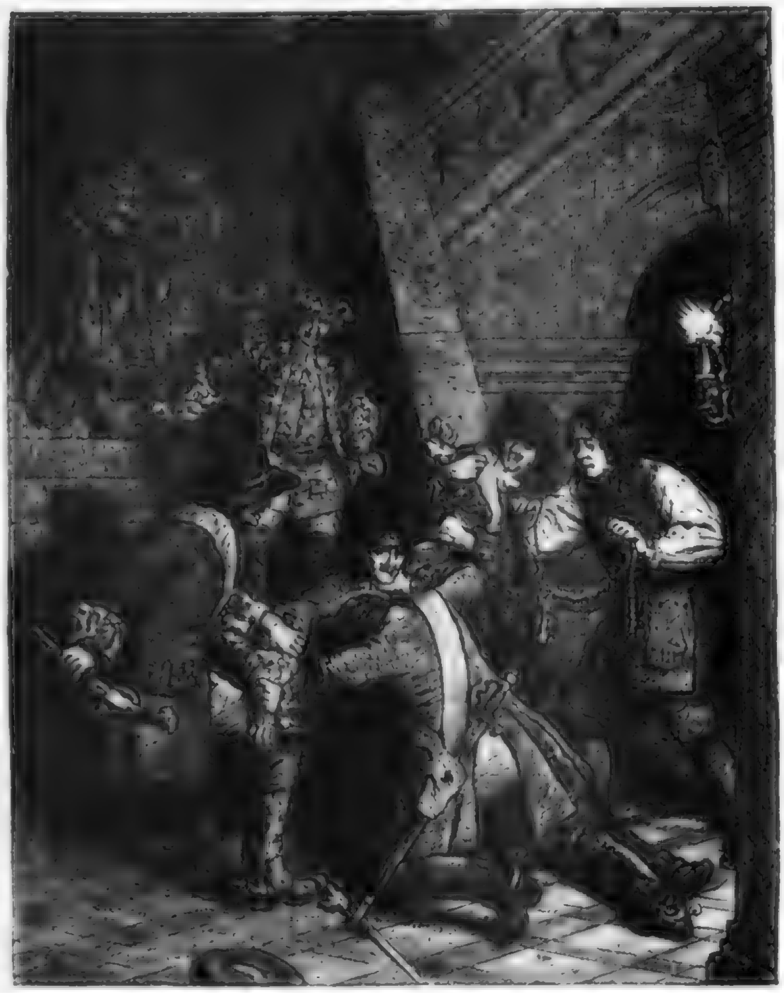


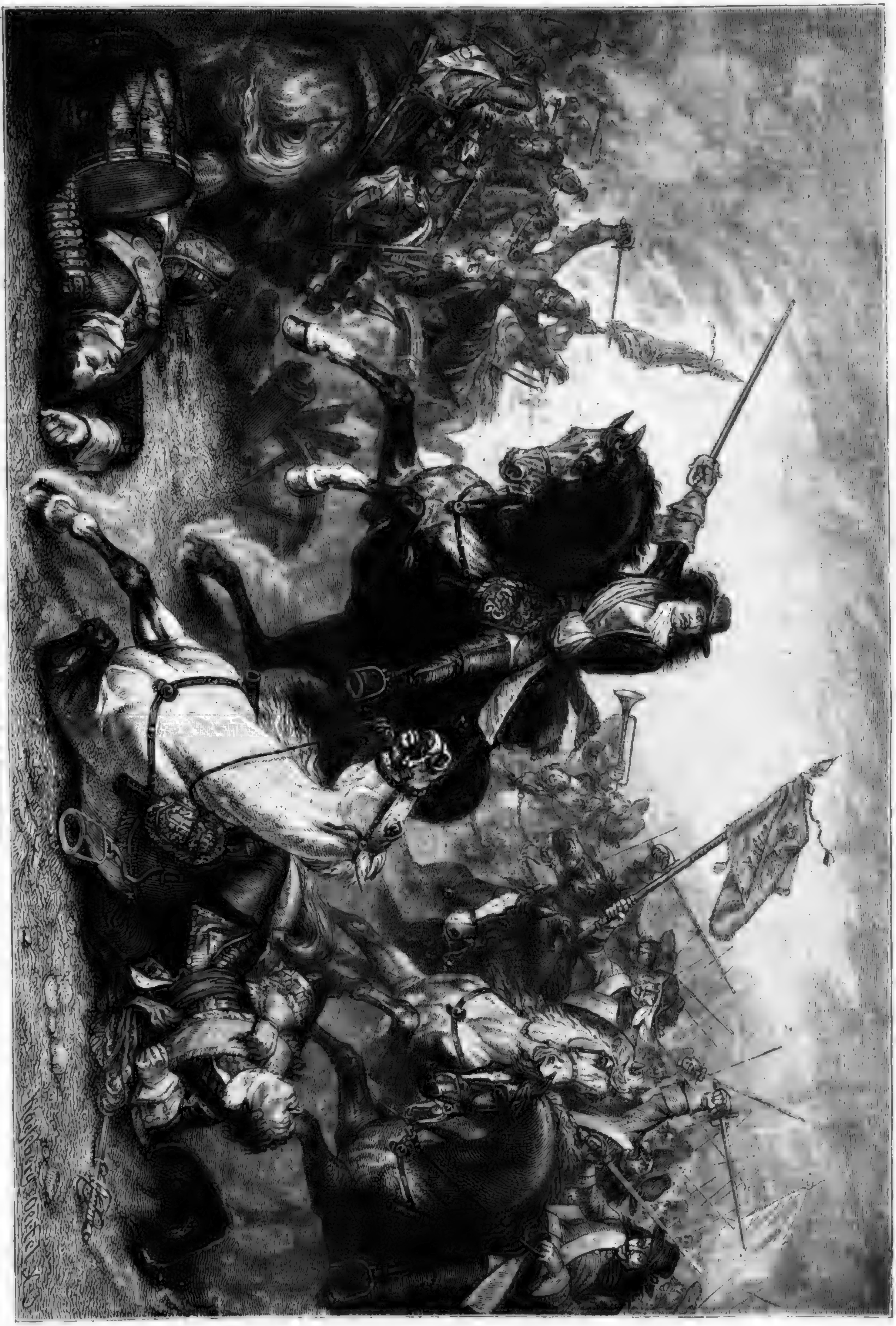
FREDERICK-WILLIAM AT THE IRON-FURNACE.

Gustavus, was in danger of being overwhelmed. Denmark and Austria made overtures to him, and prevailed upon the King of Poland to consent, if he (the Elector) would abandon the Swedish alliance, to give up to him the suzerainty of Preussen. A treaty to that effect was signed in September, 1657, and Frederick-William became the opponent of his recent ally. Charles-Gustavus was enraged at this, and vowed that "the Elector should yet suffer for his treachery."



THE SEIZURE OF KALKSTEIN.

Other circumstances combined to bring Frederick-William to the side of the Habsburg. The Kaiser, Ferdinand III., had died in April, 1657, and there was a long contest as to his successor. The French Court were in favor of their King, Louis XIV.; or, if this could not be attained, that one of the minor German princes should be chosen—no member of the House of Habsburg, at all events. The Electors of Mainz, Cologne, and the Palatinate, favored this; those of Saxony, Treves, and Bavaria, were firm adherents of the House of Habsburg; so the result would rest upon the vote of the Elector of Brandenburg. Frederick-William had no personal reason to like the House of Habsburg, and very many to dislike it; but to prevent the Imperial crown from becoming a mere football for foreign powers to play with, he gave his vote (July, 1658) for Leopold of Austria. Germany should at all events not



THE GREAT ELECTOR AT THE BATTLE OF FEHRBELLIN.

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be ruled by French and Swedes. He issued a memorial addressed to the "Noble Germans," exhorting them to bear in mind how the Fatherland had suffered from foreign powers during the late wars. "What," he asked, "are the Rhine, the Weser, the Elbe and the Oder but spoils of strangers? What are our religion and freedom but things for others to play with? Let every one who wishes to eat no Swedish bread bethink himself what he should do for the honor of the German name. Remember that thou art a German."

These brave words were followed up by as brave deeds. During the Autumn of 1658 the Brandenburgers, Austrians, and Poles, drove the Swedes out of Schleswig, Holstein and Jutland. In December, Frederick-William, under the protection of two Danish men-of-war, crossed over and captured the Island of Alsen. In the following year the Swedes were defeated in the bloody battles of Nyborg and Fühnen, upon their own soil, whither the allied troops had been conveyed by a Dutch flotilla. Moreover, the Brandenburgers and Austrians broke into Vor-Pommern, and laid siege to Stettin. But a new force at this moment appeared upon the scene. France had compelled the Spaniards to make peace, and retire beyond the Pyrenees. She declared that the Swedes should not be compelled to abandon a foot of the German ground which they possessed, and threatened to back up the declaration by arms. The Court at Vienna would not run the risk of a war with France, merely that Brandenburg might be still further aggrandized by the addition of Swedish Pomerania. Sweden, however, was exhausted, and was ready to agree to any tolerable terms, when a sudden sickness brought the adventurous career of Charles-Gustavus to a close in February, 1660, and all his schemes against Poland, Preussen, and Denmark were buried in his grave. The Peace of Oliva was concluded in May, 1660. Frederick-William, forsaken by his allies, and not strong enough to wage war alone against France, was forced to give up all his conquests in Vor-Pommern; and for the present, at least, to abandon his hope of rescuing for himself and for Germany the mouths of the Oder, and perhaps of the Elbe and Weser. He had failed in his immediate object; but yet he had attained his great aim: the establishment of the Hohenzollern political system among the European Powers.

Frederick-William had now an interval of freedom from war, which he could devote to affairs at home. Hitherto the Rhine Provinces, Preussen, and Brandenburg, were a loose conglomeration of nationalities, united by various accidents under one head, but each of them looked upon all the others as foreigners. He had to consolidate them into one German people, "members of one head." He used gentle means when he could, severe ones when he must. The greatest opposition was in Preussen, where the estates of the Duchy had indeed recognized Frederick-William as their "sole, true, and immediate lord"; but there were not a few, both burghers and nobles, who averred that the King of Poland had no right to make over the suzerainty to the Elector of Brandenburg without their consent, "as if they were only so many apples and pears." Burgermeister Hieronymus Roth headed the malcontents in Königsberg. He was charged with treasonable practices, seized in his own house, and put in prison. Frederick-William in time offered to set him at liberty if he would acknowledge his fault and ask for pardon. Roth declared that he had done nothing wrong, and wanted no pardon, but only justice. So he remained a prisoner of state until his death, in 1678, sixteen years later.

Still more troublesome was John-Christian von Kalkstein, of an old knightly family, who had refused from the outset to do homage to Frederick-William; kept up a constant protest against him for years; and at length fled to Poland, where he postured as a martyr for principle, and up to 1672 strove to inflame the nobles against the "Tyrant of Preussen." Affairs at that time had come to a critical state, and Frederick-William ordered his ambassador at Warsaw to seize the offender, and send him back to Preussen, law or no law. He was kidnapped, bound, rolled up in a carpet, thrust into a close wagon and sent over the frontiers, where he was brought to trial, condemned and executed, in spite of the vehement protests of the Polish King. These two are the only recorded instances in which Frederick-William inflicted severe punishment upon any one who set himself up against his person or authority.

It would be a long work to set forth the measures taken by Frederick-William for the wellbeing of his dominions. He drained bogs; settled colonies in the places laid waste and depopulated during the civil war. He encouraged industry of all sorts; established a regular post-system running through every considerable town, from Königsberg in the extreme northwest, to Cleves in the extreme southwest. He dug a canal connecting the Oder with the Spree. It was a proud day for him when the first river-boat plying between Hamburg and Breslau passed by the walls of Berlin. Under his fostering care sprang up here a glass-work, there an iron-smelting furnace. His own estates served as model establishments for field-culture, for fruit-growing, for cattle-raising, for vegetable-gardens. He welcomed the Huguenot refugees, driven from France by the persecutions of Louis XIV., and more than 20,000 of the most skillful and industrious French cultivators and artisans found refuge and employment in Brandenburg. His religious toleration would be considered broad and liberal even in our day. Every form of teaching not opposed to public order was to be allowed; everything contrary to it, suppressed. "It is well," he was wont to say, "that one should be pious; but he must also be upright"; and "matters of faith and conscience should be ruled and directed by solely the all-wise and most high God, subject to no human restraint." His financial measures were so skillfully framed that the burdens of taxation were lightened, while the revenue was increased. It would not be easy in all history to find a civil administrator as upright and sagacious as was "The Great Elector" of Brandenburg. He was now to be tried as a politician and soldier.

Early in 1667 Louis XIV. of France began his war of robbery against the Spanish Netherlands. He hoped also to get his kinsman, the Prince of Condé, seated upon the Polish throne, which John Casimir was disposed to abdicate. John Casimir did abdicate, and several candidates presented themselves for the place. The crown was offered to Frederick-William, on condition that he would profess himself a Catholic. "A crown is worth a Mass," it was urged. "I will not barter my faith for a crown," he replied: "I will never do it to all eternity." The choice for king finally fell, not upon the Prince of Condé, but upon Michael Wisnowieczki, an insignificant Polish noble. The scheme of Louis XIV. then took a wider scope, embracing the subjugation of the Republic of the United Netherlands. Should this be accomplished, the religious liberties of all Europe would be imperiled, for the conquest of the Calvinistic Republic was meant to be only the prelude for the suppression of heresy everywhere. The Pope gave his blessing to the scheme: the Kings of Spain and of England, and the Austrian Kaiser, favored it openly or secretly; the King of Sweden promised, for a large consideration, to fall upon any of the Princes of Germany who should take part against Louis XIV. in this war upon the Netherlands.

The Elector of Brandenburg warned the Netherlanders of the fate impending over them; but his warnings were disregarded. The Government of the Provinces had passed into other hands than those of the brave Princes of Orange. A party, at the head of which was the Pensionary John de Witt, now ruled; and they cared mainly for the interests of trade. Peace, they thought, could be maintained by their astute diplomacy. They soon found out their error. In the Spring of 1672 the French suddenly burst into the Netherlands, and rapidly overran almost the whole country. A wild tumult arose. De Witt was murdered, and the young William of Orange was placed at the head of the States.

Frederick-William had no choice but to aid the Dutch as best he might. He begged for some support from Kaiser Leopold, who made promises which amounted to nothing more than to keep in arms a force sufficient to protect the Reich from actual invasion; but in reality to restrain the action of the Elector. "It is best," so it was said in Vienna, "to put a tame animal in harness with this wild Brandenburg horse, so as to make him go more gently." Thus hampered, things went ill with the Elector. Turenne, the ablest French general, pressed him hard in Westphalia, while his Rhine provinces were overrun by hostile hordes. In the bitterness of his heart he exclaimed: "I have plucked out the thorn from the foot of the Dutch, only to stick it into my own." He could pluck out the thorn from his own foot only by making a separate treaty with France (June, 1673), in which it was stipulated that the French should leave the Rhine provinces, and that the Elector should give no more aid to the Netherlanders. He, however, gave them to understand that he yielded only to present necessity, and looked for a time when he could renew the war under better auspices; for he was well assured that Louis XIV. would follow up his aggressions upon Germany.

Before a year had passed a great change had come upon the aspect of affairs. Spain, the Netherlands, Austria, Brandenburg, and all other German states, united in a league against France, who had made herself the common enemy of all Western Europe. But the Elector was hampered and thwarted by the incompetent generals with whom he was yoked; while in Turenne the French had the ablest strategist of the time; and by the beginning of 1675 the Germans were driven clear out of Alsace and across the Rhine. At this moment the Swedes, in accordance with their pledge to the French King, entered Brandenburg in force, plundering right and left. To Frederick-William the tidings were not unwelcome, for in fighting this new foe, and within his own territories, he could act unhampered. "This may cost the Swedes the loss of Pommern," he said; "I will never cease to seek vengeance upon them; and the Most High will grant that I shall see my desire in the destruction of mine enemy." He was confident that the Swedes could do little real harm until the next season. So he went into winter-quarters at Schweinfurth, on the Rhine.

Early in June, 1675, he set out for Magdeburg, two hundred miles distant, with his cavalry, leaving the infantry to follow. His march lay through the great Thuringian forest, over bad roads, the rain falling in torrents. At Magdeburg, where he halted three days, waiting the arrival of the van of the infantry to come up, he learned that Wrangel, the Swedish general, unaware of his movements, was posted in three divisions, at some distance apart, the middle and strongest one being near the bridge of Rathenow, spanning the Havel. If this centre could be crushed, the Swedish army would be only head and tail, without any body; and the attempt was worth trying.

On June 25th, Derfflinger's Dragoons got possession of the bridge by surprise, forced their way into the town, and killed or captured the few Swedes posted there. The three divisions retreated toward Fehrbellin, on the Spree, thirty-four miles from Berlin, which afforded a strong defensive position. Frederick-William, with his cavalry, followed hard after the shattered central division, hoping to strike a decisive blow before the enemy could concentrate. But on the morning of the 28th his advance came up with the united force of the Swedes, occupying a strong position at Fehrbellin. He had 5,600 cavalry, with 13 guns, but no infantry; the Swedes had 7,000 infantry, 4,000 cavalry, with 38 guns. Notwithstanding this disparity of almost two to one against him, Frederick-William resolved to make the attack.

Under cover of a thick fog, Derfflinger succeeded in posting some guns on a hill, whence the Swedish line could be raked. Wrangel saw that everything depended upon capturing this point. He vainly sent his best regiments to storm the hill, which was grimly held by the Brandenburg horse, who protected the artillery. Frederick-William, sword in hand, led his cavalry into the thickest of the fight. Froben, his master-of-horse, was killed by his side, and he himself came near falling into the hands of the enemy. The hand-to-hand combat raged for hours; but at length the Swedes gave up the fight, and left the field in possession of the Brandenburgers. When the sun dispelled the mist it shone upon half the Swedish army utterly shattered, the other half in rapid retreat. The recollection of this battle of Fehrbellin—not a very great one, as far as the numbers of the combatants is concerned—is to this day proudly cherished by the German people. A monument stands upon the hill where it was fought, which is yet a place of pilgrimage.

The vanquished Swedes soon withdrew from Brandenburg, and went back to Pommern, whither they were followed by the Elector, now aided by the Austrians and Danes; for the fall of Turenne at the battle of Sasbach caused the war on the Rhine to languish on the part of the French. Before the year was over the fortress of Wolgast, one of the strongest in Swedish Pomerania, was taken. "We can see," said Frederick-William, proudly, "that the hand of God is with us." In the following year Anklam, Demmin, and the islands of Usedom and Wollin, fell into the hands of the Elector, who then undertook the siege of Stettin, which was for four months stoutly defended, until the town lay in ruins. The gates were at length opened to the Germans early in January, 1678, upon favorable terms. "Your faithful conduct toward the Crown of Sweden," said Frederick-William to the deputation of burghers, "shows that you are worthy to be received into the favor and protection of an Elector who knows how to prize nobleness." Frederick-William went on in his victorious career. He took the island of Rügen, and captured Griefswald and Stralsund, the only places in Vor-Pommern of which the Swedes still held possession. Stralsund—which Wallenstein could not take during the Thirty Years' War, though he had sworn to have it, "were it fastened to the heavens by iron chains"—yielded to Frederick-William in sixteen hours, to the great wonderment of all men.

The Swedes, thus thoroughly beaten in Pommern, tried to retrieve their fortunes by an inroad from Livonia into

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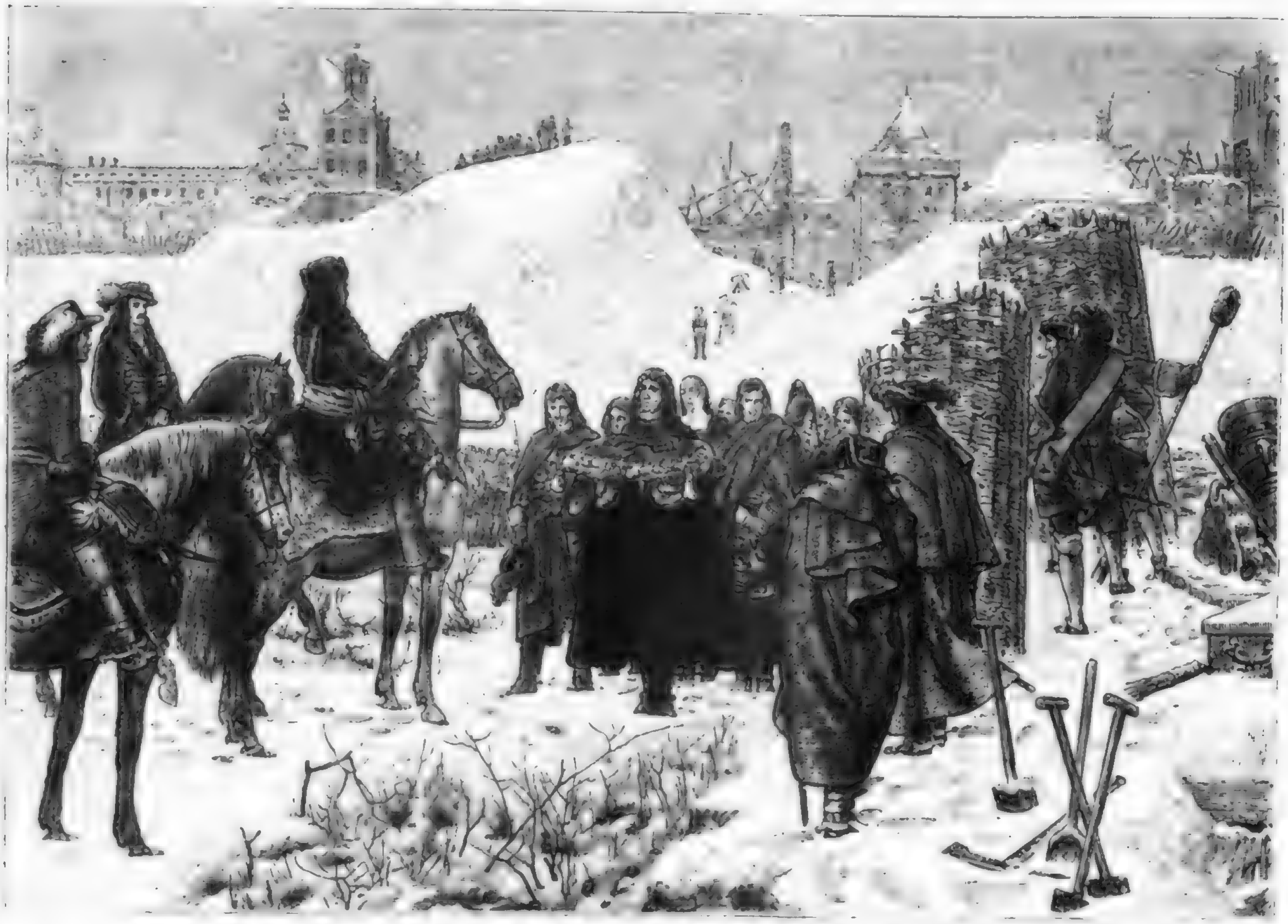
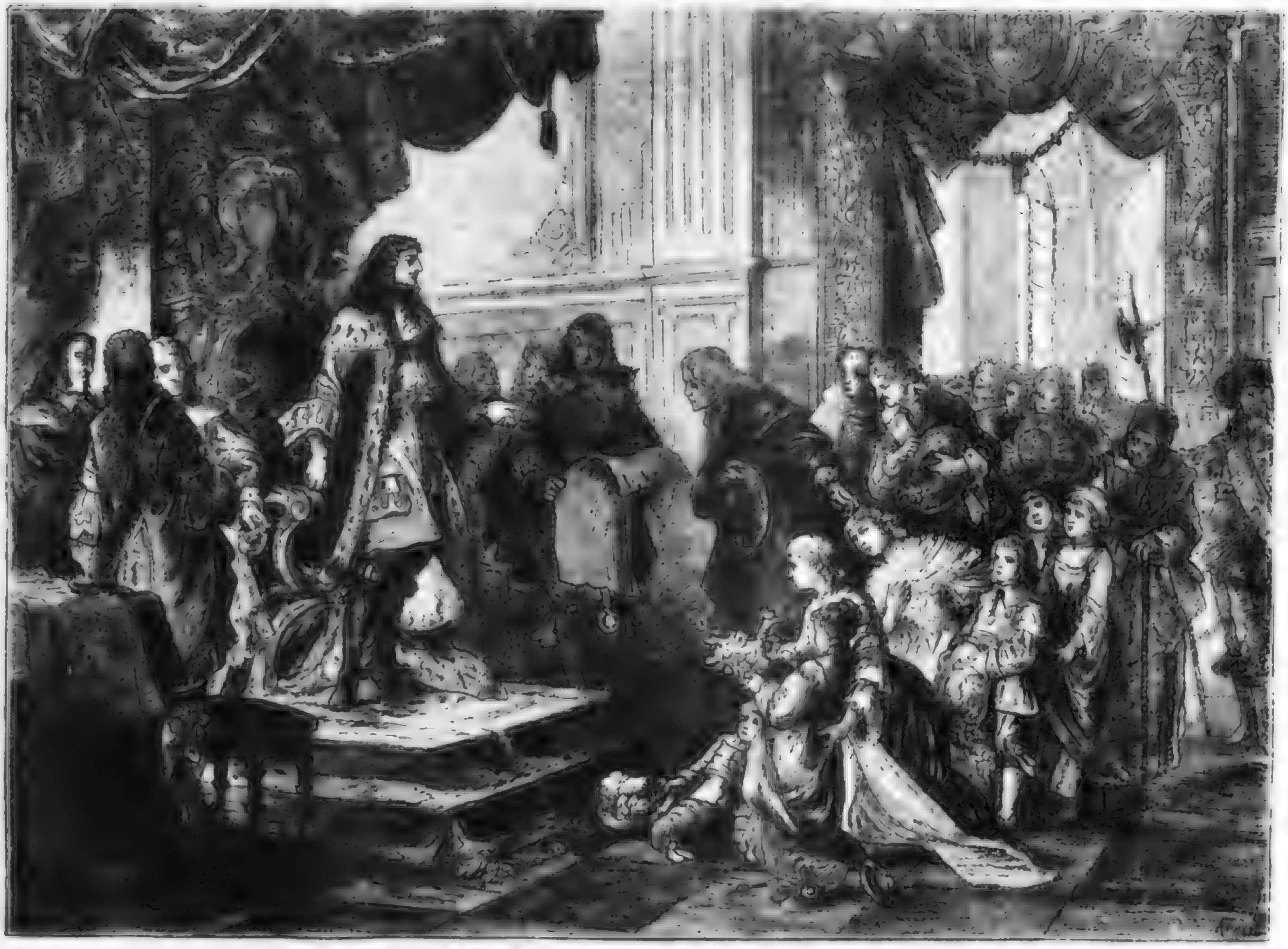
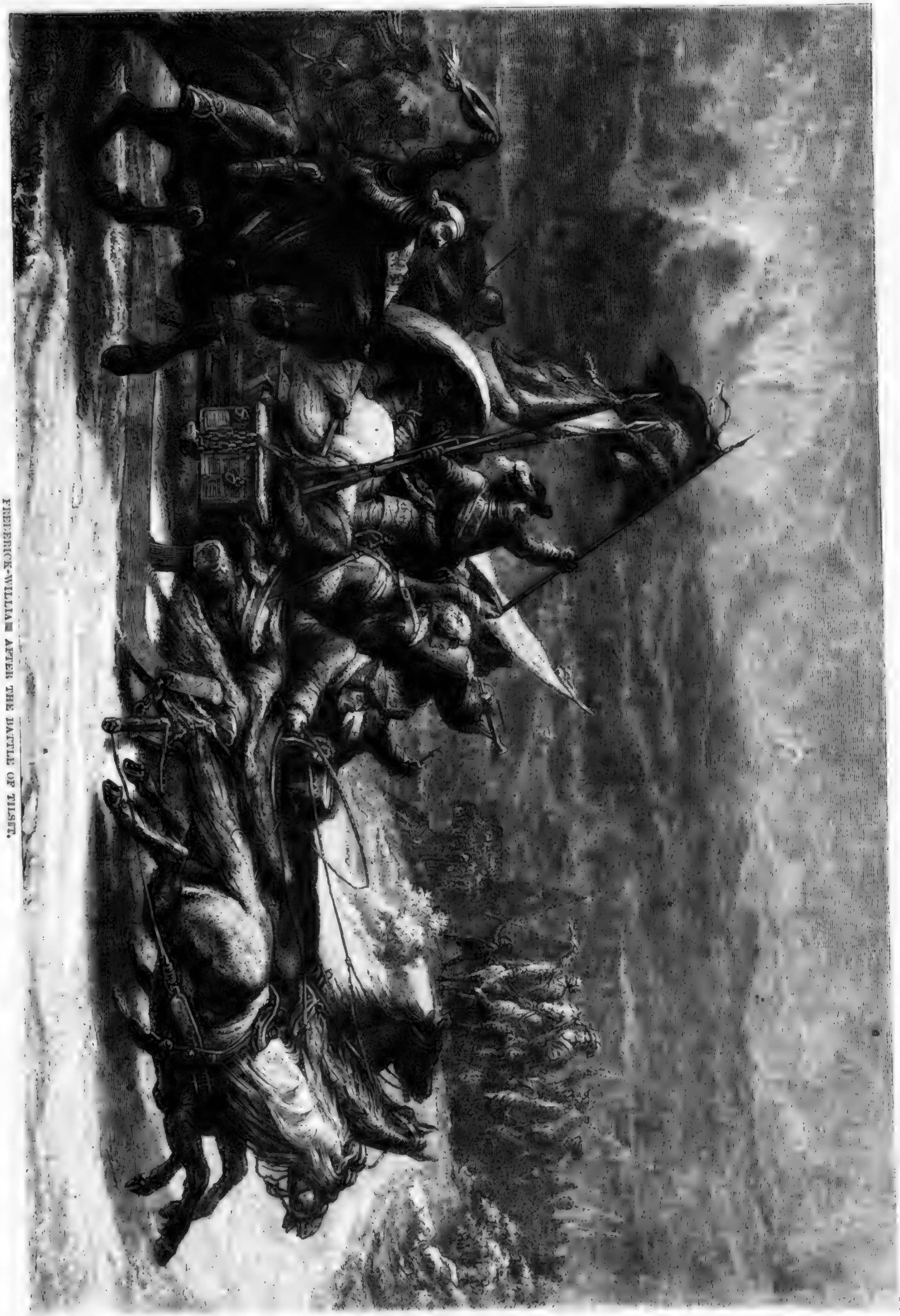


THE SURRENDER AT STETTIN.



FREDERICK-WILLIAM WELCOMING THE HUGUENOTS TO BERLIN.



FREDERICK-WILLIAM AFTER THE BATTLE OF TILSIT.

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Preussen. In December, 1678, they broke suddenly into the Duchy, and possessed themselves of most of it. Frederick-William hastened to the new theatre of war. It was the depth of Winter, the ground covered with snow, and the shallow *Haffs* frozen solid. He mounted 4,000 troops—horse, foot, and artillery—upon sledges, and drove fast and furious over snow and ice, for more than a hundred miles. On January 30th, 1679, his advance met and routed the invaders at Tilsit. He himself came up shortly after. The Swedes tried to make their way back to Livonia. What with the hunger, cold, and the harassment of the pursuers, few of them reached a place of safety. The line of their flight was marked by the frozen bodies of men and horses who had given out by the way, and by wagons and guns which had to be abandoned. In those four years—1675-1679—the Swedes had been beaten as they had never before been beaten. Their Pomeranian possessions were all in the hands of Frederick-William, who had never ceased to claim that they were his by all right. It seemed that no one could now wrest them from his grasp.

But the politics of Europe had undergone a change. Louis XIV. was ready for a peace which should not change the map of Europe to his own disadvantage. The Spaniards favored peace, because by it the immediate danger to them would be averted. The aristocratic party in the Netherlands desired peace, because the growing influence of the young William of Orange was distasteful to them. Most of the German princes, the treacherous Kaiser at their head, wished for peace, for they looked enviously at the growing importance of the Electorate of Brandenburg, and did not wish to see it still further augmented by the possession of Swedish Pomerania. "We will have no new Vandal king on the Baltic," was the cry at Vienna. Cowardice, indifference, selfishness, and jealousy, all united in favor of a peace. Spain and the Netherlands entered first into a treaty, with no regard to the sacrifices which the Elector of Brandenburg had made for the latter. The Kaiser stipulated as a condition for peace with France, that the provisions of the Treaty of Westphalia should be inviolate, and by that treaty Vor-Pommern was secured to Sweden. Frederick-William, left in the lurch by his allies, was at first minded to put it to the test whether the French were strong enough to again force him out of Vor-Pommern. Before long he became convinced that France would be too much for him. He begged hard for Stettin, so that he might have one port upon the Baltic. "It is pitiful," said a contemporary, "to look upon the Elector when Stettin is spoken of." It was all in vain; he had to yield to the force of circumstances, and in June, 1673, he acceded to the Treaty of St. Germain, which gave nearly all Vor-Pommern, Stettin included, to Sweden. When he had affixed his signature to this humiliating treaty, he exclaimed, in the words of Virgil: "Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor."

Frederick-William gained nothing in territory by this heroic war of seven years; but the fierce cavalry fight at Fehrbellin, the stupendous siege of Stettin, the capture of Stralsund, and the bold sledge expedition in distant Preussen, raised the young state of Brandenburg to a yet higher position among the powers of Europe, and gave assurance that Virgil's prophetic words would yet be fulfilled in Germany. For a while he was inflamed with just anger against those who had forsaken and betrayed him. "They shall be paid for their deeds," he said; "they have gone against me out of jealousy. The King of France will punish them for it": and he did punish them in more ways than one. The German princes, aroused to their peril, joined themselves into a new league against Louis XIV., to which they endeavored to gain the adhesion of the Elector of Brandenburg. But he knew that this would be as fruitless as the former one had proven, and absolutely declined. "Upon that point," says a contemporary, "he is as firm as a rock."

It is not easy to unravel the tangled skein of the events of the next five years. But Louis XIV. relentlessly followed up his schemes for the extirpation of Protestanism, and, in 1685, formally revoked the Edict of Nantes, the last safeguard of the Huguenots in his dominions. Frederick-William thereupon put forth the Edict of Potsdam, in which he promised an asylum in his dominions to all Huguenots who should flee thither from "the persecutions and violent procedures" to which they were subjected. Louis XIV. stormed at this "impudent intermeddling" with the domestic concerns of France; and Frederick-William saw that the existing half-friendly relations between Brandenburg and France—at best only an armed truce—could not be maintained. In March, 1686, he concluded a "close alliance" with Austria against the Turks and the French. The Kaiser meant that all their united force should be thrown against the Turks; but just then the aggressions of Louis XIV. upon the borders of Germany seemed to enforce the renewal of a general war with France. To Frederick-William the auspices seemed wholly favorable. He reckoned that what with Spaniards and Netherlanders, Brandenburgers, Imperialists, and other Germans, an army of 200,000 men, all "good patriots," could be assembled, while France was greatly weakened by her persecutions of the Protestants. He drew up an elaborate plan for the campaign, in which the Spaniards, Austrians, and the minor German contingents, should menace the French frontier provinces, while his own troops and the Netherlanders should "march together straight through France and upon Paris." The Austrian Court was glad enough to have the aid of the Elector of Brandenburg against the Turks, but had no intention to go to war with France for the safety of Protestantism, which it was persecuting wherever it had the power; so this last project of Frederick-William resulted in nothing.

The burden of wellnigh threescore-and-ten years now pressed upon "The Great Elector," who, within a few years, had undergone heavy domestic afflictions. His eldest son, who gave promise of being worthy of his father, died in 1674; Frederick, the only other son, had, in infancy, met with an accident which had injured his spine, and made him nervous and peevish ever afterward. The Electress Louise had died, and he had married the widowed Dorothea of Brunswick-Lüneburg, who bore him several sons, for whom she strove not unsuccessfully to have good provision made even at the expense of Frederick, the heir. That prince even suspected her, but with no good grounds, of plotting to poison him, in order to make room for one of her own sons. A coolness sprung up between the Elector and the heir-apparent, now coming to man's estate, which lasted for some years. But a kind of reconciliation took place; still there remained an under-current of mistrust, and Frederick—in time to become the first King of Prussia—kept well away from Court, saying many foolish things about his stepmother; whereupon the father ordered him, "under pain of his anger, to come back to Berlin without delay." This was near the end of 1687, when the life of the Great Elector was drawing near its close.

Early in 1688, Frederick-William was attacked by a dropsical affection which defied the skill of all physicians, though he still attended to public business. He was especially interested in the descent upon England which William of Orange had now in hand. "Amsterdam" and "London" were the last passwords which he issued to his troops, on the 7th and 8th of May. On the 7th he met his Privy Council for the last time, and thanked them for their faithful service. He then bade solemn farewell to his family, among whom were his son Frederick, his young wife, and their yet unborn child. To all individually he gave his blessing. He exhorted his son to hold fast to the principles by which he had himself been guided. The prince, upon his knees, vowed to do so. On the morning of the 9th of May, it was evident that the hours of Frederick-William were few. Again his family were called to his bedside to receive his blessing once more. His agony grew intense, and he longed for release. "Come, Lord Jesus," he said; "I am ready." His last audible words were a low murmur that he must suffer so much, "and yet his heart would not break." Then he became unconscious, and passed away quietly at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at the age of sixty-eight years and three months.

He was buried in the vaults of the old Cathedral in Berlin, for more than two centuries the resting-place of the Hohenzollerns of Brandenburg. Eighty-two years afterward the new Cathedral was finished, and the remains were transferred to its vaults. The coffin of the Great Elector was opened in the presence of his great-grandson, whom the world knows as Frederick the Great. The form and features were scarcely changed. The King looked for a while in silence at the body, then laid his hand upon that of the one so long dead, with the reverent words: "*Messieurs, celui-ci a fait de grandes choses.*" ("Gentlemen, this one here has done some great things.") No more fitting words could have been said of the Great Elector of Brandenburg by his descendant, the Great King of Prussia.

INSCRIPTIONS ON CHURCH-BELLS.

The inscriptions on church-bells are sometimes so quaint, and in some countries so characteristic, that a collection of them would probably be amusing. Take, for instance, the following English specimens, in which the names of the donors are immortalized.

On a bell at Alderton are the words:

> "I'm given here to make a peal,
> And sound the praise of Mary Neale."

And on a bell at Binstead:

> "Doctor Nicholas gave five pounds,
> To help cast this peal tuneable and sound."

An alarm-bell in the church of Sherborne, cast in the year 1652, bears the inscription:

> "Lord, quench this furious flame!
> Arise, run, help, put out the same!"

On the bell which emits the highest sound in the peal of St. Mary's, at Devizes, are the words:

> "I am the first, altho' but small,
> I will be heard above you all."

St. Helen's Church, at Worcester, possesses a set of eight bells, cast in the time of Queen Anne, with inscriptions recording the victories gained in her reign.

A recent traveler in Iceland saw in a village of that country a church-bell which had the inscription in the German language—

> "Aus dem Feuer bin ich gegossen,
> Hans Meyer in Kopenhagen hat mich geflossen,
> "Anno 1683,"

recording that it had been cast, more than two hundred years ago, by a German founder residing in Denmark. The great bell in the Cathedral at Glasgow contains a statement of its having been cast in the year 1583, in Holland, and recast in the year 1790 in London; and a bell in the Cathedral of St. Magnus, at Kirkwall, Orkney, records that it was sent to Amsterdam to be recast in the year 1682. Still more frequent than historical statements are scriptural sentences and religious admonitions.

The Burmese, in order to protect a newly-cast bell from being defiled by their European aggressors, have hit upon the expedient of supplying it with a threatening sentence. The bell is in a Buddhist temple at Moulmein. Besides an inscription in Burmese characters, it has a sentence in bad English running thus:

> "This bell is made by Koonalinnguhjah the priest, and the weight 600 viss. No one body design to destroy this bell. Moulmein, March 30th, 1855. He who destroyed this bell, they must be in the great heell and unable to coming out."

ALGERIAN WOMEN.

Every Friday afternoon the Arab women visit their cemetery, and one pleasant day we availed ourselves of our liberty to go there during the hours when we would be sure to meet them (says an Algiers correspondent). The cemetery lies on the outskirts of the town, and is surrounded by a very high wall, the gates of which are carefully guarded. Our first effort to enter the ground was by a gate at the further end. Here we encountered half a dozen women who had dropped their vails. We quickly saw by the large silk vail and strings of real pearls worn by one of the women, that she belonged to a high rank, and was walking with her attendants. Her face might once have been pretty, but now it was gross and inferior, and a light, vacant expression made it far from interesting. Finding we were not on the right route, we sought again the street, and following the omnibuses devoted to the Arabs, came soon to another gate. As the women alighted we could only see their black eyes, underneath their curious white drapery. On entering the gate we saw a large number of Moresque women scattered in groups over the ground, who were seating themselves among the graves for a pleasant afternoon. The graves were marked by pieces of board and a headstone, beside which were placed two small cups; these the women filled on their weekly visits, one with water and the other with kouskous, an Arab preparation of wheat. These offerings were supposed to be of some service to the departed ones, for no grave was without them.

In rambling about the old town we had come upon little schools for boys. These were small, low rooms, filled with urchins sitting cross-legged on mats, and all vigorously singing the monotonous chants used in the mosques; but a girl is never taught anything; and so rarely did we meet one in the streets, that I was inclined to believe the reports that poison is administered not only to the old women, but to the superfluous number of girls. At the cemetery, however, the little girls blossomed out in all their finery. Spangled caps, gay sashes, tunics of gauzy Algerian silk, and a profusion of bangles,

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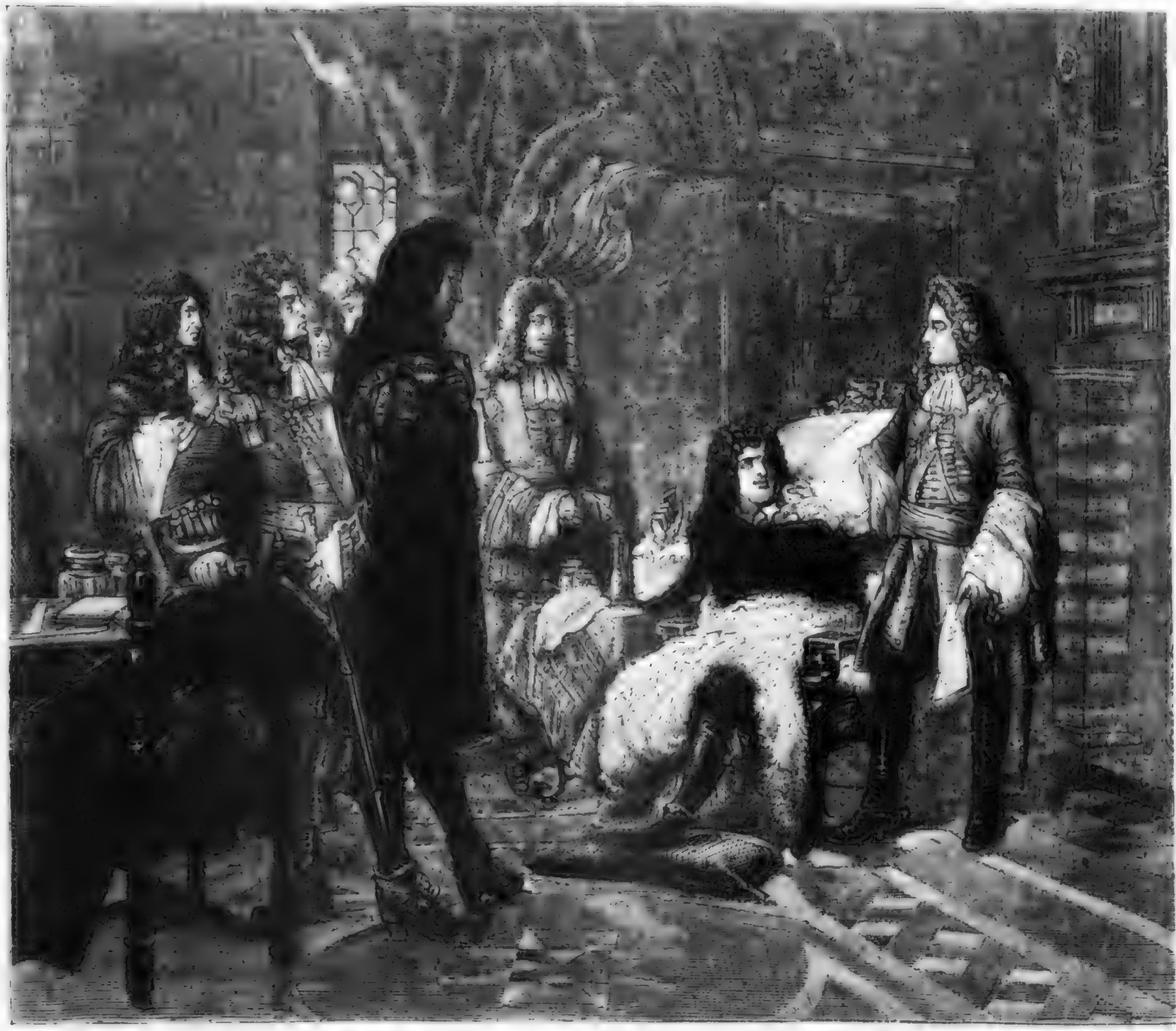
evidently made them happy; but the mothers' faces could scarcely be said to express so positive an emotion. They seemed interested in watching us, but when we tried to talk with them they would shake their heads with a hopeless expression, which was touching to see. One of our party was fortunate to find a young woman who could speak a little French, and who related some of her history. At the age of fifteen she was married, and thus far her husband had been so pleased with her that he had taken no other wife. Now she was seventeen, and lived in constant fear of being supplanted by a younger and handsomer woman. "Do you think I am pretty?" she inquired, pathetically. "I wish I had blue eyes, like yours." A look of relief came over her face as the lady assured her that she really did think her pretty.



THE LAST WILL OF THE GREAT ELECTOR OF BRANDENBURG.—SEE PAGE 691.

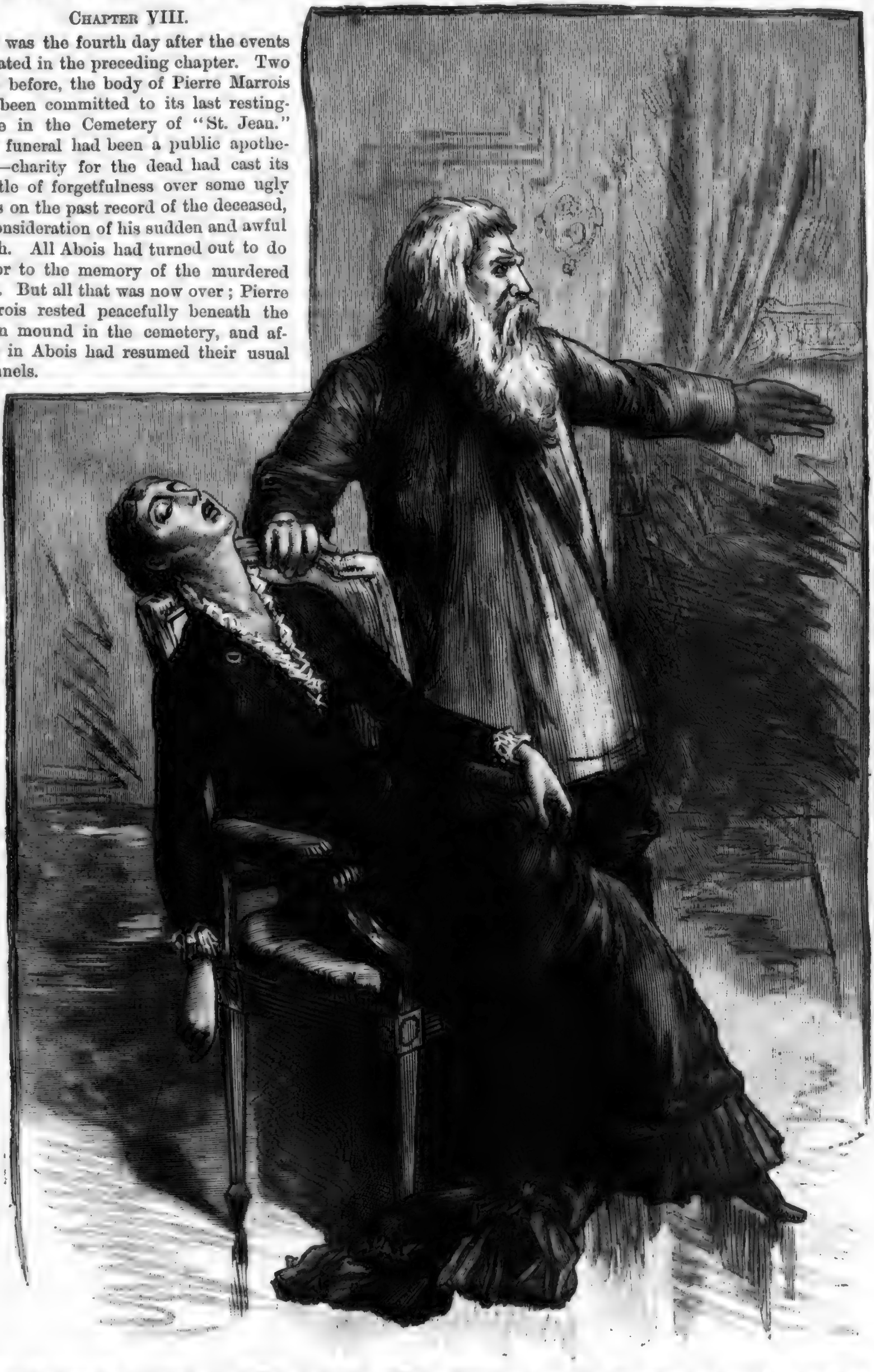
In one part of the grounds was a gate leading into a paved courtyard. As we hesitated to enter, a Moresque woman tripped toward us, and offered to be our guide. She had worked in a French family, and so learned a little of the language. We followed her through the court to a koubba, where, in one corner of a large room, was the monument of a saint, and all his descendants had the liberty of spending their holidays in his holy presence. A handsome woman clothed in green, the sacred color used only by the descendants of Mohammed, was seated on one of the rugs in the centre of the room. A blind girl, with glassy, wide-open eyes, was singing merrily by the entrance, while many banners of cotton cloth hung from the ceiling, which our guide informed us they counted as they said their prayers, like the beads of a rosary. She said that as we traveled or went into the country, so they found their pastime in these Friday afternoons, and appeared to think their way of amusement as good as ours. I asked her if it was not a relief to drop their vails. She replied, "Yes; but we must cover our faces in the streets, or the Arabs would be saucy to us." She led us to another room, where a circle of women were gathered around a table sipping coffee from tiny cups. All ages were there, and a negress was sitting in their midst. Our Moresque companion told us the relationship that each bore to the other, and pointed out the unmarried girls, and then regaled us each with a cup of coffee. When we started to take our departure she fixed her large, soft eyes on me with an earnest look, and putting her arms around me, gave me a hearty kiss, first on one cheek and then on the other. The remembrance of so many patient, listless faces, left a weight upon my spirit as I passed out of the ground. They expressed a vague sense of longing and of need.

To receive honestly is the best thanks for a good thing.

THE DEATH-MARK.

Chapter VIII.

It was the fourth day after the events narrated in the preceding chapter. Two days before, the body of Pierre Marrois had been committed to its last resting-place in the Cemetery of "St. Jean." The funeral had been a public apotheosis—charity for the dead had cast its mantle of forgetfulness over some ugly blots on the past record of the deceased, in consideration of his sudden and awful death. All Abois had turned out to do honor to the memory of the murdered man. But all that was now over; Pierre Marrois rested peacefully beneath the green mound in the cemetery, and affairs in Abois had resumed their usual channels.



THE DEATH-MARK.—"THE PALLID HUE OF VALISKA'S CHEEK DEEPENED TO A GHASTLY WHITENESS, SHE STRUGGLED FOR ONE MOMENT, AS IF GASPING FOR BREATH, AND WITH A LOW GROAN SHE FELL BACK IN HER CHAIR."

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In the *salon* of a small cottage, situated on the outskirts of the town, Aristide Vis was pacing up and down in a restless and disquieted manner. The room presented a picture of comfort. The table was heaped with books; the wall hung with handsome engravings, and luxurious chairs and sofas were scattered in every direction. Through a large bay window the green lawn in front of the cottage was visible, stretching down toward the banks of the little river which skirted the town of Abois. All these pleasant surroundings seemed, however, at least for the time, to have no effect on the mind of Aristide. He stalked up and down the room, muttering to himself; his face gloomy and depressed, and his whole appearance that of one who struggles vainly against some overpowering emotion.

"It's no use," he burst out at length: "I have raised a devil beyond my power to control. Oh, what a fool you were, my friend Aristide, when you came down to this infernal hole! What in the world was Pierre Marais to you, that Fate should have singled you out to be mixed up in this abominable affair? It's no use saying to myself that I am simply crazy, although that would be every one's opinion, I suppose. I know what I'll do," he continued, after a moment's silence; "I'll shake the dust of this accursed place off my heels as soon as possible. I will leave here to-day. I wish to heaven I had never come. But have I a right to do so," he went on. "Suppose I am the only one who holds the clew to this terrible crime, would I be doing my duty if I let justice remain blinded to the murderer? But, then, to hunt down such a poor weak quarry, where would be the honor in such a chase? You miserable Aristide. Oh, to the devil with the whole thing; it is not my business. Let those attend to it whose duty it is——" A knock interrupted this soliloquy, and at the same moment the door opened and Captain Dantan entered the room.

"Well, you sulky, ill-mannered creature," cried the visitor, "is this the way you treat your friends? Here have four days passed, and none of us seen anything of you. Will you please explain what you have been doing all this time?"

"Henri, my friend, you must excuse me. I have only been keeping up my character, and remaining *en retraite.*"

"Well, all I say is, you do not deserve the anxiety that every one expresses regarding you."

"And may I ask who every one is in this case?"

"Oh, any quantity of persons, my melancholy friend; but chiefly—well, first, Mademoiselle Zortichoff and my cousin Henriette.

Aristide gave a slight start, and then said, gravely:

"So Mademoiselle Zortichoff interests herself about me?"

"Yes, you lucky fellow. I am sure I wish she would do the same thing for me. You see the poor girl has the fixed idea in her mind, put there, believe, chiefly through Henriette's chatter, that she is the cause of your absenting yourself from my uncle's house."

"But, no——"

"Oh, I told her that was all nonsense, and Henriette did all she could to aid me in convincing her; but, in spite of everything, we could not satisfy the young lady, and at length I promised to bring you in person to quiet her doubts; so you can just get ready at once. I left my cousin at Mademoiselle Valiska's cottage, and promised to return there as soon as I could find you."

"I am sure, Henri, I am extremely obliged to Mademoiselle Zortichoff for her anxiety; but, as I am leaving Abois at once, it will be impossible."

"Nonsense, man; you shall do nothing of the sort. I believe this solitary life of yours will end by turning you into a candidate for 'Charenton.' Instead of leaving Abois, you will come with me to the cottage of the charming Valiska. I won't take any excuse. As to business, of course that's out of the question. There, off with your *robe de chambre*, and get yourself into visiting toilet at once."

Aristide remained silent for a few moments, as if immersed in thought; then suddenly exclaimed, in a grave, solemn tone:

"Well, then, yes; I will go with you, my friend, since you wish it, but never reproach me hereafter, for whatever may be the result of this visit——"

"Upon my word, if that isn't the strangest way to accept an invitation to visit a beautiful woman. My poor friend, you must take better care of that brain of yours. What you need is society. You mope, my Aristide. I will make Henriette read you a lecture. But there, get yourself ready."

Aristide withdrew to an inner room to make his toilet. Soon returning, he and Captain Dantan left the hermitage, and set out on their walk. The two strolled along under the green trees that shaded the pavement of the street. Henri said:

"I am astonished, my mysterious friend, that you have not inquired how I managed to discover your den, for you may perhaps remember that you omitted to give me your address."

"Did I?" replied Aristide, still grave and preoccupied. "Oh, yes; so I did."

"Indeed you did; and I am indebted for the discovery to the same charming person to whom you owe the invitation which we are now on our way to fulfill."

"What! Mademoiselle Valiska?"

"Yes; you may well look surprised; but the whole thing is very simple. Although you are not aware of it, it is, nevertheless, a fact that Mademoiselle Zortichoff is a neighbor of yours, and it seems, illustrious hermit, that you are not unknown in your own neighborhood."

"And so," muttered Vis, half to himself and half to his companion, "mademoiselle has been inquiring about me. She seems suddenly to have taken a great interest in my affairs. I wonder if I could guess the cause?"

"I am sure I don't know; but, whatever it may be, you should certainly esteem yourself very lucky. I declare again I wish she would display the same interest toward me. But see, we are approaching mademoiselle's abode. Do you see that brick wall? Well, my boy, that is the outwork which defends the castle of the divine Valiska."

"What, there?" cried Aristide. "And this street—is it not the Rue d'Orville?"

"To be sure. Have you any objection?" said Captain Dantan, smiling at the grave expression of his friend's face.

The other made no reply, and the next moment they stopped before a door, let into a high brick wall, whose top was garnished with terrible *chevaux-de-frise* of broken bottles.

"The divinity is well defended, you see!" cried Henri. "It would not be an easy matter to scale the wall, and this door will stand a siege. And here comes the garrison. Observe him close, close, my friend, and tell me if he looks like a creature upon whom one could attempt to play any joke."

Whilst the young men were still speaking the door was opened. The appearance of the person who stood in the doorway was indeed calculated to impress even the most casual observer. He was tall, over six feet in height, and his broad shoulders and massive limbs seemed to indicate him to be possessed of vast physical strength.

The head, however, upon this stalwart trunk was that of an old man. The hair, which fell down to the shoulders in rough abundance, was white as snow. Bushy-gray eyebrows overhung two eyes, deeply set in their cavernous recesses. The lower part of the face was hidden by a beard, which reached far down the man's breast, and rivaled in color the whiteness of his hair.

Added to this, the face had been frightfully mutilated. An immense scar, the result of some desperate wound, traversed the entire visage, reaching from the right forehead across the nose and down to the left corner of the mouth.

The contraction of the muscles of the face, produced by the wound in healing, had given a cast of grotesque hideousness to the whole countenance. The man's costume was equally strange, consisting of a sort of blouse of blue serge, unbelted at the waist, and falling almost to the knee. Dark pantaloons of some rough material were thrust into a pair of huge boots, which came up almost as high as the blouse.

In response to Captain Dantan's inquiry, this strange apparition replied that Mademoiselle Valiska was within, and awaiting the gentlemen. The man's French was correct, but spoken with a strong foreign accent.

Crossing a small and badly kept garden, the old man led the way to the entrance-door. The residence of Mademoiselle Zortichoff was a brick cottage, one story in height, with an ancient mansard roof, faced with dark-blue tiles. Everything about the house indicated the straitened means of its occupant. The hall into which the young men were shown was bare and uncarpeted, though some attempt had been made to cover this deficiency by staining and waxing the floor. An old-fashioned sofa and two chairs were the only furniture. All this Aristide took in at a glance as the old servant, opening a side door, announced, "Les Messieurs."

The room into which they were now ushered was a *salon*, as meagre in its adornments as the hall itself. The furniture was of the simplest kind—the floor covered by a cheap carpet and the walls plainly papered. Only two articles in the chamber were in any way remarkable. One of these was a large, handsomely-carved piano, which almost filled one side of the apartment; the other, a painting which hung over the mantel, opposite the doorway, and was concealed from view by curtains of blue silk tightly drawn across it.

Henriette Rousel and Mademoiselle Zortichoff were not the only occupants of the *salon*. Seated in a large *fauteuil* with a high back was a third person, whom Aristide at once set down as Valiska's invalid brother. A conclusion which could not be doubted after a single glance at the face; the likeness between the brother and sister was absolutely startling, the only difference being that what was a charming pallor in the sister became a livid whiteness in the complexion of the brother. Deep blue circles were visible around the large gray eyes of the invalid, and the rich color of the lips was dimmed to a dull, dingy red. The face was entirely destitute of either mustache or beard, which gave a feminine cast to the whole countenance. It was, in truth, Valiska's face, sharpened by pain and suffering. A black skull-cap covered the head, and was drawn down so as to entirely conceal the hair. The thin attenuated form was clothed in a black *robe de chambre*, and a dark shawl was thrown across the *fauteuil*, concealing the hands and lower limbs of the invalid.

"Monsieur," said the mistress of the house, as she came forward to receive Aristide, "I am pleased to see that Captain Dantan has been able to induce you to come to us. I almost feared that I had offended you by my abruptness——"

"My dear Valiska," broke in Henriette Rousel, "don't flatter Monsieur Vis by any further excuses. I am sure I did nothing to offend him, and yet he has treated me as shabbily as yourself. Come, Mr. Hermit, you owe us both an apology."

"Which I hasten to pay, mademoiselle. The truth is, I sometimes become so dull and depressed, so gloomy and melancholy, as really to be unfit company for anybody but myself, and whenever I have these spells I always hide myself away."

"There, there, monsieur, you are forgiven. I bear you no malice, and Valiska is too good-natured to harbor enmity."

"Certainly not, Henriette; but I forget. You must allow me, monsieur, to present to you my brother. Sergius, this is Monsieur Vis."

The invalid, who up to this time had seemed scarcely conscious of the presence of the visitors, now looked up, acknowledged his sister's introduction by a few polite and courteous words, and then, as if even this slight exertion was too powerful for his enfeebled health, he relapsed again into silence.

The conversation became general, and after some time Captain Dantan begged Mademoiselle Valiska to favor them with some music, a request which she complied with immediately.

No sooner had she seated herself at the piano than Aristide found himself, as it were, carried back to the day when they had first met. The same idea which had then so horrified him now came stealing back as he watched the motion of the slender white hands, and eagerly studied the pale countenance and large, dreamy eyes. It seemed to him that the girl's face was thinner—the complexion even more pallid—than before.

"Poor Valiska," said Henriette, as if in answer to his thoughts. "She has not been well these last days; her brother has been suffering, and Valiska is his only nurse. But come here, Monsieur Vis; I wish to show you something which I think will please you."

She led the way to the mantel, and drew aside the silk curtains which concealed the picture. It was an oil painting, the full-length figure of a woman, clothed in what Aristide at first supposed to be a fancy costume. A fur cap crowned the head, and the dark dress was trimmed and edged with the same material; the robe was short, revealing the small feet in black leather boots and scarlet stockings. The face was wondrously beautiful, and it needed but a glance to recognize the strong resemblance which the portrait bore to Valiska Zortichoff.

"Well, monsieur, what do you think of it?" said Henriette Rousel, seeing that Aristide, absorbed in his contemplation of the picture, showed no disposition to speak.

"It is Mademoiselle Valiska, and yet——"

"It is indeed like Valiska, but it is really her mother. Was she not a beautiful woman? That is her national costume. She was a Russian, you know."

"But what is this strange inscription, mademoiselle?" said Vis, pointing to a word roughly painted in red characters across the lower portion of the picture.

"I believe that a Russian word. Valiska says it means 'Remember.'"

At this moment the music ceased, and Sergius Zortichoff, who had been apparently absorbed in a dreamy reverie, suddenly looked up, and observing Aristide and Mademoiselle Rousel, said, abruptly:

"Ah, monsieur, you are admiring my mother's picture; was she not beautiful? Ah, hers was a terrible fate, a terrible fate——"

"Sergius!" cried Valiska, who had turned from the piano at the sound of her brother's voice, and now came hastily toward him, her face pale as death and her whole countenance exhibiting traces of the strongest emotion, which she vainly sought to repress. "Sergius!"

"I know, my dear sister, your tender nature; but what does that word say? '*Remember*'! and I, at least," continued the invalid, his gray eyes flashing like coals of fire—"I will always remember her."

"Sergius!" again repeated Mademoiselle Zortichoff, in a voice of entreaty.

"No, no; why should I not speak of her? Look, Captain Dantan," he continued, suddenly addressing himself to Henri. "Look at that beautiful face! You shall hear my poor mother's terrible fate!"

"Oh, Sergius, I can never listen——"

"Peace, Valiska; it must be so."

The young man had now apparently worked himself into a fit of intense excitement. Two bright spots of color burned upon his pallid cheeks, and his lips trembled convulsively. Valiska, entirely overcome, sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands. Vainly did Aristide and Henri endeavor to quiet the young man. He paid no attention to their entreaties, and, oblivious of Henriette Rousel's frightened face, he went on excitedly:

"Yes, you shall hear my mother's story, and that, too, not from me, not from Valiska, but from one who was an eye-witness of her suffering and death. Orloff! Orloff!" he cried, in a loud voice; and as if by magic the door of the *salon* was instantly opened, in response to his call, and the tall, uncouth form of the servant appeared in the doorway.

Chapter IX.

The intense, the almost overpowering, agitation of Mademoiselle Zortichoff was plainly imprinted on her pallid features, as, with nervously-clasped hands, quivering lips, and a piteous, imploring expression in her dark-gray eye, she hung in mute suspense upon her brother's words.

This pitiful look produced an instantaneous effect upon the tender-hearted Captain Dantan, who hastened to interfere for the purpose of putting an end to the disagreeable situation.

"Excuse me, Monsieur Zortichoff," he said, in a somewhat stern voice. "You appear to be unaware of the pain you are causing your sister. Let me entreat you to continue this subject no longer."

"Yes, yes, Monsieur Sergius!" cried the sympathetic Henriette, joining in with her cousin. "See how pale poor Valiska has become. Pray don't say anything more."

As for Aristide Vis, he felt himself involved in a web of mystery which he was utterly unable to break through, and recognizing his helplessness, he ceased to struggle, and allowed himself to be borne along on the current of events.

The invalid appeared entirely oblivious of the words of the speakers. Fixing his eyes upon his sister, he spoke some words in a foreign language, which Aristide conjectured from the sound to be Russian.

The effect was instantaneous. Valiska's face became so white, and she trembled so violently, that, fearing she was about to faint, Henri sprang forward to her assistance; but ere he could reach her side, by a powerful effort she had regained her composure, and, with one hand pressed to her heart, she signed to him to resume his seat."

"Pardon me, Captain Dantan," she said, when at length she was able to speak. "Pardon me, Henriette; my brother is right. Have pity upon my weakness. You, your uncle, and that unfortunate Monsieur Marrois——"

She paused, and slightly shuddered, and then, after a moment, went on:

"You are our only friends, and it is right that you should hear our painful story. Go on, Sergius."

All this was said in a way that plainly indicated the strong effort of the girl to control her emotions. Her brother, however, seemed not to notice this struggle, and tuning to the servant, who stood in the doorway, as stiff and rigid as a soldier upon parade, he said:

"Speak, Orloff Ivanovich, speak! Tell the noble Captain Dantan and his cousin, Mademoiselle Rousel, the miserable fate of our unhappy parent. Speak, I say!"

The young man's words produced a strange and startling effect. The grim servitor exchanged his look of stolidity for one that was almost terrible. His face became white as death, which made more apparent the disfiguring scar, whose angry red line seemed a vivid scarlet by contrast with the pallor of his cheek. His eyes flashed fire, and the whites became injected with blood, like those of an infuriated wild beast. The whole countenance was so appalling, that Henriette could not repress a little cry; and even Aristide, the immovable, felt a chilliness at the heart as he beheld the demoniacal expression of that hideous countenance.

A word from Sergius, in his native language, smoothed away this frightful mask as quickly as a sponge erases the marks from a slate. The old look of dogged stolidity returned to the man's face, as, at a sign from his master, in a deep growling voice he began his story.

"When the noble lady, Paulovna Schouvaleff, placed her little daughter Vera in the arms of my wife, and said, 'Katinka, here is your foster-child,' I was a proud and honored man. From generation to generation my family had served the House of Schouvaleff, and now my wife was selected as the foster-mother of the last of the family. My life had not been a bright one. One by one children had been born to me, only to die just when they began to prattle my name, and now that my wife and myself had given up all hope that any children would survive to console us in our old age, here were we selected to rear the only offspring that Providence had bestowed upon our noble master.

"The care that we lavished upon our little Vera I will not speak of; she was our all in all, and we tended her like a delicate flower, and like a flower she grew day by day more and more beautiful.

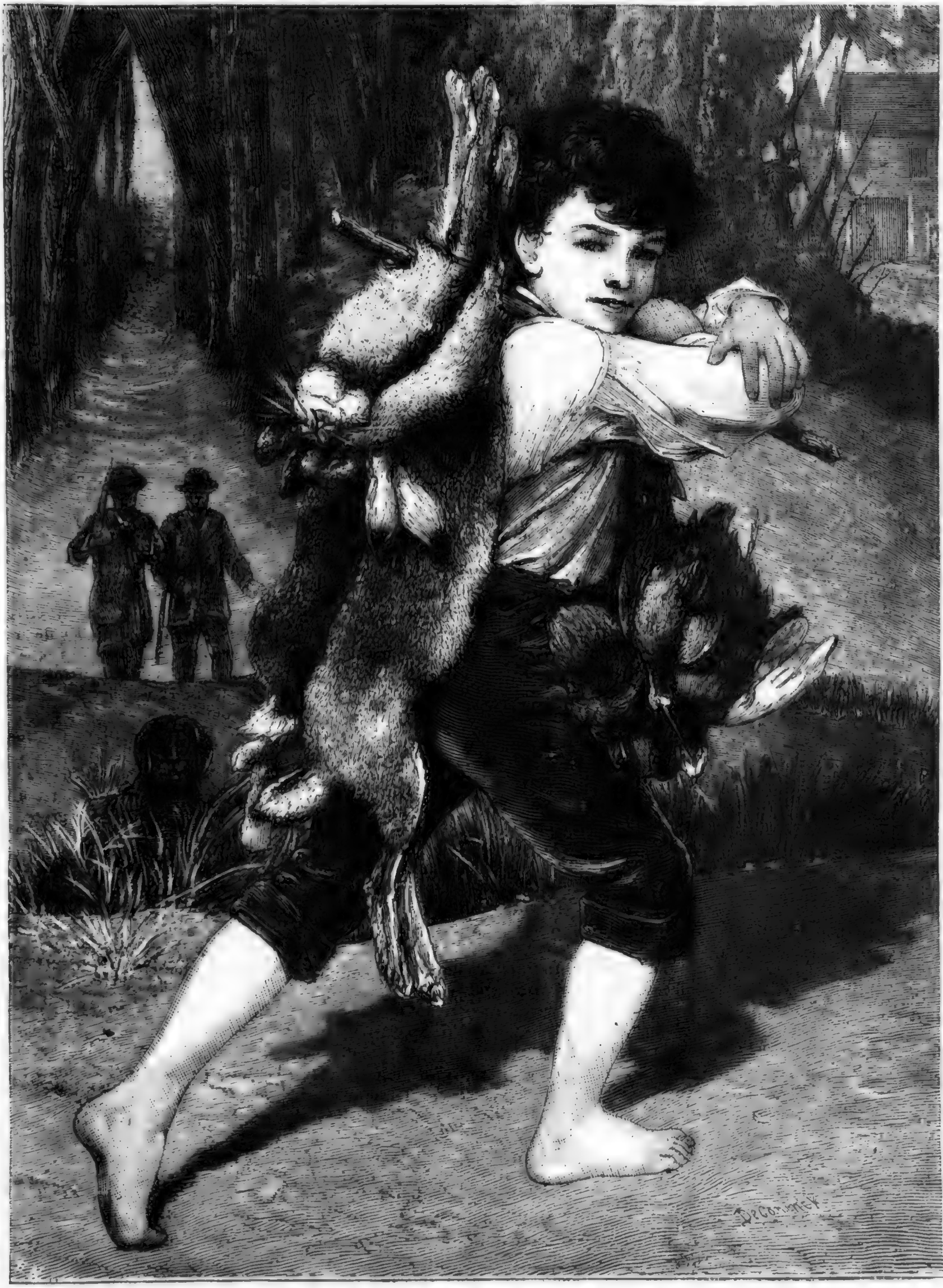
"As the years passed by our little foster-daughter became only dearer to us, and it was with an aching heart that we surrendered her to the care of others.

"When it became necessary that she should be taken away from the old estate to be educated at a fine school in the neighboring city, we were very unhappy, my wife and I, after our child's departure. But when she returned in the Summer, looking as sweet and fresh as a wild-rose, joy returned with her to us again.

"Well, the years went by, and then came a hard blow to me, a hard blow indeed;" he heaved a deep sigh, and then resumed his story. "My wife Katinka sickened, and after a long illness died, and I was left all alone in the world." The old man stopped, and seemed for the moment swallowed up in memories of the past.

"No, not all alone, for my Vera was left to me, and now all my affection was centred in her. I watched her year after year, following her around the old place like a protecting dog. I saw her grow taller and taller, more and more beautiful.

"One day a change came to this quiet life. It was



A GOOD BAG.—FROM THE PAINTING BY DE CONINCK.

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after a gay Winter spent in St. Petersburg that, on her return, I first noticed a new expression in her lovely eyes. I had not long to wait for an explanation of this change. My Vera came to me, and with her cheeks stained with blushes, told me that she was to marry the noble Count Zortichoff.

"'But, oh, my father,' she cried, 'do not imagine that this will lessen my love for you. Instead of *one* child you will now have two. That is all.'

"After this I waited with impatience to see the man whom my Vera had chosen. And when my eyes first beheld Paul Zortichoff, I said to myself 'that my daughter had chosen wisely.' He was as fine a fellow as one would care to look upon, and a soldier, too, just as every man should be. My heart went out to him in the moment when he shook my hand and said:

"'Orloff, you have been a father to my Vera; you must let me be a son to you.'

"Well, they were married, and I followed them to the distant city in which Count Paul's regiment was stationed; and there, not to be separated from them, I took service in the count's troop. Everything went on happily for many years, and beautiful children had come to bless their life, and recall to *me* the remembrance of my youth. And then—and then—" the old man paused, and brushed away a tear from his eye—"and *then* came a change. The count's regiment received orders to prepare for a campaign against——"

"It was against one of the savage Tartar tribes—the barbarous Calmucks!" cried Sergius Zortichoff, breaking in upon the narrative. "It was against no civilized men, but barbarous, blood-thirsty savages, that my father went to war. Was it not, Orloff?" he cried, excitedly, a flush deepening on his cheek, and the angry light in his eye growing still brighter.

"It was, my master," replied the old man.

"Oh, with what tears did my foster-daughter hang around the neck of her husband on the day of our sad departure, when she stood in the doorway to bid us adieu as the regiment filed by.

"It seemed as if something warned her that this campaign would bring her misfortune. And her last words to me were, 'Watch over him, Orloff, for it is my life you are protecting.'

"The campaign was a short one, and the regiment distinguished itself greatly.

"My master and myself passed through every fight without a scratch down to the very last. The Tartar tribe was broken, and dispersed in every direction, and our regiment, divided into little troops, was scattered in pursuit of the fugitives.

"Count Paul had command of one of these parties, and most vigorous in pressing the pursuit. Skirmishes were of daily occurrence, and so far had always been favorable to our side. I began to think that my Vera's prayer was a shield to protect her husband.

"But, alas, alas! I was soon undeceived. One day, as we were riding along a road, the head of our column was suddenly attacked by a large body of the enemy.

"My master had but one idea, and that was to charge, and at a gallop we rode down upon the foe. They waited for us coolly and deliberately, and poured in a heavy fire upon us.

"The next moment we were engaged hand-to-hand. It was as much as I could do to defend myself; but during the whole time I never took my eyes off my master.

"Suddenly I saw him reel in his saddle, and throw up his arms, and what followed I never knew, for at the same moment I felt a heavy blow upon the head; everything turned dark before my eyes, and I fell senseless to the ground.

"How long I lay unconscious I cannot say, but when I recovered my faculties, my first thought was for my poor master. My wound was a sabre-cut on the head, and this I managed to bandage with my handkerchief.

"On looking around me I perceived a number of our men lying upon the ground; but all of them were dead, and when I discovered my master's body, I thought he, too, was no more. A bullet had pierced his breast, and the blood was flowing in a crimson stream from the wound.

"I made an effort to stanch the flow, and at length, to my joy, I succeeded, and soon noticed some signs of returning consciousness. Immediate assistance was absolutely necessary, and perceiving in the distance that the country was inhabited, in spite of my wound I raised the count in my arms and hastened away in the direction in which I thought help might be obtained.

"I had staggered along for some time, sustained by the thought of how my Vera would bless me for what I was doing, when suddenly, just as I drew near a clump of bushes, they separated, and five men made their appearance. They were all armed, and I could see they were Tartars; but thinking that even they would have pity on two wounded soldiers, I called out to them for help.

"They made no reply, but signed to me to follow them, which I did as well as I was able, still carrying my master's helpless body in my arms. After going for some distance they turned into a narrow path which led through the bushes, and finally brought us to a small clearing, in which stood a ruined and dilapidated hut, surrounded by two or three tall trees.

"On reaching this cabin I again spoke to them, and tried to make them understand how necessary it was that my master should have immediate assistance. They made no reply, but pushed me into the hut and closed the door.

"Seeing I could obtain no help from these savages, I set about examining the count's wound myself. The bandage had remained secure, and the blood had ceased to flow. I began to hope. I was aroused from my task by the voices of my captors, who seemed engaged in a serious altercation. They had gathered around a small fire, for the night had drawn on, and were earnestly arguing some question. I listened to hear what might be the subject of dispute. Imagine my horror when I understood that the question which they were debating was the life or death of myself and poor master.

"The odds were strongly against us. Four of the wretches, with angry and inflamed looks, demanded our instant death, while *one* alone stood out for mercy. I could see the hideous faces of the savages as they stirred each other up by lying stories of the atrocities committed by our soldiers. Those faces burned themselves into my brain, and I see them now, I see them always. They crowd around me like demons, with bloodshot, ferocious eyes, like hungry wolves wrangling over the body of a helpless traveler."

His deep emotion again brought a pause to Orloff's tale. Again Aristide saw that terrible look which he had noticed before flit across the old man's face. His chest heaved convulsively, and he grasped wildly for breath. The soothing voice of Sergius Zortichoff calmed his excitement.

"I hung in anxious suspense," he continued, "on the debate. For myself it mattered little. Few would miss me, few lament me. But my master—the thought of Vera and the children made my blood run cold. Our only champion, the *one* man who had argued in favor of mercy, grew weaker and weaker in our defense, overpowered by the angry fury of the other four.

"At length this fury seemed to become uncontrollable, and springing to their feet, they all rushed into the cabin. I felt that my last moment had come, but even then I tried to keep my promise to Vera. I begged the savages to take my life if they must have a victim, but to spare my master. I promised them money, I used every inducement I could think of.

"Alas! they paid no attention to my prayers and entreaties, but seizing me roughly by the shoulders, they quickly bound my arms behind my back. I tried to say a prayer, and closed my eyes in expectation of instant death. But, no; death would have been a mercy to what I was about to suffer.

"I saw the furious wretches drag my wounded and helpless master from the hut. Another moment, and a rope was fastened around his inanimate neck, the end thrown over the limb of a tree.

"The sight aroused a frenzy within me—this indignity offered to a wounded soldier, a helpless, half-dying man; to my Vera's husband, the father of her children.

"I seemed to feel suddenly within me the strength of ten men. By a violent effort I freed my arms, and, unarmed as I was, I sprang upon the cowardly murderers. My hand was on the throat of the foremost of the band. Oh, God! I suddenly felt a burning pain shoot through my breast. I heard a loud and deafening explosion, and then I knew no more."

"You hear, Captain Dantan! You hear!" cried Sergius, whose agitation and excitement was equaled to that of Orloff's. "You hear!" he repeated, his eyes flashing like coals of fire, and his lips quivering nervously. "My poor father was murdered—yes, murdered by those savage Tartars; murdered as cruelly as our poor friend Monsieur Marrois. No, no, Valiska," he said, as his sister stretched out her slender hands entreatingly toward him. "I know what *you* said: that we should forgive our enemies; but they were savages—barbarous savages—and I can never forgive them."

The agitation of the youth seemed to communicate itself to the old servant. His huge hands grasped the tall back of the invalid's *fauteuil* on which he was leaning, as if it had been the throats of his enemies and he were wrenching out the last gasping breath of the murderers.

"*Ma foi!*" said Aristide to himself. "I should not like to have those fingers of yours around neck, my friend."

Captain Dantan said nothing, but he, too, appeared impressed by the ferocity of the old man's countenance. It was some time before Orloff was able to overcome his passion sufficiently to continue.

"How long I lay there," Orloff went on, "I never knew. Once, as it seemed to me, sense returned for a few moments. I looked around. It was night—dark night. I was all alone. No, not all alone. A ray of moonlight, breaking through the thick branches of a tree, showed me a dim, shadowy form suspended from one of the branches.

The sight nerved me to desperation. I made a frantic effort to rise. It was vain. My struggles only served to reopen my wound, and loss of blood again deprived me of consciousness. It was in a very different place that I found myself when my eyes once more reopened upon life.

"I was no longer in the open country, but lying upon a small pallet in a little room. An old woman was seated by my side, and her costume and appearance, as well as that of the apartment, satisfied me that I must be in a peasant's cottage.

"It was not till many days afterward that I acquired sufficient strength to question this kind woman. Imagine my feelings when she informed me that I had been for over two months an inmate of her house. Closer questioned, she told me the whole story. She had, in passing with her little cart through the forest, found me lying, wounded and apparently dead, at the foot of the tree, from which the body of my master still hung. Searching my person, with the desire to find out who I was, she discovered that I was not dead.

"The cool night-air had stopped the flow of blood from my wound, and after bandaging it securely, she managed to lift me into the cart, and drove me to her cottage, which she said was some five or six miles from the spot where I had been lying.

"I eagerly asked for my master; but all she could say was that the man hanging from the tree was quite dead, and seeing she could be of no assistance to him, she had turned all her attention to me, whose life it had appeared possible to save. I groaned with horror, as all the incidents of that time came thick upon me, while listening to the old woman's story. Life seemed valueless to me. How could I ever go back and face my mistress after keeping so badly the promise I had made her?

"In my anguish I prayed that death might come, and put an end to my suffering; but, no; instead I grew stronger and stronger every day, and soon I was able to creep around.

"My first act was to hasten to that old deserted hut. Alas! no sign remained of the awful tragedy. My master's body had disappeared. The country swarmed with the enemy, and I was obliged to be very careful to avoid discovery. Thanks to the old peasant-woman, I succeeded in concealing myself until such time as I was able, with a heavy and broken heart, to start on my journey homeward. My *one* thought during the long days of travel, was how I should tell my mournful story to my poor Vera.

"But ah! I had forgotten the time which had elapsed. The unfortunate news had traveled fast, and on my arrival at home, I found that I was too late to break the melancholy tidings to my foster-daughter. Some one had unthinkingly communicated the awful story of her bereavement to the poor girl. Without preparation, and overpowered by the shock, she had fallen a victim to the violence of her excitement, and when my child appeared before me, I saw at once that the light of reason had fled from her lovely gray eyes."

Orloff stopped, and covering his eyes with his hands, burst into tears.

The emotion of the old man was reflected in the pallid face and quivering lips of Valiska, and in the convulsed and agitated features of her brother.

A painful pause ensued. At length, hearing a deep sigh, Orloff wiped away his tears, and resumed:

"Little is left to tell. The days passed by, and grew into weeks and months; but my Vera never recovered her mind.

"Little by little she grew weaker and weaker, fading slowly away from me and her poor helpless children.

"At length came a day when we crowded around her bed, to hear the last words of our dear one.

"Sense had returned to her with the approach of

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death, and in her last moments she made us vow always to remember her unhappy fate, and that of her murdered husband. And then—and then—she died."

The pallid hue of Valiska's cheek deepened to a ghastly whiteness, her bosom heaved convulsively, she struggled for one moment, as if gasping for breath, and with a low groan she fell back in her chair.

Henri sprang forward to her assistance, but before he could touch her, Orloff, with a savage growl, pushed him rudely aside, and raised the girl's slight form in his strong arms.

This motion seemed to recall for a moment consciousness. Her large gray eyes opened, and she gazed wildly around her.

"No, no," she moaned, in a pitiful, beseeching tone; "no, no, not him!"

Her head fell back upon Orloff's shoulder, and with a deep sigh she again became unconscious.

The old man hastened to bear his feeble burden from the room. Some moments of an oppressing silence ensued, unbroken by any one.

The handsome face of Captain Dantan plainly bespoke his anger at the rudeness of Orloff, and Henriette kept her eyes on the door, as if she were eager to hasten to the assistance of her suffering friend.

The invalid appeared oblivious to the presence of anyone. His eyes were fixed in a wild and vacant stare, and his lips moved tumultuously, as if he were engaged in deep self-communion. The spell was broken by the return of Orloff, who, in his deep, growling tone, announced that "Mademoiselle Valiska had recovered from her faint, but still felt so weak that she was forced to beg her guests to excuse her."

This implied dismissal was by no means unwelcomed by the visitors, who immediately arose, and with a very short adieu to Sergius Zortichoff they left the cottage.

"And the strangest part of the whole thing," said Aristide to himself, as he bade Henri and his cousin adieu at the garden gate and sauntered on in the direction of the "Hermitage"—"and the strangest part of the whole thing is this: That, the devil take me if I understood head or tail of it."

Chapter X.

All night long Aristide tumbled and tossed in a restless and dream-haunted sleep. At one moment he was engaged in a desperate combat with a horde of sanguinary and ferocious savages, who prodded him with their long spears in the most malicious manner. Then, these phantoms would fade away to give place to the mournful face of Valiska Zortichoff, her beautiful gray eyes gazing imploringly upon him. Then the hideous, mutilated countenance of Orloff would come to crowd away the sad and lovely vision, or the still more repulsive features of Pierre Marrois, livid and streaked with blood, as he had seen them on the night of the murder.

"Decidedly, my friend," said Vis, as he arose to make his toilet, "you are done up this time, finished completely. First your appetite and now your sleep, both gone. Decidedly, as I said before, my unfortunate Aristide, this mysterious affair has finished you entirely. It is no use to struggle. You are a victim for Fate's slings and arrows, and if you take my advice, my friend, you will try to bear it as calmly as possible. And it serves you right!" he cried, more energetically, as he vigorously polished off his face with the towel. "Why did you want to run away from Paris, instead of meeting your fate like a man? You, a soldier, and afraid to stand up before the fire of a pair of brown eyes? There! I really have no compassion for you, and I only hope you may go on getting mixed up deeper and deeper in this mysterious affair, until your brain gives way. Oh, yes! I can see you now, my unhappy friend, tied down in a strait-waistcoat, and howling like a legion of fiends. Well, you would come down here, for peace, was it? And this is what you have got. Holloa! who's that coming in?"

The door opened discreetly, and a young woman appeared in the doorway.

"Well, what is it, Jeanne?" inquired Aristide of the girl.

"Excuse me, monsieur—a gendarme."

"A gendarme!" screamed Aristide, waving his arm with such a violent gesticulation that the terrified girl sprang back in alarm. "A gendarme! Kill him, extinguish him, murder him!"

The young man broke into a loud laugh as he noticed the expression of the servant's face, who, with eyes big with astonishment, stood gazing in helpless and speechless wonder on her master's countenance.

"There, there, Jeanne," at length he said, when he had recovered from his mirth; "after all, you need not kill the gendarme. What does the man want?"

With some trepidation the girl faltered out:

"He comes from Monsieur le Maire with this—this—note."

"Well, give it here," cried Aristide, with a shrug of his shoulders; "it is clear there is no escaping my destiny. I no sooner get rid of those other lunatics before here comes this maniac, to seize upon me again. Decidedly Monsieur le Maire has made a mistake. I may be a hermit, but I am neither a confessor nor his spiritual adviser. At least I can refuse to have anything to do further with this affair. I am sure it is none of my business, and I'll just—— Eh!—what is it, Jeanne?"

"Oh, but, monsieur, is there any answer for the gendarme?"

The young man, who had been striding up and down the room, was recalled to himself by the words of the girl. He hastened to read the note, which had remained up to this time unopened in his hand. It was from Leon Dantan, entreating him as a great personal favor to call upon the writer at the earliest convenient moment. Aristide gave a groan as he tossed the paper on the table.

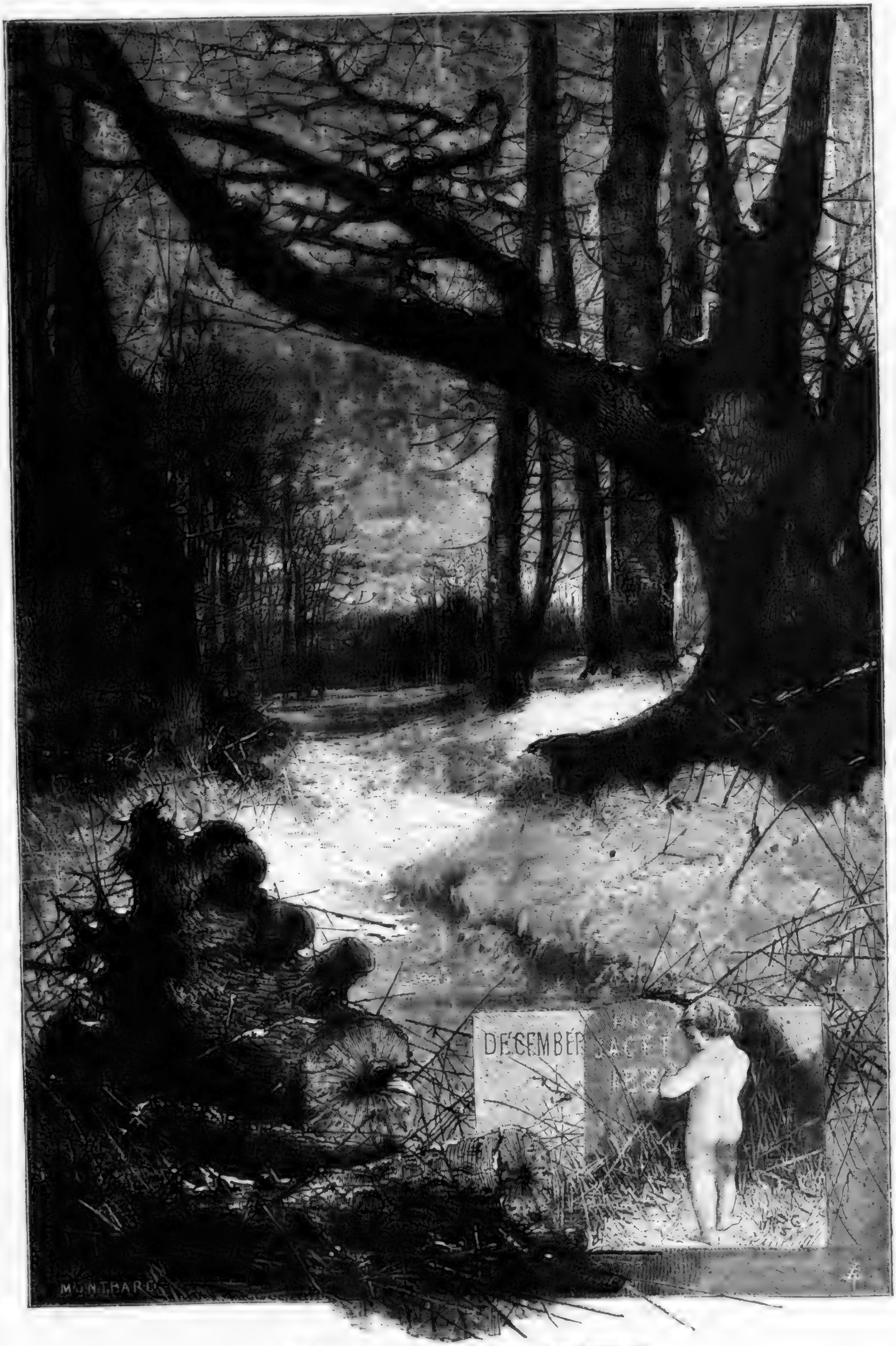
"There is no escaping fate," he muttered. "I give it up. Tell the gendarme, my good Jeanne, I will be with the mayor in a very few moments. And there goes another breakfast," he moaned to himself, as the girl left the room. "Another breakfast gone, never to be recovered. And I had set my mind on one of Papa Dubois's trout. Well, I will go back to Paris this evening, that's settled."

He said the last words firmly, and as if he were cutting the Gordian knot of all his difficulties. And having thus relieved his mind, put on his coat and hat and started to the Hotel de Ville.

Leon Dantan was alone in his office when he arrived, and was evidently awaiting the young man, for he eagerly advanced to meet him.

Aristide could not but notice that a change had taken place in the mayor's appearance. His countenance no longer bore the careworn expression which had marked it when they last met, but instead, it was with a smile that he greeted his new friend, and begged him to take a seat.

"You are no doubt surprised, monsieur, at my sending for you in such an informal manner, but you will excuse me," he said, "when I tell you that some strange discoveries have been made in Marrois's case. You see,"


DECEMBER
MONTBARD

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he continued, looking at Aristide, "I take it for granted that you are still interested in that mysterious affair." The young man replied with an affirmative motion of his head, and looked properly interested, seeing which the speaker went on to say: "Yes, some very strange circumstances have transpired, and I begin to believe that my poor friend's death will not rest unavenged. You remember what was your theory of this case?"

"Certainly," answered Aristide. "I thought that the crime was committed by a woman."

"That is true. But the only doubt in the affair was what could have been the cause. And now, will you believe me, a woman has made her appearance, and not only a woman, but one who might have a cause to wish Marrois dead."

Aristide's look this time was one of astonishment.

"That sounds strange, does it not? You cannot, however, be more surprised than I was. You may remember, monsieur, that I had a certain idea. No, I will not say an idea, a suspicion, a wild thought—no matter what. Thank God! there is now every reason to believe that it was unfounded. To me this woman comes as a deliverer."

"But who, then, is this woman?" asked Aristide.

"It is the strangest thing in the world. Only think, after all these long years that Pierre Marrois lived in Abois, it should be reserved until this moment for us his most intimate friends to find out that, instead of being, as he had always represented himself, a bachelor, he was in reality a married man."

"Then, this woman——?"

"Claims to be Marrois's wife. She has filed the certificate of her marriage, and asks to be recognized as the heir to the joint property."

The mayor paused, and seemed to wait for Aristide to recover from this overpowering communication.

The young man, however, did not appear greatly affected, and simply inquired "how this claim could possibly connect Marrois's wife with Marrois's murderer."

"That is it!" cried the mayor, eagerly. "Don't you see? This woman was poor—a mere workwoman. Marrois's life stood between her and a fortune. Will you say that was not cause sufficient? The more, that Marrois had never acknowledged this woman, whom he married years ago, when he was a poor man."

"Still, even if with such a temptation," said Aristide, "I would doubt whether such a woman as you have described could be capable of planning an affair like that."

"*Ah, bah!*" cried the mayor, with some slight irritation in his manner. "It appears to me that you are unnecessarily critical."

"That is because I have formed an idea of the woman who did this deed," replied Aristide. "And my imaginary murderess, I will frankly admit to you, does not in the least resemble a workwoman. Do you forget that glove?"

"Well, well, you may perhaps change your mind, and that very soon, for Monsieur Duquesnay has considered it proper to summon this woman before him, and I have obtained his permission for you to attend the examination. I am indeed awaiting every moment to be called to the *Bureau du Juge.*"

The entrance of an attendant with a letter for the Mayor put a stop to the conversation. With a muttered pardon to Aristide, Leon Dantan eagerly tore open the envelope, and was soon absorbed in the perusal of its contents.

The note was evidently a short one, for he soon turned again to his companion.

"You were saying, monsieur——?" he inquired, in an abstracted manner, that plainly showed that his mind was still busy with other thoughts.

"I was saying nothing, monsieur," replied Aristide, solemnly. "I was only thinking."

The implied reproof contained in this grave reply brought a slight flush to the mayor's cheek.

"You must really excuse me," he hastily said; "but the fact is, I am completely upset by this mysterious affair. After all these years of intimate acquaintance, that Marrois should never have mentioned this wife to me, seems almost incredible."

"Then you knew him well?"

"*Pardieu!* I should think so. We were both born in Abois, and grew up here together. We served in the same command during the war."

"Ah! you served in the war?"

"Yes—certainly; in the Franc-Tireurs of Abois; and after the war we were associated together in business. It is scarcely possible for any one to know a man better than I knew Marrois, and I say again that it is almost incredible that he should never have mentioned his wife to me."

"I fancy, monsieur," answered Aristide, "that few of us know all the secrets of even our most intimate friends."

"True; and *apropos* of friends, you were with Henri and my niece at Mademoiselle Zortichoff's yesterday. May I ask how you thought the young lady was looking?"

Aristide could scarcely repress his surprise at this question.

"But you forget, monsieur, that I have only seen Mademoiselle Valiska twice. I must say, however, that she appeared far from well, and I suppose Henri told you."

"Yes, yes; the poor girl is overtaxing her strength. I must really lecture her," continued Leon Dantan, in a musing tone. "What with those music-lessons, and that unhappy young Sergius, she is ruining her health. There, there!" he exclaimed, suddenly recovering from his half-reverie. "Of what were were we speaking? Oh, yes; I remember! It was of Marrois. Well, as I was saying, after the war we were in business together. Pierre was a mechanic, and had invented a number of improvements in the manufacture of beet-sugar. We formed a partnership to work his patents. They proved very successful, and we realized so handsomely from our manufactory, that Marrois was able to retire from business a few years ago with a large fortune. But, upon my word," cried Dantan, "I fear that Duquesnay has forgotten us. I see that it is twelve o'clock. If you will follow me, I will conduct you to his office."

When the two gentlemen reached the Bureau of the Judge, they found that gentleman engaged in an earnest conversation with a tall, thin man dressed in a rusty-black suit.

This person rose on the entrance of the mayor, and Aristide instantly recognized the man with the dyed hair and bushy whiskers, whom he had seen on the occasion of his previous visit to the judge's office.

"Don't let me interrupt you!" cried Dantan. "I only feared you had forgotten us."

"Oh, by no means!" replied Monsieur Duquesnay. "You are not interrupting me. Indeed, I was just about to send for you." Then turning to the man in the black clothes, he hastily said, "Yes; that will do, Charles. Go and find Baptiste at once, and bring him here."

With an obsequious bow to the two gentlemen, the person addressed left the apartment, and the judge turned to greet his visitors a second time.

"Well, my dear Claude," eagerly inquired the mayor, after the gentlemen had seated themselves, "how does this mysterious case progress? I have been talking it over with monsieur here; but have failed to convince him that this woman had any connection with the affair."

"And why, if I may ask?" questioned the judge. "I assure you, monsieur, that we have made some very strange discoveries, thanks to the energy and sharpness of that fellow Guimand. I think even you, Leon, will be surprised when you hear what we have found out."

"Guimand?" inquired the mayor.

"Yes; the agent from the Prefecture in Paris; that was he who left the office just now. These fellows seem to have the nose of a hound for scenting out crime. "But why, may I ask, is monsieur so confident of the innocence of this suspected woman?" inquired the judge, addressing himself to Aristide.

"I think I could explain my reasons better after the examination," replied Vis. "Recollect, monsieur, I have not seen Madame Marrois. A single glance might, perhaps, induce me to change my mind entirely."

"In that case," said the judge, "I will summon the woman at once. Guillaume," he called out to the clerk who was writing at his desk, "introduce Madame Marrois."

Both Aristide and the mayor kept their eyes glued upon the door in anxious expectation. After a few moments it reopened, and the clerk returned, ushering in a woman whom he announced as Madame Marrois.

The newcomer was tall and thin, with a face which, although at one time it might have had some claims to good looks, was now worn and haggard with premature age.

The complexion was sallow and dingy; the features, pinched and shrunken; the whole countenance exhibiting the strongest evidence of care and suffering. The only redeeming point to the face was a pair of large black eyes, which seemed the more bright from the dark circles which surrounded them.

She was plainly though neatly dressed in gray serge, and carried in her hand a reticule. Aristide's eyes were instantly riveted upon the gloved hands. They were small and slender.

The woman was evidently greatly agitated, and controlled her emotion with difficulty. She stood shifting her little bag from one hand to the other, her lips trembling nervously, and her dark eyes fixed in pitiful entreaty upon the three gentlemen.

"Will you be seated, madame," said Monsieur Duquesnay, pointing to a chair which the clerk had placed in front of the desk.

The trepidation which the woman evinced as she complied with the judge's command induced him to pause for a few moments, to allow her to regain her composure.

CHAPTER XI.

"NOW, MADAME," said the judge, "you will be kind enough to answer the questions I am about to put to you;" and while speaking he made a private sign to his clerk, who prepared to take down the answers of the witness. "Your name, madame?"

The woman moistened her dry lips, and with an effort managed, at length, to reply, in a low, husky voice:

"Stéphanie Lacroix. That is to say—no, Monsieur le Juge—I should say Stéphanie Marrois."

"You claim to be the widow of Pierre Marrois, who died here in Abois on the 28th of June?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"You have filed your claim to the joint property in Monsieur Marrois's estate?"

This time the woman replied simply with a bow.

"You may not be aware, madame, that during all the years Pierre Marrois lived here in Abois he always passed for a single man. This claim of yours is therefore a matter of great surprise to every one." He looked inquiringly at the witness, but receiving no answer, went on: "Your certificate of marriage shows that you and Pierre Marrois were married in Lyons, in '65. I must ask you to tell me the whole story of your connection with the man whom you now claim to have been your husband."

The poor woman appeared greatly disturbed by the close scrutiny of the three pair of eyes riveted upon her. Her hands moved nervously, and the pallid hue deepened upon her countenance. She made several efforts to speak, but it was some time before she could control her trembling lips sufficiently to make herself intelligible.

"I was born in Lyons, m'sieur. My parents died when I was a little girl, and left me to the care of my aunt. She was a *coiffeuse,* and raised me to her business. Our little store prospered, and my aunt died in '64. She left me the shop and two thousand francs, which she had managed to save. I was young then, and giddy, and pleased with admiration. One day I noticed a man in front of my shop. I noticed him because he stood there for a very long time, and because—well—because—m'sieur, it seemed to me it was at myself he was looking. The next day he came again, and so on for many days. He was nice-looking, and I was not displeased with this attention. At length he ventured to enter the shop and speak to me. He said he was a stranger in Lyons; a mechanic, and traveling through to see the great manufactories. His name was Pierre Marrois. Well, m'sieur, I did not repulse him, and we became quite friendly. He had some money, and he was not miserly in spending it. We went to all the *fêtes* together; and, to make the story short, m'sieur, Pierre Marrois asked me to marry him, and I accepted. After our marriage everything went well for a short while. Pierre obtained employment in one of the factories of the city, and his earnings and what was produced by my shop enabled us to live very comfortably. This did not last long. I now discovered that my husband was a very different man from what I had thought him. Perhaps I was jealous by nature—I don't know; but I soon found occasion to reproach him for his attention to other women; and then, m'sieur, I made another discovery—that he was cruel and brutal; for, when I became justly angry at his neglect toward me, and accused him of it, he grew furious, and struck me. Well, m'sieur, this was the beginning, and things went on from worse to worse. Several months passed in this cat-and-dog life, and then I waked up one morning to find that my husband had deserted me. I did not seek to find him. No, m'sieur, he had abused me so cruelly, so abominably, that I was only too glad to be rid of him. Fortunately we had no children.

"I returned to my shop and my life as it had been before my marriage. Everybody knew my painful story, but I did not care, m'sieur, for now, at least, I was no longer beaten. Well, years passed by, my business prospered, and what was the best of all, I heard nothing of my husband. I can tell you, m'sieur, that my only fear during all those years was that he would come back to me. I was getting to be an old woman, when one day comes a letter to me. I opened it, and conceive my surprise. It was from my husband. He informed me that he was living here in Abois, and desired to see me on a matter of importance. I was to come to this place as soon as possible. The letter contained some money for my journey. It was quite a time, m'sieur, before I could make up my mind what to do. You may believe I did not want to see my husband. But I was afraid that if I did not obey him he would come to Lyons and do me an injury. So at last I made up my mind. Well, m'sieur, I arrived here, and having found a lodging, I wrote a note to Monsieur Marrois, which I sent, as he had directed, to an address given me in his letter." The agitation of the woman, which had been noticeable throughout her testimony, at this point became far more marked. She trifled nervously with her little bag, her voice grew fainter and huskier as she went on, in an embarrassed and faltering manner, with her story. "I received an answer from my husband; he gave me a rendezvous, at which I was to meet him, and——" The woman's excitement here became so powerful that she was unable to speak.

"Madame," said Monsieur Duquesnay, when, after some moments, the witness still remained silent, "you speak of a letter from Monsieur Marrois; you have, of course, brought it with you?"

"No, m'sieur."

The effort required to speak even those few words was plainly apparent. The judge looked grave and went on:

"Well, then, the note from Monsieur Marrois in answer to yours? the note giving you this rendezvous?"

He waited for some time, and receiving no reply, repeated his question a second, and even a third, time.

The nervous excitement of the woman was now almost pitiful. Her sallow complexion had changed to a dull, chalky hue. Her lips quivered convulsively, and a frightened look came into her dark eyes.

"Madame," said the judge, in a grave and even severe tone, "you are not, perhaps, aware of the mistake you are committing in not answering my questions. None but the guilty can desire concealment."

At this word "guilty," pronounced in an emphatic manner, the poor creature gave way entirely, and covering her face with her hand, burst into tears.

The judge waited for a moment, to allow her to regain her composure, and when her sobs grew fainter he went on with his questioning.

"Again, madame, I ask you, where is the note you received from Monsieur Marrois?"

"Alas! m'sieur," she replied, in a low and almost inaudible voice—"alas! m'sieur, it has been destroyed."

"That is very strange, madame. But if the note is destroyed, you certainly will have no objection to tell us where was the place of rendezvous?"

"Oh, m'sieur, m'sieur!" wailed the poor creature, "I cannot, I cannot! I am the most unfortunate woman in the world. But, on my word, m'sieur, I am not guilty of anything wrong. Indeed, I am not! Oh, you must believe me, m'sieur, you must believe me!" and wringing her hands excitedly, she began to sob and cry in a hysterical manner.

"Madame," said the judge, solemnly, "as I told you before, you are doing very wrong not to reply to my questions. You are doing even worse than wrong, you are imperiling your safety if you are really innocent. Your husband, Monsieur Marrois, was murdered; and justice is seeking for the assassin. This concealment, this want of readiness to respond to my questions, can only give rise to suspicions calculated to do you great harm. I would advise you to think well before you decide to persevere in the dangerous course you have entered upon. In your present state of agitation it would be cruel to force you to a sudden decision by continuing this examination. I will therefore give you a half-hour in which to consider whether or not you will take my advice, and answer my questions."

Calling his clerk, Monsieur Duquesnay whispered a few words to the man, and then continued:

"There, madame, you will please to follow my clerk. He will show you to a room where you can be alone, and I trust that when you have considered this matter calmly you will adopt a different course."

Unable to reply from excessive emotion, Stéphanie Marrois, without a word, followed the clerk from the room. Scarcely had the door closed upon her retreating form when Leon Dantan turned to Vis, and eagerly demanded to know what he now thought of the affair.

"Just the same as before," Aristide replied, with even more than his usual *sangfroid*, his quiet, impassive manner contrasting strongly with the excitement evinced by the mayor. "Since I have seen this Madame Marrois I am only the more strengthened in my belief that she had no complicity whatever in her husband's murder."

"But this woman's alarm, nay, almost terror; her refusal to answer Duquesnay's questions, to produce that note, or mention the place of rendezvous at which she met her husband?"

"All serve to strengthen my belief in her innocence."

"But suppose, monsieur," broke in the judge, "that this note named as a place of rendezvous the public garden on the night of the *fête*?"

"Even *that* would not make me change my mind. I will even admit to you that I think it very probable that this woman may have gone to that *fête*. But what then? Does that prove her guilty of the murder? Remember that there were also hundreds of other women at the same place."

"But why should this woman be so much alarmed?" exclaimed the mayor. "Again I ask, why should this woman be so much alarmed if she is really innocent?"

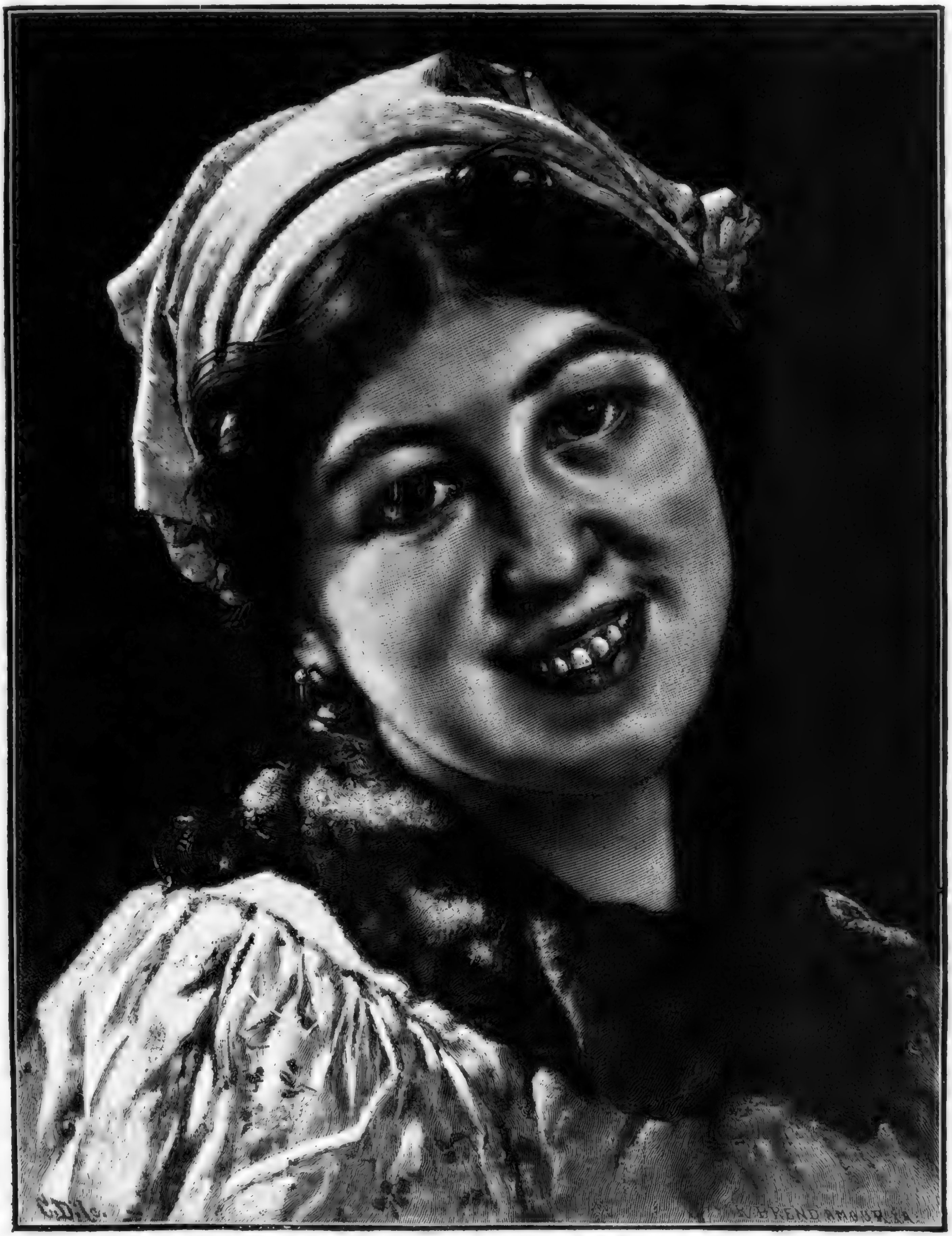
"To me," answered Vis, "that is the strongest point in her favor. You look surprised, but to me it is very simple. Everything in connection with this crime indicated that it was coolly and deliberately planned, and boldly carried into execution. The woman capable of planning and executing this deed is a woman far above Madame Marrois intellectually. If justice ever finds her, *she* will be found ready, and prepared with a full and complete defense. If Duquesnay has to examine *that* woman, he will have no tears or alarms to fear, no evasions or concealments, which only serve to arouse suspicions. Oh, no, *that* woman will have a clear and straightforward story. *She* has not only planned the murder, but also the defense. At least," said the young man, relapsing into his calm, impassive manner, as if wearied by his energetic defense, "at least that is my idea."

"But what earthly motive could any other woman have?" demanded Leon Dantan.

"That's what bothers me. Yes, yes; that is the only thing that confuses me. The cause! What could be the cause?"

The young man spoke in a meditative manner, more as if to himself than to his companions.

"It seems to me, monsieur," cried the judge, with a slight expression of astonishment—"it seems to me that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BRENDAMOUR X.A.

LAUGHING EYES.—BY DIETHELM MEYER.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 722.

your words would imply that you thought yourself possessed of some clew to the solution of this mysterious affair."

"Excuse me; but if I have any idea, it is all so dim and unreal, and with so little to rest on, that it would be wrong for me even to mention my suspicions until they are sustained by something more like proof. All I can say is that *this* woman, whom I believe to be guilty, has haunted me in dreams every night since the murder; and for Dantan's satisfaction, I will tell you that she is a different woman every way from this Madame Marrois."

"And may I ask monsieur," inquired the judge, with a scarcely repressed smile, "what this woman is like who comes to you in your dreams?"

"Very different indeed from Madame Marrois, as I have before said. *She* is tall and slender, with a pale, handsome face and large flashing eyes. *She* is a woman of high intellectual capacity, and of great courage."

"Pardon me," said Dantan, interrupting the speaker; "is this a portrait or an ideal sketch?"

"A little of both, monsieur; but I am taking up your valuable time with my idle speculations. I suppose you have other testimony?"

"Yes, yes," replied Claude Duquesnay. "Perhaps when you hear the next witness, you may change your mind. Guillaume," he continued, speaking to the clerk, "see if Madame Pichaud is without?"

CHAPTER XII.

THE appearance of the new witness who was ushered in by the clerk was so odd and remarkable as to produce a universal smile. She was a woman past middle age, short and exceedingly fat, with a fresh, ruddy complexion, and two little eyes like black beads. Her costume consisted of a dark cotton frock, an orange-and-green shawl, and a large straw bonnet trimmed with immense red flowers—a bonnet, whose age would have taxed all the powers of the best antiquarians to determine.

To add to the attractiveness of her appearance, her face was tied up in a foulard handkerchief, which rivaled in brilliancy of color the hues of her shawl, and her large hands were incased in the unfamiliar adornment of coarse white cotton gloves. She did not appear a whit discomposed by the presence of the three gentlemen, but skipped forward, and in the most nonchalant manner took her place in the chair, which poor Stéphanie Marrois had just vacated, exhibiting by this movement a pair of huge feet in carpet slippers, and hose of more than doubtful purity.

"Your name, if you please?" said Claude Duquesnay with some difficulty repressing the merriment caused by this grotesque figure.

"Jeanne Aglaé Marie Séraphine Pichaud, M'sieur le Juge, portress at No. 25 Rue d'Orville, M'sieur le Juge. Ah, yes; and a very hard life indeed for a poor woman; nothing but work, work, work, all day; and as for my pay, why, so to speak, M'sieur le Juge, nothing; and then the tenants coming in all day and all night with a tramp, tramp, like an army, and a noise—oh, *mon Dieu!* such a noise!—and their boots—see now, M'sieur le Juge, worse than a chiffonier. Ah, yes; a hard life indeed; and it was but this morning I said to Celeste, my gossip (Celeste, M'sieur le Juge, is the portress of 23), 'Celeste,' I said, 'you hear, you hear me! I make a vow to *le bon Dieu.* I will quit this business. I have some francs saved. I will take my francs, and go away, away!"

"You are the portress at No. 25 Rue d'Orville?" demanded the judge, breaking in with difficulty on this flow of words, which the little woman poured forth in a high and shrill voice, and with a volubility which was absolutely marvelous.

"As you say, M'sieur le Juge—portress at No. 25 Rue d'Orville. Well, it is true our house is the best on the Square; and then for dirt, I defy you, M'sieur le Juge, to find a speck on my halls; but *Grace-à-Dieu!* this will not take one to heaven. No, no! As I said, 'Celeste,' says I, 'I will make a vow to *le bon Dieu!*"

"You are acquainted with a woman named Stéphanie Lacroix?"

"True, M'sieur le Juge. Why should I seek to hide it. Stéphanie Lacroix? Ah, yes; I will not deceive you! Why should I? They will tell you—yes, every one will tell you—that Aglaé Pichaud has nothing to hide. Do you see, M'sieur le Juge, my life is open like that;" and here the little woman spread her arms widely apart, and gesticulated in a most animated manner. "Yes, indeed; and it is not every one can say that. But you hear me, M'sieur le Juge, if they said the things about me that they do of Franchine—Franchine is at No. 30, m'sieur—I should die; and she—only fancy, M'sieur le Juge—she the mother of children, and with a husband. It is true that poor *père* Rideau is only a stick; but what, then?—he is a man all the same."

"And when did you first see this Stéphanie Lacroix?" inquired the judge, who had been vainly endeavoring to stem the torrent of her words.

"Why should I conceal it from you, M'sieur le Juge? It was like this: I was standing in front of my door, just saying a word to my gossip, with my tubs and broom all ready—for, do you see, M'sieur le Juge, I was about to wash off my *banquet*—when I saw a woman come out of the little shop of Madame Piro. Madame Piro has a shop on the ground-floor of our house, M'sieur le Juge. Well, when I saw this woman, I said to Celeste, 'See, now, Celeste, that is a stranger in Abois. It is true, M'sieur le Juge, the woman had her vail down, and I could not see her face; but what, then? All the same, I saw right straight. She was a stranger, and so I said to Celeste. Well, before my gossip could answer me, up comes the woman, and says, 'Madame Pichaud?' '*Présent.*' Then the lady went on to say that Mademoiselle Clementine Piro had sent her to me to inquire for lodgings. Had I a room in the house to let? '*Ma foi!*' I answered, 'yes. Would madame care to see the rooms? Well, M'sieur le Juge, I took the lady up-stairs, and she suited herself with a room, *au cinquième*, at five francs a week—pay in advance, M'sieur le Juge, and my woman, she paid for a week in advance—and then she said, 'Madame Pichaud, can I have a boy to carry a note for me?' Oh, yes, M'sieur le Juge! 'Can I have a boy to carry a note for me?' Those were the words. Well, M'sieur le Juge, I am not curious. Oh, no; I am not curious; but when a strange woman comes to your house with nothing for baggage but a small *sac de nuit*, and asks for a boy to deliver a note—I said, 'To whom pray, madame?' But my lady was dumb. She wanted a boy; that was all. I went down-stairs to get Celeste's nephew; but the *gamin* was away; so I was forced to take the first boy that passed. While I was waiting, down comes my new lodger herself, with a paper in her hand, and when a boy passed by, will you believe me, M'sieur le Juge, she took him to one side, and *foi d'honneur*, I did not hear one word she said. Well, when the rascal was gone, my lodger asked might she sit in my little room to wait for the answer. Why, of course, M'sieur le Juge; so we sat down to talk. My lodger was open—oh, so open!—but that devil of a note! 'She was a stranger?' 'Yes.' 'Her name?' 'Stéphanie Lecroix.' 'Was she going to stay long in Abois?' 'Well, she did not know that; it depended.' After a half-hour back comes that rascal of a boy, but *Grace-à-Dieu!* my lodger heard him before me. Crack! she was out of the door, had the answer from the *gamin*, and had paid and sent him away before I could get my hand on him. Well, she came back into my room, and there she read the note. It must have been a strange one, M'sieur le Juge, for she looked much surprised. I thought perhaps she would speak, but, no. After a moment she said 'Thank you, Madame Pichaud,' and whiz! she was off up-stairs like that!" and the little woman snapped her fingers.

"And what day was this?" inquired the judge, as Madame Pichaud paused for breath.

"Well, M'sieur le Juge, to speak the truth, it was on the 27th of June."

"And after that?"

"And after that, m'sieur, I saw no more of her for an hour; when, just as I was talking it over with Celeste, down comes my lady, and calls me into my room. 'Would I do her a great favor?' 'Well, perhaps.' 'There was to be a grand *fête* to-morrow night at the public garden.' 'Why, yes, a grand *fête*, indeed, to the Hussars; a *fête en masque*. My cousin, Baptiste, was a waiter in the garden.' 'Ah! well, that was lucky,' said my lodger. 'Could I get a card for the *fête*, and a costume?' You may believe me, M'sieur le Juge, when she said that, I opened my eyes as wide as two church windows. She went on to say that if I would do that, and keep it a secret, it would be a great favor to her, and she would pay me well for my trouble. Well, M'sieur le Juge, I am not above earning a few francs, and though I thought my lodger was not the kind of a person for such a joke as a *fête en masque*—for you see, m'sieur, she was plain, oh, so plain! and not young, no, not to say young—well, as I say, I said I would get her the domino and a card. Why, Baptiste could easily procure one. This seemed to please my lady greatly, and she gave me some five-franc pieces for Baptiste and for the costume. Well, M'sieur le Juge, not to keep you on pins, the next day Baptiste brought me the card. My lady had not been out of the house since she entered it; oh, no, not so much as the tip of her nose. I brought her her meals from the *traiteur's*, and she kept as close in her room as a mouse in her hole. I said to myself, 'Aglaé Pichaud, that lodger of yours is going to play some joke on her young man'; and I marveled much, M'sieur le Juge, that a woman, plain like her, should be up to such games. When the night of the *fête* came around I was all ready, M'sieur le Juge. I had done my part. Oh, yes, I had a costume in my lady's room by early dark."

"And this costume—what was it like?" inquired the judge, with an expression of eager interest, which was reflected in the eyes of his two companions.

"Oh, very simple, indeed, M'sieur le Juge. A gray domino and mask, nothing more, upon my word."

At this reply Leon Dantan gave a quick start, and fixed his eye upon Aristide, as if to mark the effect produced by the woman's words upon his friend. If he expected any display of astonishment he was doomed to disappointment, for Vis was not a whit disconcerted by this startling revelation. He appeared as calm as if Madame Pichaud's words had been exactly what he had expected; and his only reply to the inquiring glance of the mayor was an elevation of the eyebrows and a careless shrug of the shoulders.

"Well, madame?"

"Well, M'sieur le Juge," continued Aglaé, who had only paused for breath, and who now eagerly took up her narrative—"well, m'sieur, my lodger was pleased with her costume; oh, very well pleased. I thought, perhaps, she would go early to the *fête*; but no, it was quite late when she came down in my little room, and asked me to tie on her mask. Well, m'sieur, I did so; and fixed her hood as well. She was in no hurry, however, for she sat and talked to me for a long time. How long, I cannot well say; but long, yes, quite long. And what did we talk about? Well, who knows? At last my lady left me."

"And what hour was this?"

"I cannot say, M'sieur le Juge. I did not look at the clock at that time; but it was late—oh, yes; quite late! After my lady left me, I set to work darning my stockings, and well, M'sieur le Juge, after some time, I think—yes—perhaps I must have fallen asleep. When I woke up I felt curious like. I stretched myself and looked at the clock. It said half-past ten. This astonished me much, M'sieur le Juge, for I thought it must be much later. Well, when I come to look, what do I see? My clock had stopped. I wound it up and started it again, and just as I was taking away the key, somebody comes rap, rap, at my door. I opened it, and there is my lady, come back already from the *fête*. Well, she comes in, and takes off her mask and domino. I wanted to hear, m'sieur, of course, of the *fête*; but, no, my lady was tired. She bundled up her domino and mask, and begged me to take them back to the costumer in the morning, and without a word she was off to her room."

"And you cannot tell me," demanded the judge, "at what hour this woman returned from the *fête*?"

"Impossible, m'sieur. There was that clock ticking along like a good one. But eleven o'clock? I know *that* was not the time, m'sieur. Well, early the next morning, I took the costume back to the costumer's, and, *grand Dieu!* what was the first thing that I heard from the man—that poor Monsieur Marrois had been murdered! Whew! that was news indeed; and I hurried home to tell Celeste. While my gossip and I were talking it over, down comes my lodger, and, when she hears the news, will you believe me, M'sieur le Juge, she fell, as it were, all in a heap, her face white—oh, yes—white as a meal-sack. Well, she gets me in my little room, and makes me tell her the whole thing, which surprised me much, m'sieur, seeing that she was at the *fête* herself, and so I told her."

"And she said——?"

"She said, will you believe me, M'sieur le Juge? 'that all that must have happened after she left,' and that was all I could get out of her; for, up she goes to her room, and shuts herself up again as close—as close—— Well, see, now, M'sieur le Juge, for three days that woman kept in her room; no one saw her but me when I carried her her meals; and I tell you she looked bad—oh, so bad! Those days made an old woman of her. Well, one day, when I was serving her dinner, she asked me if there was any more news of the gentleman who was killed at the *fête*. Well, then, I told her no, but that I might hear something that day, as I was going to M'sieur Marrois's notary to take him the rent. She looked up in surprise, and asked me if I knew M'sieur Marrois. *Mon Dieu!* what a question! Did I know M'sieur Marrois, my landlord! Oh, go along, then! I should think so. She seemed surprised to hear that M'sieur Marrois was my landlord; so, then, I told her he was one of the richest men in Abois. This seemed to stagger her, and then, after a long time, *grand Dieu!* she told me M'sieur Marrois was her husband. Well, m'sieur, when that woman told me that, you might have knocked me down with a straw. I thought she was going crazy; but, no, she went to her little *sac*, and brought out a printed paper, which she said was her marriage certificate. Well, m'sieur, to make an end of it, it was I who told her she had better see the lawyer, for M'sieur Marrois was a very rich man; and so I took her to the notary; and, *ma foi!* that is all about it."

"And, since that time, has the woman been residing in your house?"

"Just the same as before, M'sieur le Juge, as quiet as a lamb."

XUM

"And that is *all* you know?"

"Everything; on my word, M'sieur le Juge."

"Did you ever speak of this to any one before?"

"Well, then, yes, M'sieur le Juge. There comes along a thin man in black, with hair so black, so black, and this m'sieur he asks me all kinds of questions, and I told *him*—what had I to hide?—I told him everything. Oh, yes; I told him how frightened my lodger looked, when my cousin Baptiste told us about the strange woman who was with M'sieur Marrois at the *fête*, and how the gendarmes were hunting for her. But what, then? The poor thing! it was her husband. Do you see, her husband, M'sieur le Juge, and——"

"And so your cousin Baptiste told you about the masked woman who was with Monsieur Marrois at the *fête?*"

"It is true, M'sieur le Juge, and——"

"And that is all you know?"

"Everything M'sieur le Juge; but——"

"And, since that time, this woman has remained quietly in your house?"

"Yes, truly, m'sieur; as I said——"

"That will do, Madame Pichaud. You can now withdraw."

The woman seemed rather disappointed at the stoppage to her loquacity; but upon a repetition of her dismissal she arose from her chair, and with a queer little nod to the gentlemen, she skipped out of the room in the same abrupt manner with which she had entered it.

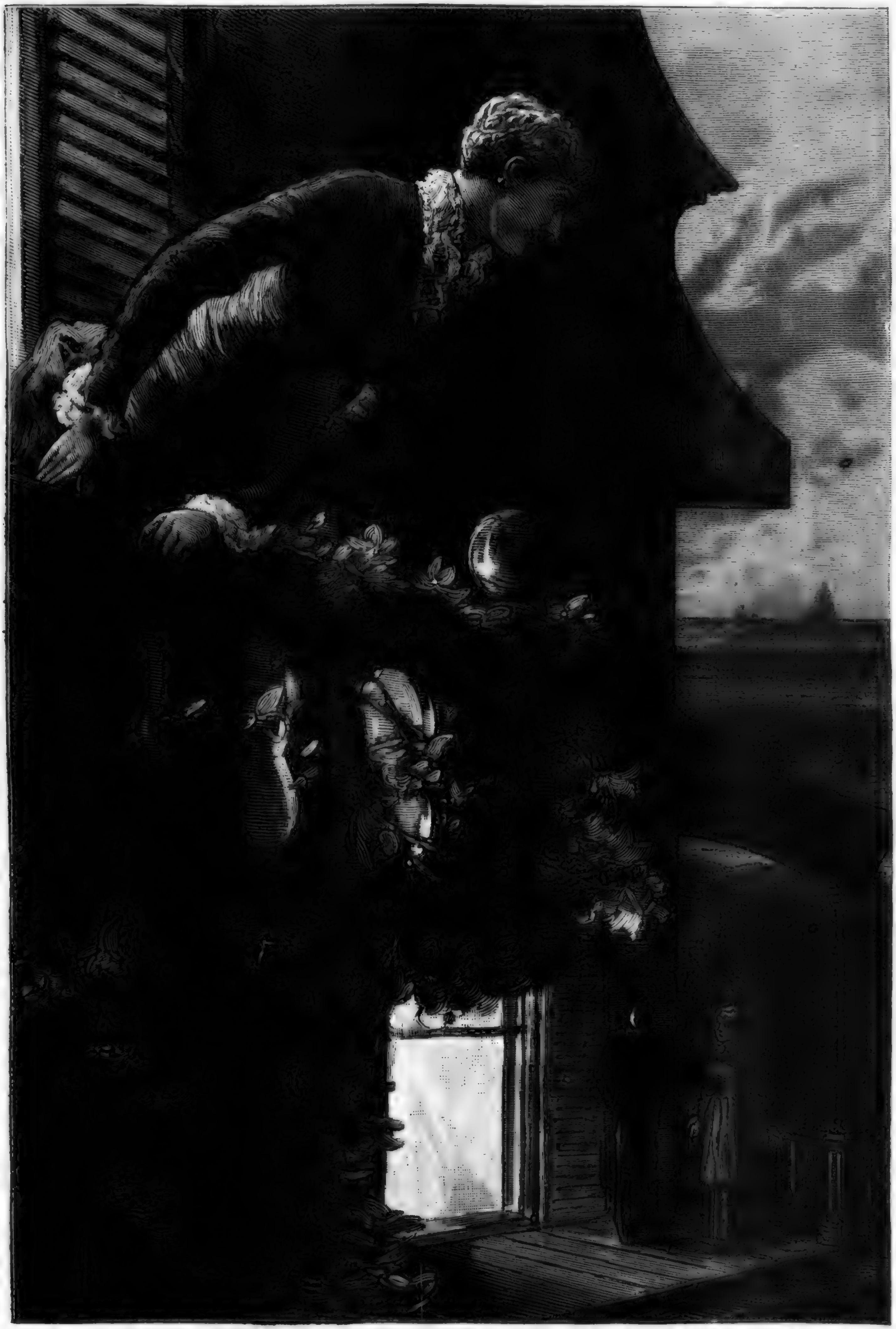
(To be continued.)

THE measure of life is not length, but honesty.

SOME HISTORICAL ANTIPATHIES.

THE celebrated Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish, that the smell of it threw him into a fever. Ambrose Paré had a patient who could never see an eel without fainting; and another who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp. What would have been the effect of an electric eel on these gentlemen? Joseph Scaliger and others could never drink milk. Gardan was disgusted at the sight of eggs. A king of Poland and a secretary of France bled at the nose when they looked at apples. Henry III. of France, and many others, had a great aversion to cats, mice, spiders, etc. A great huntsman in Hanover, who would attack a wild-boar valiantly, always fainted at the sight of a roasted pig, if he had not time to run away. These antipathies have been humorously accounted for by the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Those who had been flies in a former state were horribly afraid of spiders; those who had been mice did not like cats; and those who had been cats did not love dogs, etc. Amatus Lusitanus knew a person who fainted whenever he saw a rose, and always kept his house when they were in bloom. Scaliger mentions the same about lilies, and Bayle about honey. Bayle himself turned pale at the sight of watercresses. Tycho-Brahé fainted at the sight of a fox; Henry III. of France, at that of a cat; Marshal d'Albret, at a pig. A lady, wonderful enough, could not endure the feel of silk or satin.

GRIEF.



A MISCHIEVOUS CODICIL.—"INEZ WAS UNABLE TO HEAR EUGENE'S REPLY, BUT THE GIRL'S VOICE WAS MORE EASILY HEARD." SEE NEXT PAGE.

LAUGHING EYES.

I loved a lass with laughing eyes
And lips of ruby red,
And learnt the loving glance to prize
That seemed so fondly shed.

Her every movement has a grace,
Her accents music yield,
And none could find a fairer face,
Though far they went afield.

A smaller foot no dandy shoe
E'er held in its embrace ;
A neater ankle never grew
Than's circled by her lace.

Alas! the loves of men are vain,
And woman's heart is more so,
I might as well have spared my pain,
And wooed a marble torso;

For when I asked her to be wed,
Imagine the effect, sir,
Her answer had, which archly said:
"My husband might object, sir"

A MISCHIEVOUS CODICIL.

By Frances B. Currie.

Madame La Brie was out of temper. Her servants, knowing this to be a fact, went about with serious faces, and as though momentarily expecting to be dismissed from her service.

If she had been any common personage no one would have been greatly concerned about her bad humor, particularly as she was seldom in a good one ; but madame was no plebeian. In her own circle she was an autocrat, for she was the most fashionable woman of *le beau monde* of "Quality Hill."

The only creature in madame's house who was indifferent to her choleric mood was the direct cause of all the disturbance.

She was madame's ward, and was named Inez Stafford. She had been summoned into her guardian's presence to receive a reprimand, and she now had the temerity to engage herself with some trifling fancy-work under madame's offended eyes.

This girl, who was an American, was twenty years old, and had a figure which was a personal affront to Madame La Brie.

She had a ripe, warm complexion which had not yet been spoiled by late hours and fashionable dissipation. She was also possessed of a quantity of chestnut hair which was guiltless of "switches, "rats," "Saratoga waves," and all the other paraphernalia of a fashionable top-knot.

She had a fashion of dropping her eyelids until their heavy lashes covered her eyes. When she condescended to raise them, however, she displayed her chief beauty—a pair of deep, Italian eyes.

"You are too ignorant, too uncivilized to appreciate your advantages," madame was saying. "You were born and bred in a dull country town where you were associated with rough farmers and their coarse wives. You went to 'paring-bees' and quilting-parties, and believed, no doubt, that you were having a round of fashionable dissipation? You knew absolutely nothing of the requirements of society. Indeed, you were a raw country girl when I pulled you out from the social quagmire you had been in, and brought you here to New York. Think what a homespun creature you were two years ago, and then go to that mirror and note the change I have made in your appearance."

"I can't," the girl said, unconcernedly. "I would drop stitches and spoil my knitting."

"Never mind your tiresome knitting," madame said, crossly, "and listen to me. As I told you before, I have changed your country dress. I now intend to make a greater change in your abominable country manners. I can no longer tolerate your conduct toward my nephew, Eugene La Brie. If he was your footman, you could not treat him with more indifference.

"I could not feel any more indifferent to Monsieur La Brie if he *was* my footman," the young lady remarked.

"Monsieur Eugene compliments you by asking your hand in marriage," madame continued. "As I am your legal guardian, he has properly approached me first upon this subject. Although you are totally unused to society, my nephew is willing to overlook your defects and to marry you."

"Your nephew is needlessly magnanimous, for nothing in the world would induce me to marry Monsieur Eugene."

Miss Stafford would have left the room, but Madame La Brie caught her by the arm and detained her.

"Recollect that you are not a free agent," she said, harshly. "Your father's will was peculiar, and you forfeit your fortune if you are disobedient. Before you came here you did as you pleased. Now you must do as *I* please."

Miss Stafford had no wish to discuss the subject of her matrimonial alliance, so she made her escape as soon as possible.

While in madame's presence she had been the embodiment of *insouciance*, but as soon as she was alone in her own apartments her manner changed.

If her guardian had applied her eye to the keyhole, she would have discovered that Miss Inez had been playing a part, and was in truth secretly agitated.

While her father was lying upon his death-bed, he made a will, bequeathing the bulk of his property to his only child. He also appointed his friend, Madame La Brie, sole executrix of his estate and guardian to his daughter Inez, during the remaining three years of her minority.

John Stafford had led a quiet, uneventful life in a Kentucky village, and he may have felt some qualms of conscience because he had allowed Inez but few social advantages.

After leaving Madame La Brie a sufficient sum to compensate her for the trouble, he stipulated that she should introduce his daughter to society.

These were the original terms of the will, and with these Inez would naturally have been satisfied ; but there had been a codicil added, which changed the aspect of affairs and threatened to make a wreck of her life. This codicil stated that in case Inez Stafford should marry against the wish of her guardian, Madame La Brie, the property should immediately be transferred to an industrial institution, of which John Stafford had been a director.

Miss Stafford had never understood this freak of her father's, which had given Madame La Brie such authority over her.

He had been indulgent and generous to her while he lived, and had never thwarted her wishes. Why had he desired to be more exacting after his death than before? Why had he wished to force her into an undesirable marriage, or else to rob her of her birthright?

She was sitting alone, asking herself these questions, when some one knocked at her door. She resumed her usual air of indifference before she bade her French maid, Natalie, to enter.

The girl told her that a gentleman desired to see Miss Stafford in the drawing-room. His card, which was gilt-edged and delicately perfumed, was not engraved, for he had seen fit to send up his autograph.

The name was "Eugene La Brie."

Miss Stafford did not wish to excite madame's displeasure again that day, so she agreed to see the gentleman.

She had turned to her mirror to make some trifling alteration in her dress, when her attention was attracted by a curious manœuvre on the part of the servant.

The girl, who had for years been employed in madame's house, and was greatly trusted, was gliding stealthily up to the table on which the visiting-card had been dropped.

Without moving a muscle, Miss Stafford watched her in the glass.

The French girl was going noiselessly out of the room with the card in her hand, when Miss Stafford spoke:

"You may return Monsieur Eugene's card to the table," she said; and the girl, flurried and incoherent, hastened to replace it.

Inez went down-stairs very slowly. Indeed, she was never in a hurry to meet Monsieur Eugene.

When she reached the drawing-room door she witnessed a tableau which greatly astonished her.

The French maid was within, and was engaged in excited conversation with Monsieur La Brie. He held the girl's hands, and was obviously entreating her to accede to some wish of his.

They started violently away from each other when Miss Stafford spoke:

"I beg monsieur's pardon for intruding," she said, coldly; "but I understood that he wished to see me. I did not know that he visited my servant."

She swept out of the room somewhat disdainfully.

Monsieur Eugene called after her some voluble excuses and remonstrances, but she did not heed them.

She returned to her apartments to wonder what understanding existed between him and Natalie. Why had the girl wanted his card?—or, wanting it, why had she not asked for it?

She had never been backward about asking favors. There was some mystery in the house which Inez had not yet solved.

She thought, with a little shrug, that madame would be in a towering passion when she learned the circumstances of the evening. Madame never forgave a slight directed at her nephew.

Miss Stafford took up Monsieur Eugene's card, intending to destroy it, when it occurred to her that his writing was peculiar and unfamiliar.

She went to her card-receiver and examined its contents. She found a number of his visiting-cards, which she closely inspected. Curiously enough, every one was written in a different hand, no two bearing the faintest resemblance to each other.

Miss Stafford recollected having heard Monsieur Eugene say that he invariably wrote his own visiting-cards. She was about to drop them into her waste-basket, when a sudden thought came to her which drove every drop of color out of her face. After a long time she tied the cards into a package and locked them in her desk.

* * * * * *

Contrary to Miss Stafford's expectations, madame was in excellent humor next day. She had heard of the episode in the drawing-room, and was delighted with it. She believed that Inez had withdrawn in a fit of pique caused by jealousy of the pretty French maid, and madame argued that this promised well for Eugene's courtship. She believed no love could exist without the presence of the "green-eyed monster."

The family, accompanied by Monsieur Eugene, left town that day, to occupy madame's villa at Newport.

For reasons of her own, Inez was delighted with the change.

She was passionately fond of the sea. She had been born and bred in an inland village, and had never experienced anything like her present life at Newport.

She lived on the beach; and Monsieur Eugene, who attempted to follow wherever she went, had a weary time of it, for she was an indefatigable walker, and he was a chronic victim to tight gaiters.

She must have had a dash of maliciousness in her, for at times she evinced decided enjoyment of his fatigue.

She had walked rather further than usual one day, and Monsieur Eugene, losing all patience with her, sat down to rest while she continued on. He resolved to await her return, when they should walk home together. He would have altered his plan if he had watched her.

She was scarcely out of Monsieur Eugene's sight when a gentleman joined her. This man was very unlike the dyspeptic, *blasé* little Frenchman she had so lately left.

He was a vigorous, wholesome young fellow, with a genial, honest face, and a body indicative of more than average strength. He was undoubtedly a man of character and a gentleman.

He was rejoiced to see Miss Stafford, and evinced his pleasure by the cordiality of his greeting.

She was perfectly undemonstrative; but the color in her pretty face had deepened perceptibly.

"I have been trying all the week to see you alone," he said; "but your friend, Monsieur La Brie, has monopolized you. I have been wanting to talk with you, and find out if you have forgotten all about Cloverport since you have lived in this busy, fashionable world."

"Is it likely that I forget while you remember?" she asked. "I spent eighteen years there; you, one little Summer."

"I am not likely to forget the place where I first met Inez Stafford," he said, quietly.

"And yet, you are quite 'the fashion,' I am told. Madame tells me you are the *distingué* 'in our circle,' excepting Monsieur La Brie, of course."

"Why 'of course'?" Then he continued, coldly: "I think I understand. It is generally believed that monsieur is affianced to madame's ward."

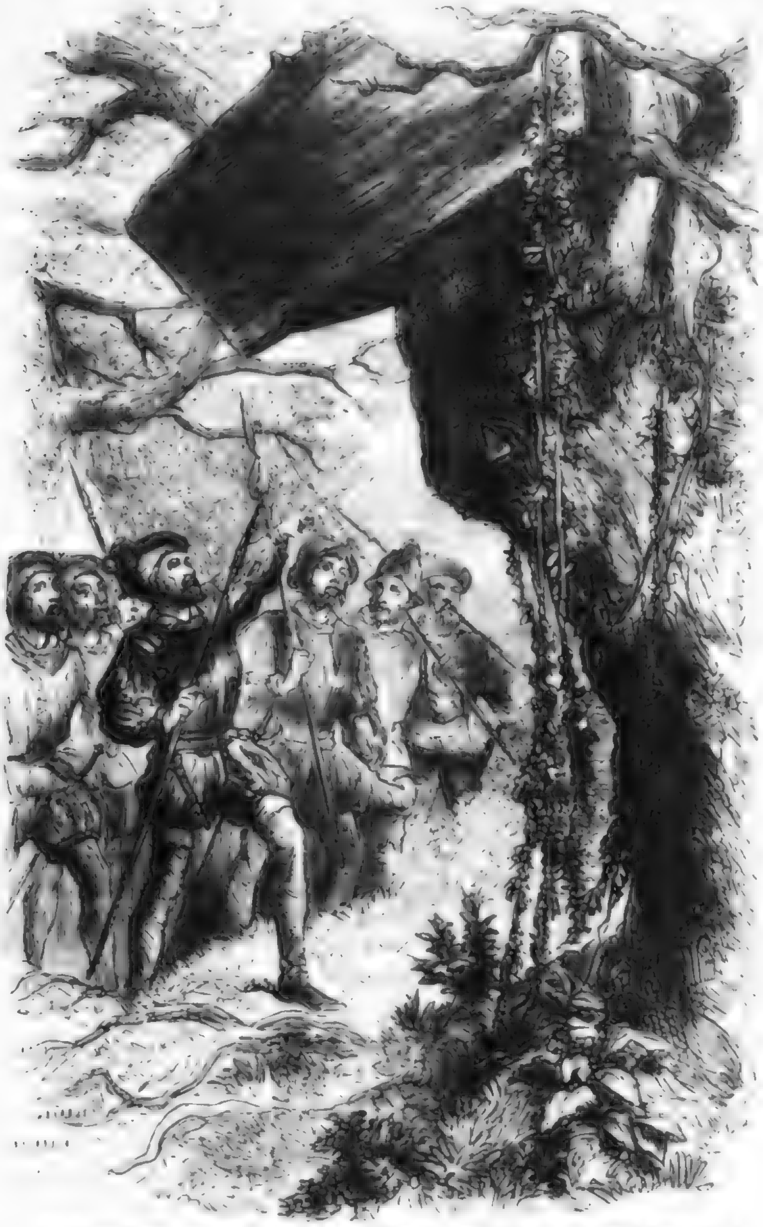
She made no reply.

"And yet, three years ago I would have believed it impossible. We have not met often since the Summer I spent in Cloverport, but—shall I confess it?—I have kept myself well informed of you. This life is so different from the old, quiet one, and madame's house is so unlike your home, that I wondered what you would think of it, and what change it would make in you."

Somehow his words irritated her.

"You know how unused I was to society, and you wanted to know how I would behave in my new circumstances. Madame could have informed you. She thinks my dress is greatly improved, that city dressmakers have done wonders for me, but that otherwise I am the same 'raw country girl' who came from Cloverport two years ago. She abhors my manners, and believes that Monsieur Eugene is the soul of magnanimity, else he would not fancy me."

XUM



WANDERINGS OF ALVAR NUÑEZ CABEZA DE VACA. "THEY FOUND A BOAT ON SOME TREES, WHICH GAVE THEM A HINT OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED."—SEE PAGE 727.

"Madame La Brie is not complimentary," the gentleman remarked. "I could have told her that John Stafford's daughter could never go out of his refined and homelike household appearing uncouth or bad-mannered. I could have informed her, also, that when Inez Stafford agreed to marry such a man as Eugene La Brie, she condescended far more than her friends desired."

"Are you not afraid of offending me by depreciating monsieur?" she asked, with preternatural gravity. And then breaking into a laugh: "You know, Guy Howard, that my head has not been so completely turned that I could ever fancy Monsieur Eugene."

"And yet," he told her—"and yet you are not out of danger if you escape Monsieur La Brie. You are known to be a rich woman, Inez. How can you ever be sure that your money has not great weight in the minds of your suitors? Whom can you trust in the money-loving circle in which you and I both move?"

She watched him now with wide-open eyes, to see what effect her revelation would have upon him.

"Shall I tell you how rich I am?" she asked. "So long as I am Miss Stafford I shall be a rich woman, but if I am ever rash enough to marry against Madame La Brie's wishes, I shall have to forfeit my entire fortune. These are the very reasonable conditions of my father's will."

Her words were tinged with a little bitterness.

"You have been badly treated," he said, looking unreasonably cheerful, meanwhile. "Still, if you ever should marry without your guardian's consent, you can have the satisfaction of knowing that your lover is not marrying you from a mercenary motive. You will have to love a man a great deal to sacrifice your fortune for him."

She laughed uneasily.

"I prefer not to discuss that," she said. "The subject is premature. I haven't a lover, even, and am not likely to have while madame and monsieur keep such vigilant watch over me."

"We are out of their sight now," he told her, "and no one can prevent you from having a lover. I have been loving you for three long years, Inez, and I want to make you my wife. I have come to Newport to tell you that I cannot well do without you. I have been uneasy about you, for lately I have begun to fear that you are surrounded by treacherous people, and I want the right to shelter and care for you. I am asking you to give up a great deal for my love."

"Not so," she said, looking away from him at the ocean—the sound of which nearly drowned her utterance. He had to strain his ears to catch her next words: "I would not be a woman if I could value the wealth of the Indies and make it weigh in the balance against what you offer."

"And you will make the sacrifice?"

She turned upon him, almost angrily.

"Do not speak that word again."

"And you care a little for me, Inez?"

She could not keep from smiling. He was a man of whom any woman might be proud.

"Yes," she said, "I care—a little."

* * * * *

Monsieur La Brie had become thoroughly rested, and was growing very impatient for Miss Stafford's return. It was becoming chilly out of doors, and he had not worn his overcoat, a circumstance which added much to his discomfort.

He was beginning to wonder if, after all, she had gone home by a different route, when he saw a woman approaching, whom he at first mistook for Inez. As she drew nearer, however, he recognized the French maid, Natalie.

"You may as well go home, Monsieur Eugene," she said, saucily. "You are catching your death in this damp sea-air to no purpose. You and madame have played a hard, fast game, and have lost it. Your lady has a lover, and will be married on the day she comes of age."

The Frenchman turned as white as death.

"You don't know what you are saying," he said.

"Ah, but I do," the girl told him; "and if you will walk a mile further on you will find proofs of what I have been saying. The new monsieur, who has so neatly cut you out, is seated beside mademoiselle in a rather secluded grotto, and they are talking as sentimentally as French lovers. I heard them with my own sharp little ears, which are never deceived. I also heard some uncomplimentary remarks about Monsieur Eugene."

Monsieur Eugene went home to tell the news to madame, and later Inez returned, and shut herself into her room. She was afraid to meet any one that evening, lest her warm face and her telltale eyes should divulge her new-found happiness.

Poor child! She did not know that her secret was already the common talk of the household, and that a plan had been formed to rob her of her contentment.

Perhaps it was her happiness that made her wakeful; but late that night she grew restless, and resolved to go out upon her balcony, where she could hear the ocean. She believed its monotonous washing against the shore might make her sleepy.

As she stepped out into the darkness she was surprised by seeing a light still burning in Monsieur Eugene's room, and by hearing voices from the piazza below. She would have retreated, but something which she heard arrested her.

"You and madame were too self-confident," the French girl, Natalie, was saying. "Madame and you both wanted money, and you set to work clumsily to get it. You had faith in your fine penmanship and your personal attractions. Madame had faith in her own cleverness. You and madame were fools. It is a bad thing to write upon a legal document with which you have no business."

A suspicion crossed Inez Stafford's mind which had occurred to her before. It had drained the blood out of her face when she had examined Monsieur Eugene's visiting-cards. This time it caused her to crouch down in the darkness, while she strained her ears to listen. It was the first time in her life that she had enacted the part of eavesdropper, and her heart beat so loud that it seemed to her it would betray her. She was beginning to understand the mystery in the house.

"Monsieur and madame talked late one night," the French girl continued, "and they kept the shades in the room drawn very close. Monsieur exhibited his marvelous penmanship, and madame was rapturous. Natalie was behind the curtains, and heard and saw everything. Natalie has the eyes of a lynx."

Inez was unable to hear Eugene's reply, but the girl's voice was shrill, and more easily heard.

"Madame was cautious, but not clever," she resumed. "She was afraid of detection, so she did not dare have the money come to her, in case mademoiselle would not agree to the conditions of the codicil. She was afraid that Madame La Brie's plotting and Monsieur Eugene's writing might be obvious, if their selfish motive was apparent. Madame was prudent—yet madame has been outwitted."

"Everything is not yet lost," Eugene said, excitedly. "You have found out so much by listening, that you may as well know the rest. Madame is enraged at the turn affairs have taken. She expected to have no difficulty with this girl who was fresh from the country, and not versed in the abominable laws of America. But madame is not yet defeated. In Paris many things are possible which cannot here be accomplished. Madame will take her ward to Paris. Their passage has been engaged for them, and they start to-morrow."

Inez could hear no more, for Monsieur La Brie and the French girl entered the villa, and when she could do so safely, she crept back to her room. She was cold and stiff from the night-air and her cramped position; but forgot all smaller grievances while her mind was filled with the two facts she had learned—there was something wrong in her father's will, and she was to start for Paris on the following day!

There was no time left her in which she might appeal to her lover. True, he would be at the villa at ten o'clock next day, but what might not happen before his arrival? In the happy time she had spent with him, she had forgotten to ask where he was staying, and not knowing his address, she could not send a message to him. There was no time for consideration; she realized that she must act for herself, and act at once.

She dressed herself for a journey, packed a satchel with a few necessaries, and, after secreting Monsieur Eugenie's visiting-cards in her pocket, she crept downstairs and out of the house.

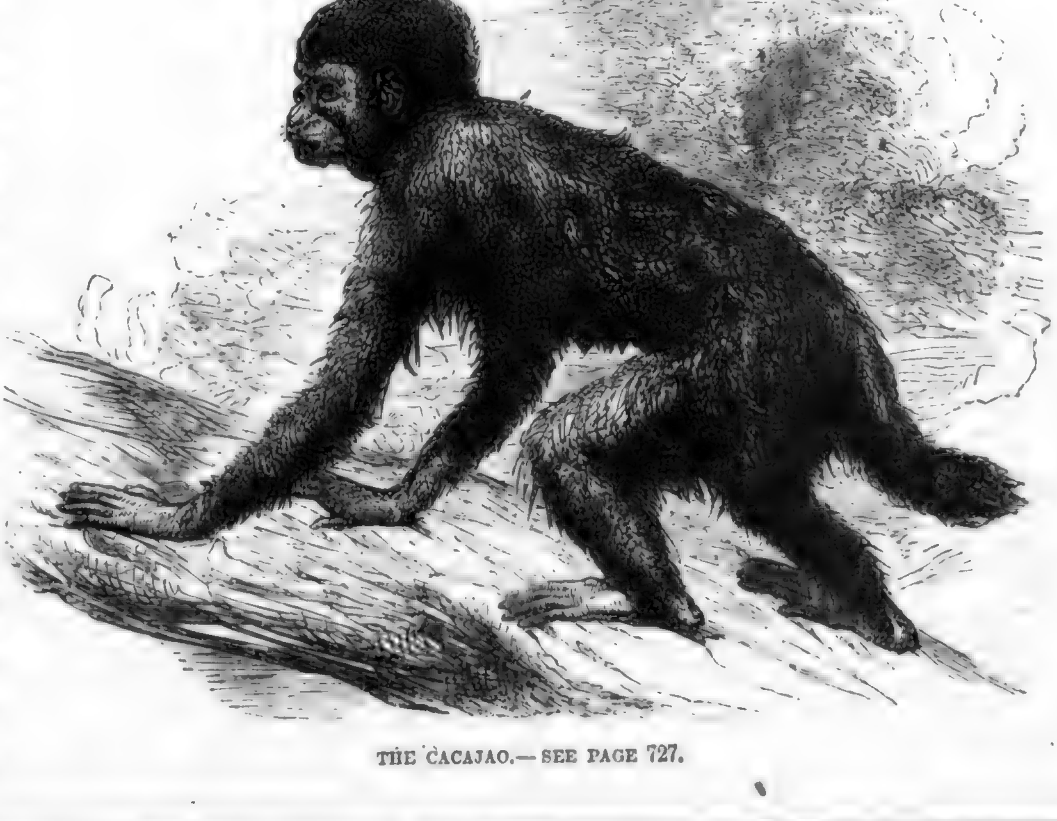
She had scarcely realized what she was doing until she was out of doors, in the black, lonesome night. She intended to take the midnight train for New York, if she could reach it in time, and then to travel home to Cloverport as fast as steam would carry her.

She was obliged to walk to the depot, for there were no public vehicles to be hired at that hour; and, as she was not a strong-minded woman, it must be confessed that she was terribly afraid in the darkness, and hurried on, pursued by a thousand foolish fears.

She was white and exhausted when she reached the station.

The place was almost deserted; but two or three gentlemen who were strolling about the platform looked at her curiously as she hurried by.

She bought her ticket and found her way into the



THE CACAJAO.—SEE PAGE 727.

train. The gentlemen she had seen went into the smoking-car, and, as she was left alone, she indulged in a little fit of crying.

She was the only passenger in the car she occupied; and, as there were no sleeping-coaches on the train, she realized that she would have to remain sitting during the rest of the night.

She had been crying under her vail for some minutes, when some one entered the car and touched her arm.

She supposed the conductor had come for her ticket, and she offered it without turning her tear-stained face toward him.

Instead of her ticket, however, her hand was taken, and, facing him suddenly, she broke out into a hysterical little cry; for it was Guy Howard who stood before her.

He had been at the station with some friends, who were starting homeward that night. He had seen her enter the train, and had followed her to take care of her.

He gave her time to recover her self-possession before he asked any questions. Then she told him all she had heard at the villa that night; told him that she was sure her father's will had been tampered with, and that she was now going to Cloverport, to tell her story, in the county court where the will was recorded.

She must know the truth at last, she said, and she must also escape from Madame La Brie, who was bent on dragging her off to Paris.

When she had finished her story, she felt that inexpressible relief which a woman feels when she shifts her burdens upon the shoulders of the man she trusts.

There was no one but a sleepy brakeman near them, and Guy Howard made a proposition which would have greatly horrified Madame La Brie, and which certainly startled Inez Stafford.

"My dear," he said, "you were kind to me to-day, and promised to marry me at the end of the year, and since then I have wished that this was the month of December instead of May. Fate has also been kind to me, and has taken matters into her own hands. She has made us elope, whether you would or not. You may as well yield to the inevitable and marry me to-morrow, for I am going every inch of your journey with you. You almost escaped me once to-night, but I will never give you such another opportunity. I am going to make Madame La Brie powerless to bring you back again, for I must be your guardian—your husband—as soon as we reach New York."

At first she would not hear of it; but he was a good talker and she loved him. Was it strange that in the end she yielded to his wish?

* * * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Howard spent their "honeymoon" in Cloverport.

While there, Guy Howard was indefatigable in his search for evidence concerning the forgery, and his efforts were successful.

He learned at the county court that the executrix and one of the witnesses had proved the will before it was recorded, and this witness was Monsieur Eugene La Brie!

Mr. Howard consulted with the attorney who had drawn up the will, and in whose writing the entire document appeared to be written.

He recollected the will perfectly, but denied all knowledge of the codicil. Fortunately the remaining witness was easily found, and he declared that his signature to the codicil had been forged.

It could be easily proved that Monsieur and Madame La Brie were guilty of forgery, but it puzzled Mr. Howard to know why they had not gone further with their scheme, and had the money divert to themselves in case Inez had not been easily controlled.

Perhaps they feared to act upon this plan, lest they should be detected. Inez would undoubtedly visit her old home, and would probably visit the attorney and the other witnesses who knew the facts of the case, and she might become informed of the forgery.

Mr. Howard was leaving the court one day, when he unexpectedly encountered the French maid, Natalie. He knew her at once, having seen her with Inez at Newport.

"I have come a long way to help Monsieur Howard with his lawsuit," she said, composedly. "If monsieur will be generous to me, I will give him much valuable information."

"I have already heard your story without paying for it," he replied, coldly. "My wife heard you rehearse it to Monsieur La Brie on the balcony at Newport. You have wasted time and money by coming here."

"Not so, monsieur," she told him, showing her white teeth and dropping her eyes.

He could not endure the sight of this subtle, cat-like woman.

"Madame La Brie paid me well to follow her ward and to report what is being done in Cloverport. Madame is a very clever woman, and keeps herself well informed. She and Monsieur Eugene are now *en route* for Paris."

"There you are mistaken," he said. "They have both been detained by the strong hand of the law. They will be here to-morrow to answer to the charge of forgery."

The trial had occupied but a few days, when Guy returned from the court-room with news for his wife.

"My dear," he said, "these French people have not a ghost of a chance of proving themselves innocent. The evidence against them is so overwhelming that no one has a doubt of their guilt. They have absolutely no case at all."

She did not speak immediately.

"Do you know that this is bad news to me?" she asked, at length. "I cannot bear to begin my new life by ruining two people and sending them to prison."

"What!" he cried, playfully. "Tears in my wife's eyes because these conspirators have not succeeded in robbing her! I believe you would be glad to know that they had escaped the punishment which they so richly deserve."

"Yes," she answered.

"My foolish little wife, you must dry your eyes, for you have your wish. Madame and Monsieur La Brie did not appear in court to-day. When the matter was inquired into, it was discovered that they had recognized the hopelessness of their case, and, forfeiting their bail, had run away so as to escape their punishment."

"They will *not* escape punishment," she said. "Madame has been a leader of fashion, a sort of solar light, about which five hundred smaller planets revolved. She will have to give up her home, her position in society, and will be a fugitive. Eugene La Brie will have a similar experience. Is there not punishment enough in all this?"

"Perhaps there is, Mrs. Wiseacres," he replied. "But now let us dismiss these conspirators from our minds, and talk of our own plans and prospects. Are you almost ready to return home with me?"

She drew nearer to him.

"I am ready now," she said. "I ran away from my last guardian, but I am willing to follow my new one, if need be, to the uttermost parts of the earth."

WANDERINGS OF ALVAR NUNEZ CABEZA DE VACA.

Cabeza de Vaca was treasurer to the expedition sent under Pamfilode Narvaez, the would-be superseder of Cortes, to conquer and take possession of all Florida between the River Palmas and Cape Sable. It sailed in the year 1527, consisting of five ships and six hundred men, and it reached Dominica in safety, where it left one hundred and forty men ; after which it proceeded to Santiago de Cuba.

Here Narvaez, looking about for men, victuals, and horses, met with one Porcallo, who promised him a good adventure if he would come with him as far as Trinidad de Cuba, about three hundred miles along the coast. Narvaez sailed at once, but staying behind with four ships at Vera Cruz (the cape at the end of the Cobra Mountain), he sent on one Captain Pantoxa with one ship to get the goods, and sent our hero, Alvar Nuñez, as treasurer, to see after him ; which was the cause of Alvar Nuñez being close to the centre of the greatest cyclone which had been met with since the discovery of America, as is proved by the certificates got from him by the inhabitants, and shown to the King of Spain.

Cabeza de Vaca happened to be on shore when it came on to blow, and was unable to get on board his ship. The wind grew worse and worse all Sunday, and on Sunday night attained its greatest horror. There was no shelter, for both houses and churches had fallen before the blast, and the fragments were flying into the forest ; seven or eight men would go staggering about aimlessly in the darkness, dreading instant death, and holding on by one another to steady themselves against the wind. In the darkness of that wild Sunday night they heard noises, as of devils, in the storm—bells, flutes, drums, and other instruments ; but the longest night has its day, and on Monday morning they went down to the harbor.

Nullum in conspectu navem ! Only some of their furniture in the water, whereby they knew that they were cast away. They walked along the coast, but there was nothing to be found ; and so they turned from the ruined shore to the ruined forest, and about three-quarters of a mile from the surf found a boat on some trees, which gave them a hint of what had happened. But walking some thirty miles along the shore, Alvar found two men of his ship under the ruins of some houses, but so changed by bruising that he could not identify them ; also he found a friar's habit and a torn coverlet. For the rest, nothing whatever. Sixty men had been on board the two ships, and for them mother, sweetheart, and wife, must wait until the judgment-day.

The thirty men who had come on shore with Cabeza de Vaca and Pantoxa were all saved, but they had to live in the miserable and wasted country, as best they might, until the admiral arrived with four other ships. After some time he came, and they were relieved.

The hurricane, however, had such an effect on the minds of the crews of the four surviving ships, that they earnestly prayed the Admiral Henriquez not to put to sea during that winter. He yielded, and sent Cabeza de Vaca to winter at Sagua, twelve leagues further. Here they staid from the 5th of November to the 20th of February.

Narvaez finally landed in Florida, and began to penetrate into the interior in search of gold ; but disaster befell him, his vessels were wrecked, and nearly the whole party perished in the attempt, which they made in rudely constructed batteaux, to reach Mexico. Dauphin Island, near Biloxi Bay, was found so full of human bones, one hundred and fifty years after, that the French called it Massacre Island, and here many suppose the last of Narvaez's people perished. But not all.

Three men survived—Cabeza de Vaca, Dorantes, and Estevanico, a negro—and they set their faces resolutely toward the setting sun, and traveled on from tribe to tribe, received as great medicine-men, and really curing many, till at last they crossed the Continent, and reached a Spanish settlement, in Sonora, with the strange tale of all they had seen ; and, strangest of all, the New Mexican pueblos, stories high, with their door on the roof, and the staircase ladders on the outside.

Their narrative, scarcely credited at first, led to explorations which planted a Spanish colony in New Mexico, while Raleigh was trying to colonize Virginia.

But Cabeza de Vaca took no part in this. He was busy in South America, where his name was identified with the early settlement of the Argentine Republic.

THE CACAJAO.

The cacajoa is conspicuous by reason of its black head and short tail.

When this animal was first discovered, it was thought that the tail had been docked either by some accident or by the teeth of the monkey itself, as is the custom with so many of the long-tailed monkeys of the old world. But the natives of the country where it lives assert that its brevity of tail is a distinctive character of the species. Indeed, among the many names which have been given to the cacajao, one of them, "Mono Rabon," or short-tailed mono, refers to this peculiarity. On account of the very short tail, and the general aspect of the animal, the cacajao is supposed by some naturalists to be the American representative of the magot.

The head of the creature is not only remarkable for its black hue, but for its shape, which, instead of being rounded, as is the case with most monkeys, is slightly flattened at the temples. The general color of the fur is a bright yellowish-brown, the only exceptions being the head and forepaws, which are black. The ears are devoid of hair, are very large in proportion to the size of the animal, and have something of the human character about them. The length of the head and body is said to reach nearly two feet in full-grown animals, and the tail is from three to five inches long.

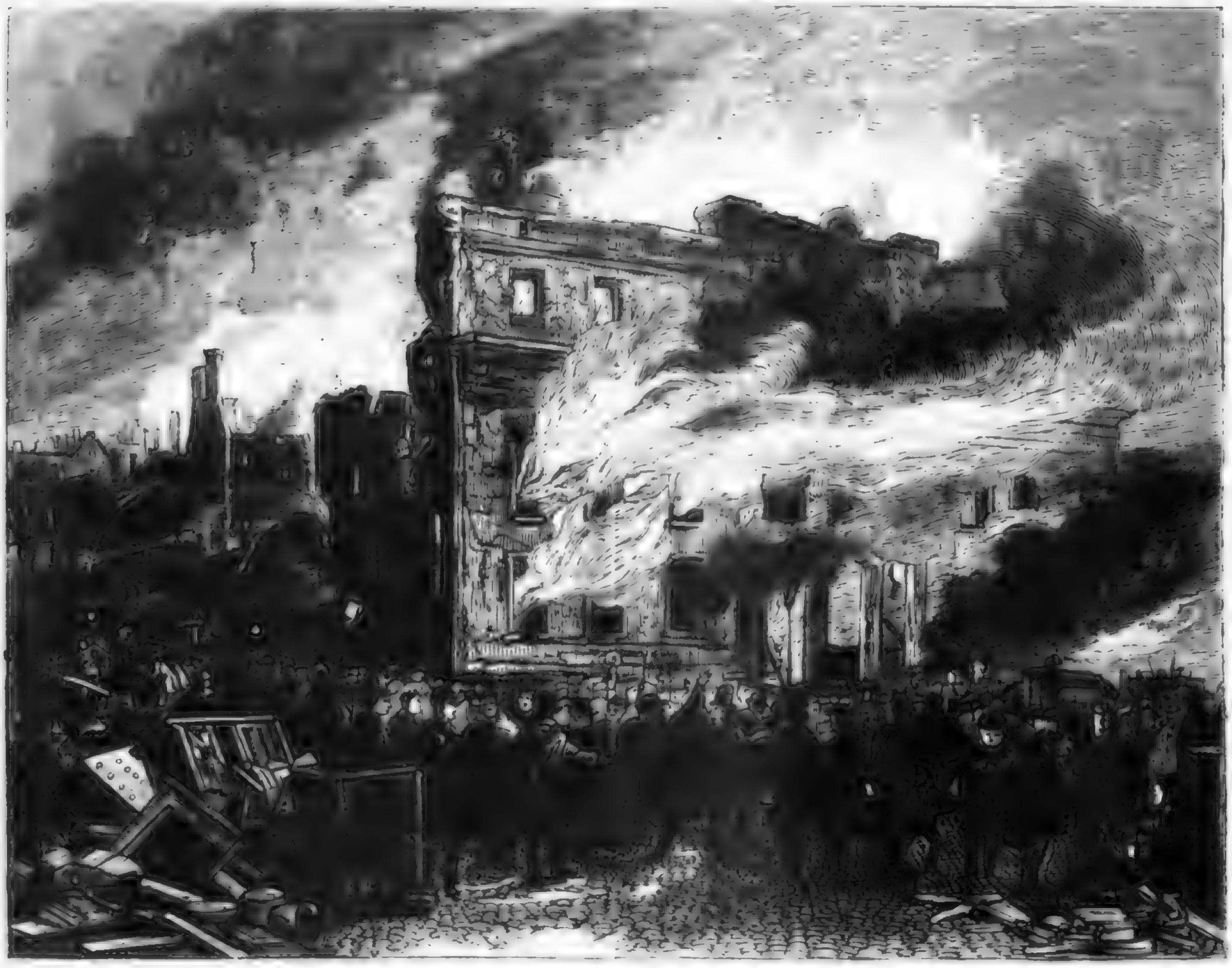
Very little is known of the habits of the cacajao in a wild state, but in captivity it bears the character of being a very inactive and very docile animal. Fruits seem to be its favorite diet, and when eating them it has a habit of bending over its food in a very peculiar attitude.

Among the names by which this monkey is known, we may mention "Mono-feo," or hideous black monkey, chucuto, chucuzo and caruiri. The term "Melanocephala," signifies black-headed, while the word "Leucocephala," which is applied to the yarke, signifies white-headed.

It seems to be a timid as well as a quiet animal, as a cacajao which had been domesticated displayed some alarm at the sight of several small monkeys of its own country, and trembled violently when a lizard or serpent was brought before its eyes.

The localities where it is most generally found are the forests which border the Rivers Negro and Cassiquiare, but it does not seem to be very plentiful even in its own land.

XUM



THE GREAT FIRE OF 1835—THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE IN FLAMES.

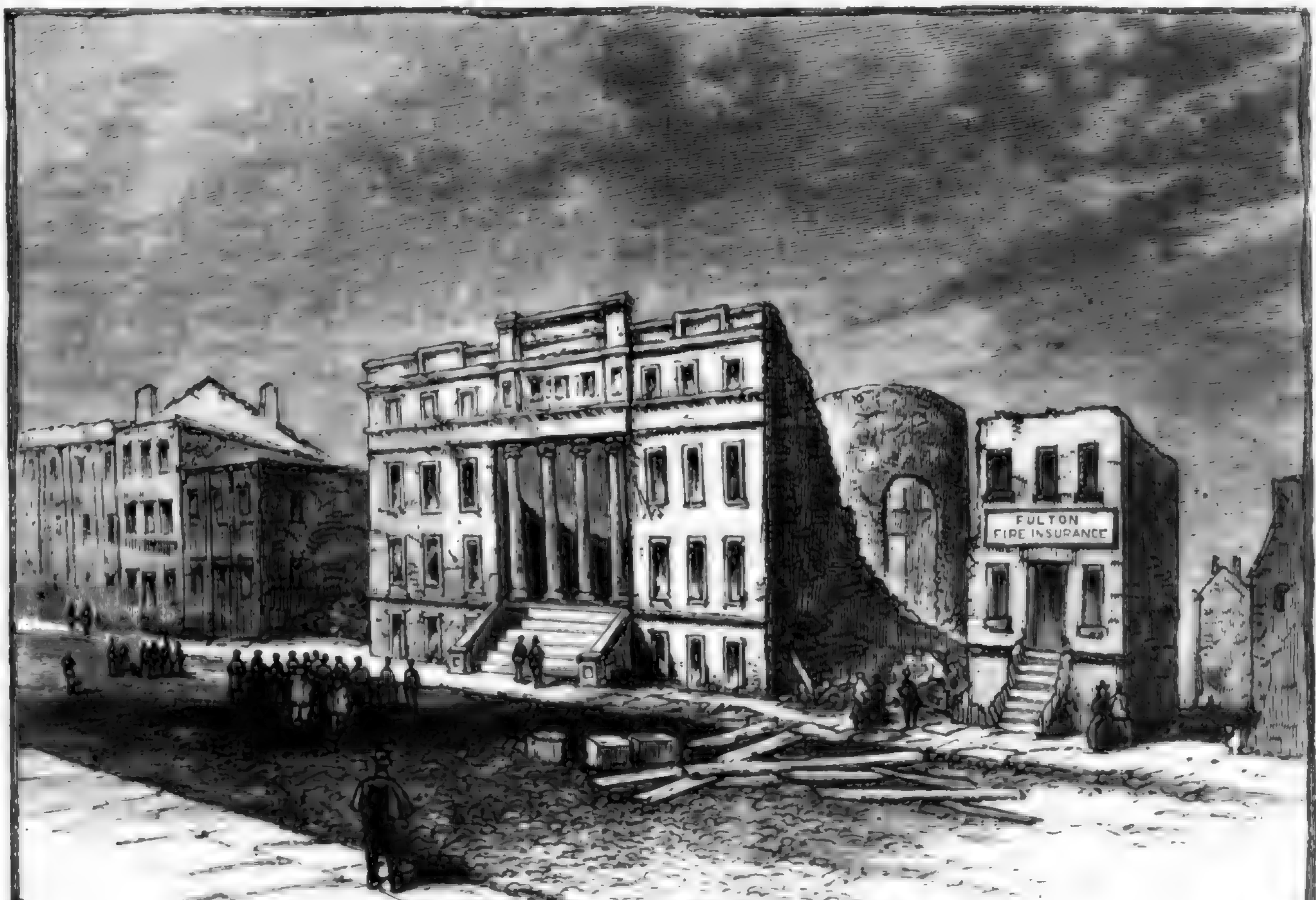
NEW YORK CITY—ITS MISFORTUNES AND ITS LITERATURE.

By Evert A. Duyckinck.

Every great city has its especial record of calamity and misfortune ; of war, pestilence, civil commotion, and desolation by fire. From none of these has New York been exempt. Her experience in war has been related in her Revolutionary history. Happily, she has been but lightly touched by civil disorder. With the exception of the draft riots of 1863, there has been nothing, in the occasional disturbances of the peace which have arisen, beyond a momentary collision of interests or prejudices, or the exhibition of a less excusable spirit of lawlessness, and these have readily succumbed to the ordinary government of the city. The draft riots were exceptional in their character, and would doubtless have been checked on the instant, had not advantage been taken of the absence, at the seat of war, of the entire militia force. When that was recalled—indeed, before its arrival—order was re-established. The visitations of pestilence, borne by invisible agencies, are less under control than the violence of man ; but here, also, it may be believed that increasing knowledge of the laws of health, with the enforcement of sanitary regulations under improved government, have limited, and will still further prevent, the encroachments of disease. Certain it is that in its earlier history New York appeared doomed periodically to the visitation, in its virulent form, of that fell scourge of the tropics, the yellow fever, which has long since been held under control, or warded off from our shores, by quarantine regulations. The closing decade of the last century was marked by its greatest ravages, in 1791, in 1795, and particularly in 1798, when, its terror being increased by past experience, it caused a general suspension of business and depopulation of the city. The wealthy fled from the contagion ; the churches were nearly all closed —Trinity and the Methodist Chapel in John Street, however, as in the years of the Revolution, were kept open. At that time the sufficiently remote suburbs of Greenwich and Bloomingdale became the temporary homes of the citizens. From July to November the deaths numbered about two thousand in a population of about fifty thousand, a fearful ratio. At no subsequent time has this disease visited the city with such terrible effect. It has probably seldom in any Summer season been a stranger to the shipping from the West Indies, in the introduction of scattered cases to our hospitals ; but, with the exception of the visitation in 1823, it has excited but little alarm in the city. When it then broke out with some virulence, in the rear of Trinity Churchyard, the consternation of 1798 was revived. The business parts of the city, confined to the lower Wards, were again deserted. Wall Street was abandoned, the banks and Custom House being removed to Greenwich Village, long since absorbed in the city's growth, and the infected district was separated by barriers of non-intercourse, erected under the direction of the Board of Health. The precautions taken doubtless controlled the spread of the disease, the number of deaths to the time of its disappearance with the frosts of November being but two hundred and forty. Since that time the yellow fever, as an epidemic, has not been known in New York. The year 1832, however, brought a still more formidable successor in the Asiatic cholera, which, traversing the world on the wings of the wind, by an undiscovered law of development enhancing its terrors to the imagination, defied the efforts of quarantine, though it proved by no means insensible to sanitary regulation. It afterward visited the city in 1834, in 1849, in 1854, and in 1866, but with diminished force. Peculiarly a disease of the East, yet capable of being fomented in other latitudes by neglect of the laws of health, its occasional presence is a constant warning of the necessity of the maintenance in the city of a vigilant sanitary police.

The losses by fire in New York have undoubtedly in the aggregate been very great. Indeed, for a time, New York had an ill reputation from the frequency of these conflagrations. Twice, in addition to the two great fires during the possession of the island by the British, has a large portion of its business districts been utterly destroyed: in the Winter of 1835, on the night of the 16th of December, and in the Summer of 1845, on the 19th of July, both occurring under extremes of temperature, the severity of the cold being most disastrous in its effect. The area of the first conflagration covered an important portion of the First Ward of the city, then occupied by the chief importers, and stored with the most costly merchandise. Wall Street was burnt on the south side, including the Merchants' Exchange on the site of the present Custom House, from William Street to South Street; South, Front, and Pearl Streets, from Wall Street to Coenties Slip; William Street, from Wall to South; Stone Street, Beaver Street, Exchange Place, with its old Garden Street Church, and the contiguous streets to the vicinity of Broad Street. More than six hundred buildings were destroyed, and property, it was estimated, to the amount of seventeen millions of dollars, involving the ruin of most of the insurance companies of the city. In the fire of 1845, which ravaged the lower part of Broadway, Exchange Place, Beaver, Marketfield, Mill, Stone, Whitehall, New, and Broad Streets, nearly three hundred and fifty buildings were destroyed, and merchandise valued at about five millions of dollars. The substitution, in 1865, of a paid fire department for the old voluntary system, with the general introduction of steam fire-engines, with the more stringent regulations in regard to the solid construction of buildings, may be expected to render such extensive conflagrations in New York impossible in the future.

We have seen the conduct of New York, her sacrifices in the hour of trial in the War of Independence, and her readiness to confront others when the security of her harbor was threatened in the second war with England. A third season of trial came, when the test was the strength of patriotism and the moral courage to rely on the great political principles which supported the commonwealth of the nation. During the opening scenes of the great rebellion of 1861, New York, intent on her interests of trade and commerce, might have been supposed by an indifferent spectator to have been careless of the great results involved in the impending struggle. The mercantile character is conservative, dreads change; its calculations are based upon existing facts, and it will endure much before it enlists itself upon the side of revolution. On the other hand, it is tenacious of right and justice, and when these principles, so essential to its safety, are invaded, it will, at the expense of great immediate sacrifices, rise to assert them. The South, in its rebellion, relied much upon the support, or at least the



RUINS OF THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF 1835.

indifference, of New York; and it must be admitted that on the surface there was much to sustain her calculations, just as there was something previous to the Revolution to encourage the presumption of the British authorities. Politically the city may be said to have favored the South. Its Democracy, under the leadership of Mayor Wood, who had been recently re-elected, was favorable to her pretensions. Compromise measures were proposed and advocated, in a spirit of deference and submission, while the enemy was openly purchasing arms in her warehouses, which the mayor insisted, in the face of Northern opposition, upon forwarding to their destination. The conspirators at Montgomery, confident in the sovereignty of King Cotton, overlooked the danger which lay before them at New York, hitherto so pliant in their hands. If they had not been blinded by these arguments of selfishness, always short-sighted, they might have seen that they were attempting to strike at the prosperity of the city a fatal blow which would arouse its energies in opposition, to the uttermost.

The fortunes of New York lie in the unity of the nation. Her voice is for free, unfettered trade, and though obliged to submit to many restrictions in her foreign commerce, from the policy of a burdensome tariff, she has, perhaps, on this account learnt better to appreciate the advantages of free trade at home over the vast area of the continent. To submit to a division of the Union would be to consent to the imposition of a thousand fetters in trade; and for this, on the score of self-interest, New York, when the question was fairly presented, had no liking. Moreover, the chivalrous spirit of an excitable people became aroused, when it was found that their sympathies, their passions, their very life-being, were all in union with the grandeur of the Republic. They would yield anything for harmony within the state; they would sacrifice everything to preserve it in its entirety. So, when the cannon of South Carolina were directed against Fort Sumter, the City of New York threw all indecision to the winds, and was emphatically on the side of the National Government. One of the grandest sights ever witnessed within her limits was the great popular meeting held at Union Square, on the afternoon of the 20th of April, one week after the fall of Sumter. That short space of time had served to merge all oppositions of party in one common cause. It was no longer for the moment Republican or Democrat, but all for the country. The flag of the Union was hoisted, by order of Archbishop Hughes, on the tower of the Cathedral, a prompt surrender of all party political prejudice to the paramount interests of the nation; at various stands, speakers, representatives of all parts of the nation, addressed the vast assembly: Senator Baker, of Oregon, and Prof. Mitchell, of Kentucky, who gave their lives to the country; Walker, of Mississippi, long identified with Southern statesmanship; Dix, the late Secretary of the Treasury, who had made himself a name by his order respecting the revenue service—"If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot"; Coddington, of New York, the energy of whose nature found vent in words prophetic of battles; Senator Dickinson; the German, Frederick Kapp; and not least that day, the mayor of the city, Fernando Wood, whose fiery speech savored little of the recent apologetic message with which he had met the bravado of Toombs, of Georgia. The flag of Sumter, brought to the spot, enveloped the statue of Washington, and Major Anderson and his staff were present at the meeting. The occasion might well be one to provoke feeling, for New York was already sending forth her sons to the war, and the hearts of parents were throbbing with emotions unknown before to the present generation.

On the previous afternoon the Seventh Regiment had left the city, more than one thousand strong, accompanied to the wharf by a concourse of their friends and relatives, on their way to Baltimore, hastening to avenge the attack by the mob upon the troops from Massachusetts. The next day, Sunday, was to witness the departure for the seat of war of three city regiments, to be followed immediately by five others. New York was promptly answering the call of the President. There was serious work in all this, for the city felt the responsibility, and proved herself superior to pleasure-loving ease on the one hand and idle vanity or bravado on the other. There was a noble patriotic duty for her to perform, and henceforth, in spite of all opposition and discouragements, we find her undivided energies at the service of the state. Upon her rested not only the furnishing large quotas of men, but the chief supply of the pecuniary means of carrying on the war. Nor were her humanitarian exertions less conspicuous in remedying the inevitable sufferings of the soldiers in the field. Simultaneously with the first departure of troops from the city, an organization was formed by a number of ladies for the relief of the sick and wounded, the Women's Central Association, out of which grew the United States Sanitary Commission, an institution unprecedented in the extent and efficiency of its beneficent work, supported and maintained by private effort, while it acted with the sanction and in co-operation with the military authorities. It was formally authorized by Congress early in June; the Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, was placed at its head as president, and under his personal exertions, in journeying from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in which his generous nature and inspiring eloquence everywhere found willing hearts, this noble association expanded in vast undertakings of charity commensurate with the gigantic war. It was truly a national work, deriving its support from all parts of the country in allegiance to the Government. Subscriptions flowed into its treasury from all sides. Fairs which assumed extraordinary proportions were held in the leading cities. That held in the City of New York, in a special building erected for the purpose, covering the northern area of Union Square, brought in a return, after the payment of all expenses, of over a million dollars.* By the side of this was developed the United States Christian Commission, supported by the Young Men's Christian Association and the United States Union Commission, both of which were organized in the City of New York. Mr. Vincent Colyer, an artist of New York, since honorably distinguished by his employment under the Government in Indian affairs in the West, was the head of the Christian Commission. It may be said to have grown out of his disinterested personal exertions. The local institutions confined to the city, for aid and comfort to the soldiers, were also numerous. The aggregate of these free-will offerings throughout the nation was estimated by Horace Greeley at five hundred millions of dollars.

With the militia which left New York for the defense of the capital at the beginning of the war was a volunteer regiment, the first in the field, recruited from the firemen of the city by Colonel Ellsworth. In the first occupation of Alexandria, on the morning of May 24th, while leading his men, the colonel's attention was attracted by the Confederate flag flying from the summit of a hotel. In a few moments, accompanied by several friends, he was on the roof of the building; the flag was cut down on the instant, and as Ellsworth was descending an upper stairs, bearing it with him, he was met by the keeper of the house, who discharged a double-barreled gun at his breast. The colonel was killed on the instant, and, as he fell, Private Brownell, of the regiment, promptly avenged his death in a fatal shot at the assassin.

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* The receipts were $1,351,275; the net income, $1,181,506.

The remains of Ellsworth, after funeral services at the President's mansion at Washington, were brought to New York, and carried in an imposing procession through the city on the way to the birthplace of the deceased (Mechanicsville) in the State. This was the first funeral procession of the war in the city, to be followed by many others, among them two (Winthrop and O'Brien) who had gone forth with the favorite Seventh Regiment, allied in literary achievement, in youthful enthusiasm, as in a common death upon the field. Meanwhile, the city freely continued its offerings of men and treasure. More than eighty thousand volunteers, says the message of the patriotic Mayor Opdyke, who had succeeded Wood, were sent by her to the war during the first two years, and money contributions in various ways made to the Government of not less than three hundred millions of dollars.

As the war went on, it developed the inevitable issue of the abolition of slavery, formally registered by the Emancipation Proclamation, taking effect on the 1st of January, 1863. This was at the critical period of the war, when its burdens were most oppressive and the enemy in greatest force. The City of New York, in common with other parts of the country, felt the pressure. Party opposition, which had been silenced, shrinking abashed before the sacrifices of the nation, now asserted itself, and assumed its boldest front in the night of darkness, happily preceding the dawn of victory. The struggle came in New York in the Summer of 1863. In the month of June of that year its militia regiments, numbering about eight thousand men, were sent to Pennsylvania to resist the advance of Lee, on the eve of the turning-point of the war, the decisive victory of Gettysburg. Simultaneously with this movement was set on foot, as an absolute necessity of the Government for its preservation, the draft enrollment, authorized by Congress in the last hours of its closing session in March. The enrollment had been made in New York, and the draft, deferred to the last moment, was ordered for the 11th of July. It was commenced in the city at the appointed time, in one of the districts, at a building on the corner of Third Avenue and Forty-sixth Street, and continued without interruption during the day, though not without symptoms of opposition on the part of the laboring classes, upon whom the burden fell with the greatest force. The next day being Sunday, pause was given for co-operation, and early on Monday an organized effort to resist the draft was apparent. Workmen at factories and buildings were compelled by moving bands to leave their work, and a large body of men were thus disengaged from their usual occupation, and ready to swell the crowds which thronged to the buildings where the draft was going on. It had scarcely been resumed at Third Avenue and Forty-sixth Street when the house was invaded by the mob, who destroyed the furniture and drove the officers with violence from the premises. The building was then set on fire, and the whole block consumed, the insurgents forbidding any efforts of the Fire Department for its preservation. A violent prejudice, which had been fomented by the partisan newspaper attacks upon the Emancipation Proclamation, was now directed against the negro population. The Colored Half-orphan Asylum, on Fifth Avenue at Forty-fourth Street, occupied by several hundred destitute children, was attacked in the afternoon, and being without defense, the inmates were driven in terror from the building, which was pillaged and burnt. Everywhere negroes began to be hunted and persecuted; they were driven from their occupations, their houses were assailed in the night, many in their terror fled from the city, and others found shelter in the homes of courageous citizens; twelve, it is stated, were brutally murdered. In one instance a poor victim was hung to a tree and a fire kindled beneath him. The mob also set fire to the office of the draft at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street. It was burned with the contiguous stores, which were plundered of their contents. During the two following days the mob was in the ascendant, perpetrating many deeds of personal violence, plundering and exacting contributions in various parts of the city, from house to house. The railways were broken up, stores were closed, and labor generally suspended. All this while the police, to the full extent of its ability, was effectively employed, and active measures were taken by the Mayor, Governor, and military authorities. The militia were recalled from Pennsylvania. General Wool, in command of the Department, and under him General Harvey Brown, directed the movements of the Federal troops at hand. There were various contests with the mob, which resulted in their overthrow and dispersion, the rioters suffering fearfully from the fire of the troops.

This was the last serious disturbance in the city during the war, if we except the fruitless effort made by a small band of rebel agents, in November, 1864, to fire the chief hotels and public buildings. Lodgings were taken by these conspirators, who applied inflammables in their several rooms, and also to a portion of Barnum's Musum, but the fires were put out before any considerable damage was done. Robert Kennedy, one of the conspirators, was arrested, and suffered death as the penalty of his crime. In the latter part of the war the citizens were occupied in efforts largely directed by the Union League Club, founded early in 1863, in forwarding volunteers and generally alleviating the hardships of the conflict. The tragic death of President Lincoln, following closely upon the surrender of Lee, in April, 1865, produced a profound impression in New York. On the arrival of the intelligence, instantly, as if by a concerted signal, the stores were clothed in mourning, and everywhere the deepest feeling was exhibited. The day was also signally honored which saw his remains borne through the city, on their way to their last resting-place at his home in Illinois.

The topic of literature would appear to be too comprehensive to be drawn within the limits of this sketch. Indeed, we find that it has been generally omitted by those who have attempted the history of New York. Yet it is far too distinctive to be overlooked, though we cannot here do more than glance at a few prominent characteristics. The period of the colonization by the Dutch may well be supposed to have been too busy for authorship, yet it had its men of learning. Van der Donck, who published the "Representation from New Netherland," describing the products and inhabitants of the country; Megapolensis, who has left us a tract on the Indians; the writer of the satirical "Broad Advice to the United Netherland Provinces"; while poetry, even, was represented by Jacob Steendam and Henricus Selyns, whose verses were brought to light and translated for English readers, by the antiquarian zeal and affection of the late Hon. Henry C. Murphy. The

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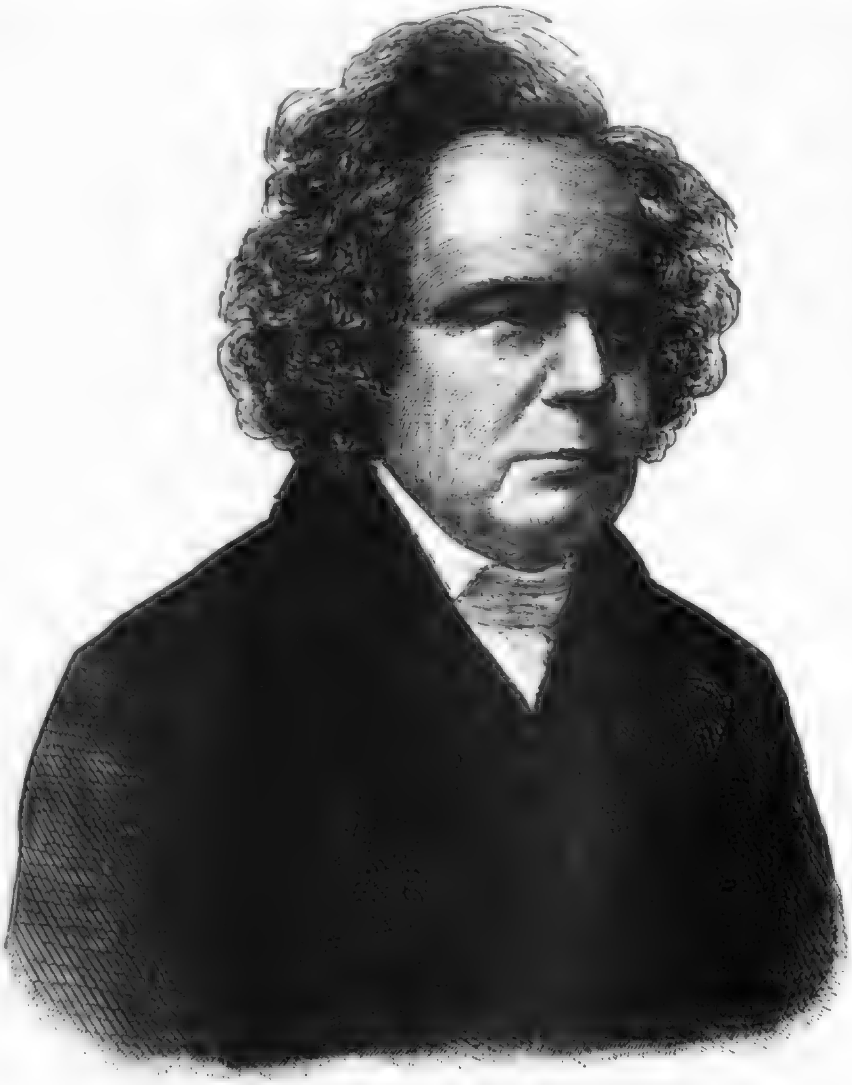
former of these two versifiers, an adventurer who came from Holland about the middle of the seventeenth century, sent home to the mother country in 1659 a poem, "The Complaint of New Netherland," a personification of the colony, with a glance at its condition, and a lamentation over the encroachments of the English, which was followed two years after by a longer composition, "The Praise of New Netherland," a pamphlet in verse, a rather appetizing eulogy of the soil, climate and productions of the country. Domine Selyns, a notable character in the old religious history of the Province, left a volume in manuscript of quaint occasional verses, the most noticeable of which is an epithalamium on the marriage at Christmas of the Rev. Egidius Luyck, the Latin schoolmaster of Manhattan, to the fair Judith Van Isendoorn; a wound of Cupid which the poet ingeniously connects with the recent murders committed by the Indians at Esopus. There was also Narcissus de Sille, a councilor in the administration of Governor Stuyvesant, who left a fragment or two of moral and religious verse.



DOCTOR JOHN W. FRANCIS.

With the English rule, and mainly toward its close, after Bradford and his successors had established the press in the city, grew up a body of writers of the legal profession whose essays and political lucubrations formed the solid, staple editorials of the newspapers of the period. Among these stands prominently forth as a diligent controversialist William Livingston, whose *Independent Reflector* has already been mentioned in relation to the attacks in its columns on Columbia College, and who was also a contributor to Hugh Gaine's *Mercury* and Holt's *Weekly Post Boy;* while his "Philosophic Solitude," published in 1747, gives him a place, the earliest, among the poets of New York. The learned and philosophic Lieutenant-governor Colden has a prior claim in prose for his "History of the Five Indian Nations," which appeared in 1727. The only other ante-Revolutionary poetical production, we believe, which can be claimed for New York, is "Vice; A Satire," dated 1774, written with a strong infusion of the manner of Pope by Gulian Verplanck, grand-uncle of the late Gulian Crommelin Verplanck.* With the Revolution came Philip Freneau, a native of New York city, whose verses, often hastily written, always exhibit talent, and in their humorous satire present a singularly interesting picture of the incidents of the times. The political literature generated by the conflict is worthily represented in the contributions of Jay and Hamilton to the *Federalist.* Gouverneur Morris illustrated the new era in several spirited orations, that delivered at the porch of old Trinity, on occasion of the funeral of Hamilton, in 1804, being the best remembered. After the Revolution the native muse seemed inclined to take wing, but somewhat heavily at first, and, as was to be expected, with a strong imitative propensity. A volume of poems of a plaintive domestic character was published in 1793. Samuel Low, of some talent in description; Richard Bingham Davis, whose early death was much lamented; John Blair Linn, author of "The Powers of Genius"; and Harwood, the actor, are remembered for their volumes of verse published in the early years of the century. Dunlap, of whose various writings — dramatic, biographic and historical —we have already had occasion to speak, though painting was his profession, was among the first in the city to exhibit much activity in authorship. He was in his youth associated with a club of intellectual companions, among whom were the brothers, Dr. Samuel and Edward Miller; James Kent, subsequently author of the "Commentaries on American Law"; and Charles Brockden Brown, then a resident of the city, whose first novels, "Wieland" and "Ormond," were published in New York in 1798 and the following year. Dr. Mitchill should not be forgotten among the pioneers of the liter-

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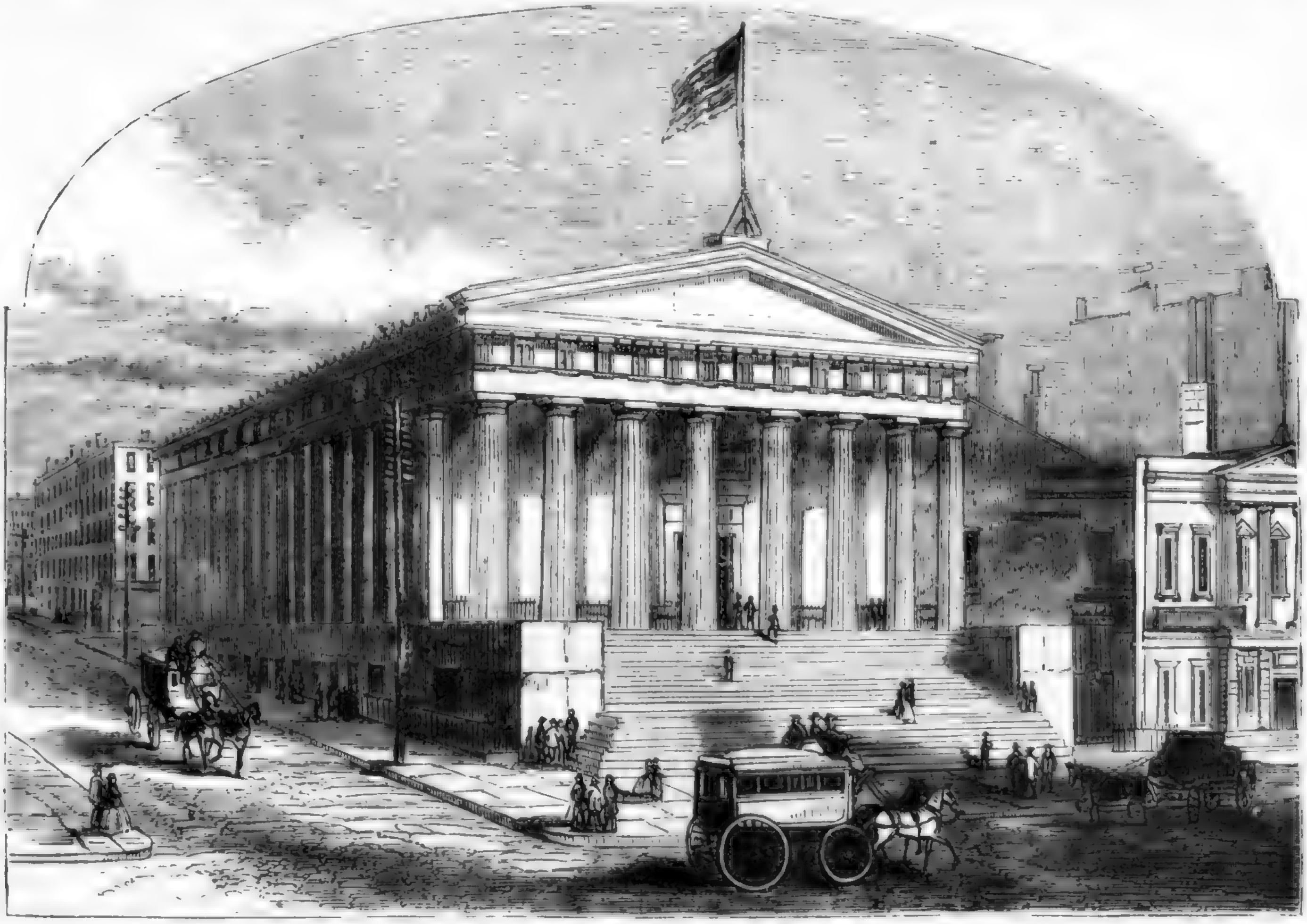
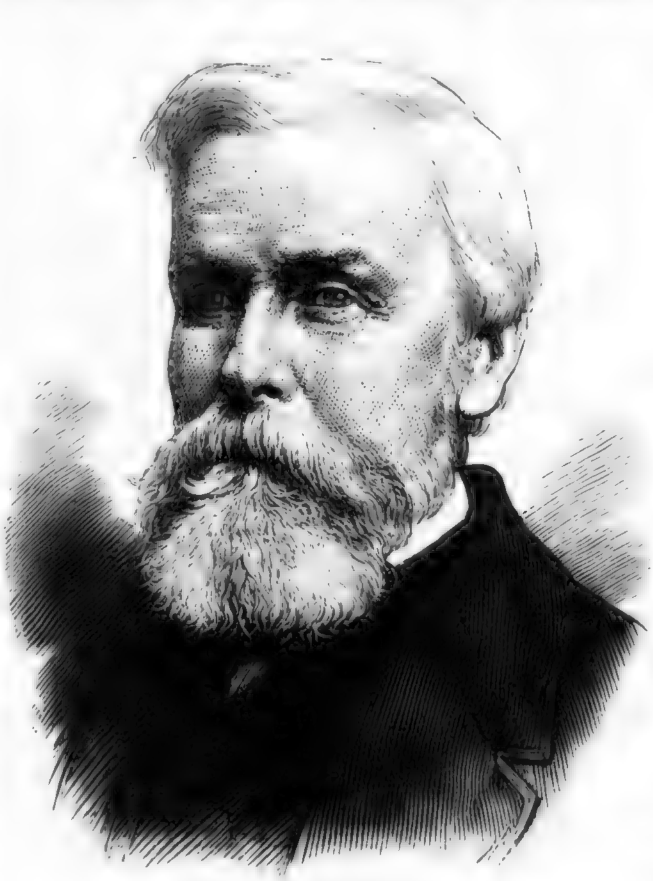
* The reader will find several pages of this production in the collection of specimens of fifty or more city poets in Charles Fenno Hoffman's "New York Book of Poetry," published in 1837.



THE NEW YORK CUSTOM HOUSE, NOW THE TREASURY BUILDING.

ary cultivation of Manhattan. The universality of his attainments, with the vivacity of his intellect, were exhibited in numerous lectures, discourses and orations, in his valuable "History of the Fishes of New York," and his poetical versions of the "Piscatory Eclogues" of the Neapolitan poet Sannazarius. The intellect of the city was also roused by the learned discourses of De Witt Clinton and the masterly pulpit eloquence of Dr. Mason. The author by profession was a being who could scarcely be said to have been produced at New York till Washington Irving, after a few years' devotion to the law and an unhappy experience in mercantile life, was led by his genius to the exclusive pursuit of literature. A new era in our literature dates from the appearance of "Salmagundi" in 1807. Here the rising genius of Washington Irving and James Kirke Paulding was exhibited to their countrymen. There was a spirit and freshness in these sketches of life in New York, a display of humor blended with pathos and sentiment, a reliance on native scenes and character, which separated them at once from the thousand and one imitations of the *Spectator* which they resembled only in form. "Knickerbocker's History of New York" followed two years after, an original work of art developing itself simply as the expression of the natural genius of Irving; for the first conception of this finished production was simply a parody of Dr. Mitchill's inoffensive "Picture of New York." This is, upon the whole, the most vigorous of the author's writings. Halleck, with his keen perception of vital power and energy, thought it his best. It is decidedly the most original of his compositions, overflowing with youthful vitality, polished in style, its hilarity tempered by an infusion of classic English reading. Grave critics — and Verplanck was unaccountably among them — affected to censure the work as an injurious burlesque of our annals; but time has shown the objection to be quite a misapprehension. The pleasant pages of "Diedrich Knickerbocker" may still be enjoyed with a perfect appreciation of the historic compositions of O'Callaghan and Brodhead. "Knickerbocker" has a humorous,



EVERT A. DUYCKINCK.

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mythical world of its own quite worthy of entrance as a relief to the jaded life of New Yorkers of the present day, and not incapable, in its genial satire, of affording them many a profitable lesson in the management of their domestic and corporate affairs. The public was not disappointed in the promise of "Salmagundi" and "Knickerbocker." The genius of Irving and Paulding unfolded itself in various forms of literary excellence, and never with greater success than when employed upon themes native or allied to the home of their youth.

Irving resided seventeen years abroad, and has been sometimes claimed as an English author; but the delightful books in which he has gathered so much of the practical life of the Fatherland, as "The Sketchbook," "Bracebridge Hall" and "Tales of a Traveler," have all their cheery reminiscences of the old Dutch humors of Manhattan, while the selection of Columbus and his company of voyagers for the work of his mature years shows the heart of the author still with his native land. Paulding never forgot it; his spirit of nationality is riant, rampant, and aggressive, and sometimes interrupts the flow of his genial descriptions of nature and the inventions of legendary New York, in which his pen always delighted. Verplanck, the companion-in-letters of Irving and Paulding, has the honor also of being associated with the early literary career in the city of William Cullen Bryant. With the lamented Robert C. Sands they formed the triumvirate of writers for the *Talisman*, the annual volumes of which, from 1827 to 1830, afford the best illustration for the time of the literature of New York. Bryant made his home in the city, at the age of thirty, in 1825, and almost immediately became connected with the editorship of the *Evening Post*, with which he was so long honorably identified. New York has no exclusive claims to the inspiration of his muse which belongs to his country and the world; but in her local annals few names can deserve better to be warmly remembered than that of Mr. Bryant. The more distinguished authors of New York have been happily linked together. The "Marco Bozzaris" of Halleck, his "Burns" and "Wyoming," first appeared in a city periodical edited by Mr. Bryant, published about 1826, though the author had acquired his enduring title to local fame by the publication, in conjunction with his friend Drake, of the "Croakers," which made their appearance during the Spring and Summer of 1819 in the *Evening Post*, then conducted by its founder, William Coleman. Never has satire been more genially administered than in these pleasant papers. The wit is pungent, the humor caustic, and both are sheathed in the melodious verse. The spiriting is done gently. It is the quick and unperceived, but not the less fatal, stroke of the keen Damascus scimeter. Any one who cares to read of the peccant follies of New York in the days of our fathers, of the pretenses of its editors, politicians, players, and fashionables, should peruse the "Croakers" and the kindred pages of "Fanny." It is a world quite separated from the earlier picture of city life in "Salmagundi," and quite as distinct from the weightier interests of the metropolis at present. We cannot afford to laugh as lightly now. In this retrospect the names of Woodworth, Morris, Noah, and Willis, should be remembered for the devotion of their talent to the topics of the town. With Theodore S. Fay, William L. Stone, Charles Fenno Hoffman, Dr. John W. Francis, and, more recently, Frederick S. Cozzens and George William Curtis, whose "Lorgnette" is not to be overlooked in this connection, they are all identified with the intellectual life of the city, which seems now to have outgrown the opportunity for the exercise of that individual personal interest and effort once so efficient in developing its welfare. Much of their work was, of course, accomplished through the press, which has now a hundred voices where it then had one. How rapid and extensive has been the development of this agency since Halleck summed up its powers in the "Croakers" fifty years ago:

> "In thee, immortal Lang! have all
> The sister graces met—
> Thou statesman, sage and editor
> Of the New York *Gazette*."

The *Gazette*, which had a long mercantile career of its own, has perished. It died when the public learnt to demand something more in a newspaper than the scant commercial returns and columns of advertisements which filled up the old journals. The *Evening Post*, which dates from the year 1801, always distinguished by talent; the *Commercial Advertiser*, and the *Journal of Commerce*, connect the last generation with the present. The other journals are of to-day; though, in the rapid progress of American life, the *Herald*, *Tribune*, and the later *Times* and *World*, are beginning to enjoy a venerable reputation. The daily press has absorbed much of the literary interest of the former "weeklies," which, however, have found a new secret of attractiveness in an immediate appeal to the eye by the agency of art. Thousands read the pictures in the illustrated papers where one cares to peruse a lengthy editorial dissertation.

We have now traversed the long track of NEW YORK IN THE PAST; we have touched lightly upon interests the consideration of which might have been pursued till this sketch was extended to volumes.

POMPEIAN CLEANLINESS.

A RECENT letter from Pompeii to the *American Architect*, says: One thing is difficult to conceive without seeing it, and that is the gorgeousness of the interiors of the private houses. The colors are now faded; the columns are broken; the mosaics of the floors are generally nearly destroyed; the fountains do not play; the flower-beds are destitute of flowers; yet, even as it is, one is continually amazed by the brilliant effect of the interior vistas. In one house the view from a triclinium across two courts, both surrounded by gayly-decorated Corinthian columns standing before walls painted from top to bottom in a variety of colors, is really dazing to the eyes. The old Pompeians lived in a rainbow atmosphere. Another striking thing is the absolute cleanliness. You may say that the dirt has all been taken away by the Italian Government. That is true; but it is quite evident that, in the old times, it never was there. Our modern houses are not made to be clean, as were the Pompeian residences. The walls, the floors, every corner of their homes, were finished with the most admirable workmanship. In their rooms no plaster ever fell, for it was of such excellent material, and so well put on, that it soon became like marble. They had no wooden walls, no cracks where dust could penetrate. Water for cleansing was found in every part of the house, and ran off through perfect drains. All the tables and bedsteads were of marble or bronze; even the well-curbs and the borders of the flower-beds were of hewn stone. Hygiene must have come naturally to the old Pompeian. He evidently had no chance to get a typhoidal attack. The only class of diseases he could not provide against was the eruptive, and one of these carried him off at last.

TEARS AND SMILES.

By Shirley Wynne.

NIGHT.

So dark, so sweet, so still!
And through the darkness softly falls the rain,
That, like a sound of weeping, seems to fill
All earth and heaven, while the faint blooms distill
Intenser fragrance, for those cool drops fain.

No bird is singing now,
No wakeful swallow stirs the nested eaves,
No restless fairy-pinioned winds allow
One fragile blossom trembling on the bough
To seek the ground, or move the slumb'ring leaves.

O mournful Summer night,
Weeping in silence while the careless sleep,
To hearts a-weary of the long daylight,
Who dared not moan when earth and air were bright,
How sweet it is to watch with thee and weep!

DAWN.

Into delicious blue
The dark clouds melt and vanish; one white star—
Sweet child of night—gleams like a drop of dew,
And fades into the dawn that hastes from far,
Where heav'n's clear sapphire portals stand ajar.

The birds begin to sing,
And in gay flight the wet leaves toss apart
That on the turf their shining crystals fling;
Fair sunbeams through the fir-trees upward dart,
And wide each eager flow'r unfolds its od'rous heart.

Upon the smiling earth
No mists, no shadows of past grief remain;
No Summer dawn had surely fairer birth!
And sweet it is, after night's tears and rain,
With the glad Heav'n-sent day to hope and smile again!

SIR GALAHAD

Sir Galahad sold newspapers for a living. Mr. Tennyson, in his "Idyls of the King," was probably not aware of this fact, as he makes no mention of it whatever.

Sir Galahad's father occupied select quarters on Blackwell's Island. One night, shortly before the occupancy of said quarters, he came home somewhat—indisposed.

Being denied the amusement of eating any supper, for the somewhat potent reason that there was no supper to eat, he occupied his leisure time in beating his wife.

It was for this pastime that the city supported him on Blackwell's Island. Sir Galahad's mother? Oh, she died!

The honorable gentleman who caused her death—I mean who caused the—the—indisposition of Galahad, senior, throve and prospered unmolested. He was licensed to do it. Sir Galahad's father wasn't. There was the difference, you see.

In consequence of the city's kind permission—— No, in consequence of this honorable gentleman's calling—— No, in consequence of Sir Galahad's father being so foolish as to get dr—indisposed, Sir Galahad was early cast upon his own resources and the world's compassion.

Sir Galahad's resources developed much more rapidly than the world's compassion; indeed, the former may be said to have expanded with an india-rubber elasticity, while the compassion of the world did not seem to develop at all.

Sir Galahad's "resources" consisted of a moderate supply of "wits," a pair of lungs like a blacksmith's bellows, a wardrobe frequently more limited in its supplies than the owner's demand, a vast amount of "brass," and a small amount of nickel.

His mathematical education consolidated itself into the following problem: "Where two cents buys a bun, and a feller hain't got no cents, how's he a-going to get the bun?"

He had also a somewhat intimate acquaintance with Decreasing Proportion.

His geographical boundaries extended no further than the streets of his own city would permit; his historical lore—— Spare me, dear boys and girls, sitting to-night by warm, happy, well-sheltered firesides; I pray that you may never know its half.

Among the "knights" of his profession Sir Galahad ranked first. He could not only shout the loudest of any among them, but he could also hit the hardest. That was the reason they called him "Fister." You need not search the pages of "Idyls of the King" to find this nickname of Sir Galahad's. Mr. Tennyson did not know about it when he wrote his beautiful poem.

I am very sorry to state that Sir Galahad sometimes swore.

He uttered an oath once when an elegantly attired young aristocrat kicked a poor forsaken little dog that chanced to cross his patrician path.

"You're a brute!" he cried, with blazing eyes, as the poor little creature ran yelping away.

The fastidious youth surveyed him with calm contempt.

"I'm a gentleman, you little vagabond!" he responded, as he passed on.

Things get somewhat mixed in this world sometimes.

I am going to offer nothing in extenuation of Sir Galahad's swearing. I am afraid some boy who has had a better home than the streets of a wicked city, who has not slept half the nights of his life in an empty hogshead, and whose grammatical education has embraced higher points than the current vernacular of the street, might possibly strive to hide behind my excuse, were I to offer any.

Sir Galahad found the miserable little dog, and took him home. "Home" was the empty hogshead before alluded to.

Probably because of the fact that "misery loves company"—and the dog was certainly a miserable enough object—Sir Galahad grew to be very fond of him.

He used to hold discourse with him as they lay in the hogshead at night, occasionally poking him in the ribs did he show any signs of sleepiness,

But one night Yelper—he had christened him according to his most prominent characteristic—froze to death.

For some unaccountable reason Sir Galahad didn't—only his ears froze. He threw Yelper off the dock the next morning, a little stream trickling down the dirty channels of his cheeks. It might have been spray from the ocean, however.

Then Sir Galahad turned cynic. He hated the boys he met clad in warm garments; he hated the men with greatcoats and the women in furs; he became, in fact, the Diogenes of the nineteenth century.

It was just about this time that he met Tiny. Tiny wasn't his real name—that was Willie; but if you called him Willie, I think that he would have looked around to see if there wasn't another boy; he would never have thought you meant him.

Tiny had just entered the charmed circle, and the other "knights" didn't like him.

The principal reason for this dislike was that he

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minded his own business and washed his face. Sir Galahad, being a cynic just now, didn't notice him at all—cynics never do, you know; it is their way of benefiting humanity.

But one morning he noticed Tiny, and Big Ginger, too, and that was the reason that Big Ginger subsequently appeared with a pair of black eyes.

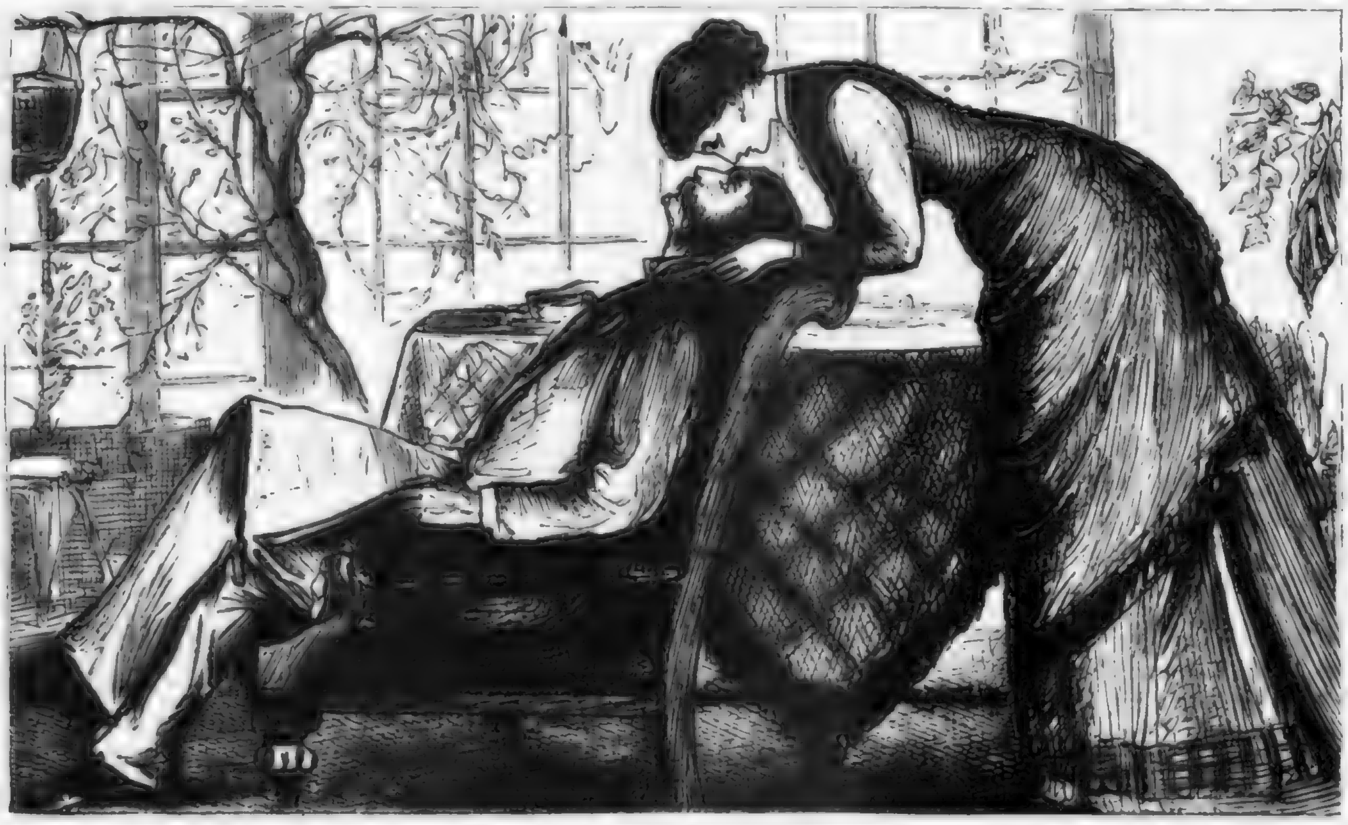
This euphoniously titled youth rejoiced in the possession of hair of a fiery hue, and temper likewise.

Big Ginger and Sir Galahad were ever at swords' points.

Big Ginger was a bully; Sir Galahad was not the cause of discord, is obvious.

Sir Galahad was just starting out with his papers one morning, when he heard a shrill, sharp cry.

When he turned and saw what caused the cry, I am sorry—oh, very sorry, to say that he swore again.



EVE'S CURIOSITY.

Young Wife—"*I wish you'd let me go with you to the city to-morrow, Fred!*" Young Husband—"*Why, love?*" Young Wife—"*Because I should like, just for once, to take a walk through the money market!*"

Tiny's papers lay floating in the gutter, and Tiny, in Big Ginger's grasp, seemed on the point of following his property.

He didn't, however. It was Big Ginger's bulky form that reposed a moment later in the gutter.

"If yer ever tech him agin, yer coward, I'll lick yer like blazes!"

This from Sir Galahad to Big Ginger, picking himself up, in a dazed sort of way, from the gutter.

Tiny was let alone thereafter. Sir Galahad possessed an inconvenient habit of adhering strictly to his word.

That night he invited Tiny "home."

"'Tain't 'specially tony," remarked the host, as he crawled in after his guest. "I don't hang out at Astor's every night."

"It's ever so much better than where I slep' las' night," said Tiny.

"Where'd you put up?"

"In Muggins's coal-bin."

"Sleep well?" asked Sir Galahad, grimly.

"Pretty well—I was awful tired."

Sir Galahad looks about him with complacency. He is not reduced to coal-cellars. There is some straw in the hogshead, too. He feels quite superior to Tiny.

"Wal, roll in."

He adjusts his own action to the words, or, rather, he "rolls up."

But Tiny didn't come; he remained quite still, and Sir Galahad, raising on his elbow, saw that his hands were clasped, and that his lips moved.

"What yer doin?" he demanded.

No answer.

"Say, yer, Tiny!"

No answer yet. After a moment:

"I was prayin'," says Tiny, creeping up beside his questioner.

"What fur? Who to?"

"Why, Jesus," says Tiny.

"Who's He?"

Tiny gasps in astonishment.

"Don't yer know?"

"Course not; what'd I ask fur? I never seed Him—who be He?"

Thou art a "city of churches," indeed, but it is truth, nevertheless, Sir Galahad "did not know."

"He came to save us, a great while ago. They put Him up on a cross an' nailed Him there, tight. An' they called Him names, an' laughed. An' He was good. He came to save them. He saves us. I love Him!" says Tiny.

"Don't believe it," says Sir Galahad, emphatically.

Tiny's pale cheek flushes.

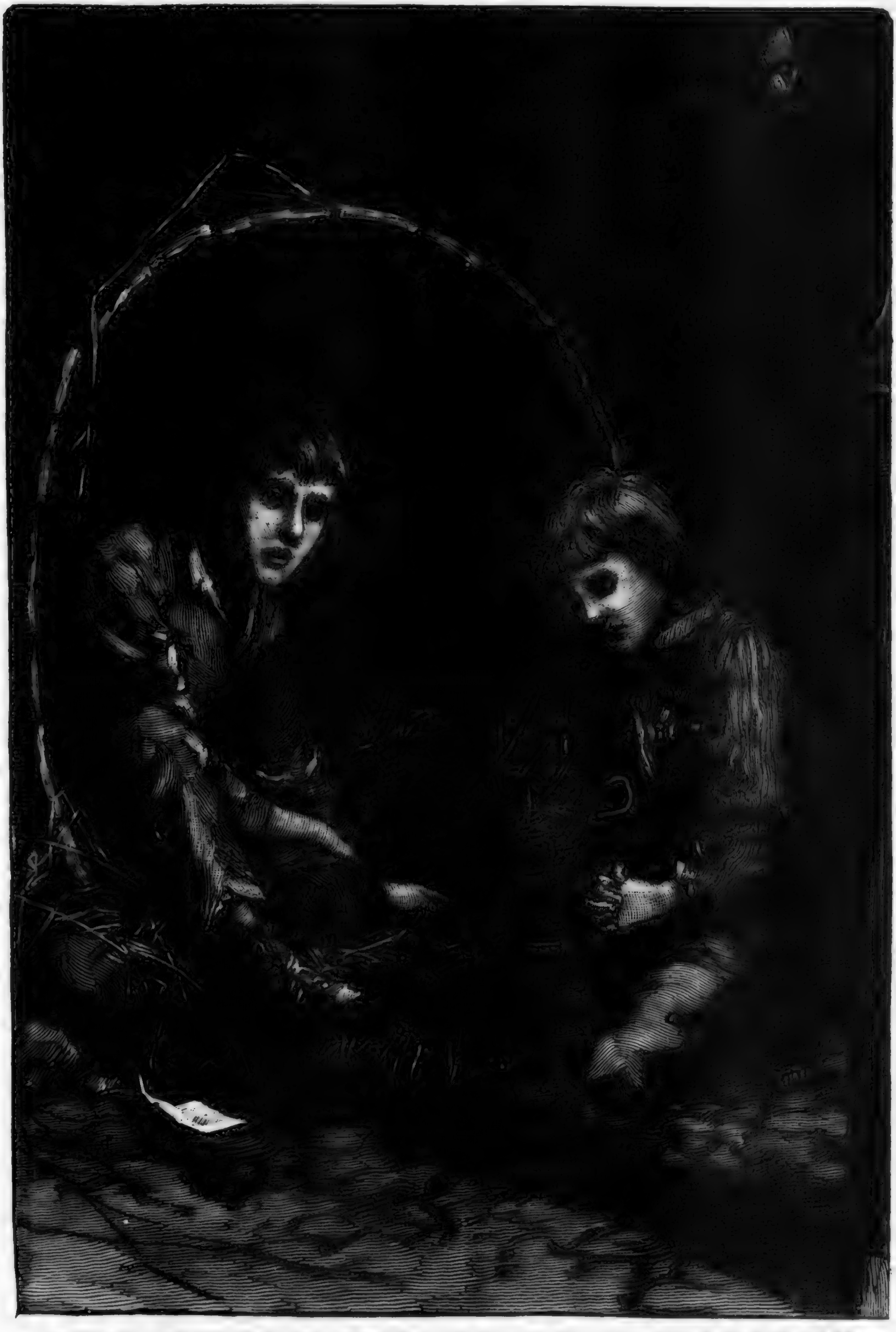
"It *must* be so, 'cause my mother told me."

There is something in Tiny's voice that causes Sir Galahad to feel that he is treading on delicate ground.

"P'r'aps she didn't know—yer mother," he ventures.

"She did know," cries Tiny. "My mother would never tell me anything she didn't know for sure."

Sir Galahad stares at Tiny. Strange, that he should



SIR GALAHAD.—"BUT TINY DIDN'T COME; HE REMAINED QUITE STILL, AND SIR GALAHAD, RISING ON HIS ELBOW, SAW HIS HANDS CLASPED, AND THAT HIS LIPS MOVED. 'WHAT YER DOIN'?' HE DEMANDED."—SEE PAGE 735.

have had a mother! Then another strange idea comes to him. Why, he must have had a mother once, too.

"Tell me of her—yer mother," he says.

Tiny's eyes grow dim.

"She was the goodest, an' was *as* pretty. She used to kiss me every night—every night an' mornin'. We used to live in a big house, an' then we moved to the little house, an' then the attic room. And then"—Tiny chokes "then—she died."

A long silence. Sir Galahad breaks it:

"Where does He hang out?"

"Who?"

"Why, don't yer know—Him who they nailed up?"

"He's in heaven," says Tiny, reverently.

"What sorter a place is that?"

"Beautiful," says Tiny. "All warm and bright, like—like——"

"Like that new house of the rich old cove up-town?" suggests Sir Galahad, alluding thus freely to one of the city's millionaires.

"Yes; only nicer, and——"

"Blame me ef I'll b'lieve it!" cries Sir Galahad. "Do you s'pose He would come an' die fer seech as we?"

"But He did—He did, indeed! An', oh! if we're good, we can go there when we die, f'ever and ever. I'm sure—mother told me!"

Silence again.

Sir Galahad, his chin resting upon his hands, meditates; Tiny—poor tired Tiny—fast growing sleepy.

"Say!" cries Sir Galahad, suddenly, "can yer have all yer want to eat up there?"

"Yes, indeed; an' shoes to wear—new ones, yer know, with whole toes an' never be cold."

"An' we've got to be good, hev we?"

"Yes"—sleepily.

"An' believe on Him? But"—perplexed—"how can we believe when we don't see Him!"

No answer, for Tiny is almost asleep.

"After a long silence: "Don't yer s'pose I could see Him, Tiny?" But Tiny is quite asleep.

Sir Galahad punches him gently, but he doesn't wake.

"I b'lieve I could," mutters the reflector to himself. "I think kinder ef I'd seed Him, I'd know better, an' I'm a-goin' to look."

From that night began Sir Galahad's search for the Holy Grail.

Tiny and he, after much discussion of the financial question, decided that the profits arising from their profession, and also the comforts of the "home," should be divided equally between them.

Relations were somewhat changed, however. From regarding Tiny with indulgent superiority, Sir Galahad looked up to him with admiration. Tiny became teacher, expounder.

It was not the "blind leading the blind." Tiny saw by the light of that dead mother's faith.

Sir Galahad listened eagerly, but always ended with a sigh of, "It's so far off. I can't really know Him, you know, till I see Him!"

His eyes grew to hold an eager, questioning look. He went about with the air of one seeking—searching. He was—he was endeavoring to find the Holy Grail.

One morning Tiny didn't get up, because—because——

Poor little Tiny!—ah, no! happy little Tiny!—many a millionaire, could they have seen your death-bed, will envy you, Tiny, when they shall come to lie on theirs.

"I see Him," cried Tiny. "He's a-turnin' an' a-smilin'. Oh, yes, I see—I see——"

And then Sir Galahad was quite alone. Ah, no, it was not poor Tiny; it was rather poor Sir Galahad—for Sir Galahad—for Sir Galahad did not see. Poor Sir Galahad, indeed. Will he ever see—will he ever find the Holy Grail?

It is a cold night—it is a very cold night—cold even for freezing, icy January. The wind seems to be quarreling with all the world, both collectively and individually.

It pulls at the passer's coat and slaps him soundly in the face, till the poor, harassed pedestrian loses all temper, and rages inwardly like the tempest outwardly.

Yes, Mr. Brown, banker, as you stand upon the steps of your counting-house and turn up the collar of your coat, you shiver and think with hungry longing of a certain well-cooked dinner awaiting you, in a certain well-warmed room, and, starting rapidly down the steps on your way thither, stumble across a ragged little figure crouched in an angle of the wall.

"What are you doing here?" you demand sharply of the ragged little figure.

"Nothin'," sullenly.

"Well, then, get along with you. I don't want to break my neck tumbling over such little rascals as you."

And the "little rascal" moves along; and, satisfied that you have done your share in benefiting humanity, you, Mr. Brown, banker, "move along," too.

You move toward home and all comfort in general; Sir Galahad moves toward—well, nothing in particular.

But he is near—very near—the Holy Grail.

Why don't he go "home"? Well, the fact is, he don't care about going there ever since Tiny died—oh, no, first began to *live*—there.

Sir Galahad is hungry—not remarkable. If I had dined from nothing, also supped from the same dish, I think it very probable that I should have been hungry likewise—shouldn't you?

Sir Galahad crouches down near a church-door and meditates. Under the shadow of Trinity, beneath the light of the Cross, in the heart of a Christian city, cold, ragged and *very* hungry, he meditates.

In the light of day, Sir Galahad, you would not dare to creep within those walls. It is a grand church—a very magnificent church. It cost—well, no matter how much. It would have kept a whole city full of children like you in plenty; but, grand and glorious as it is, you may enter to-night, for the careless old sexton has left the door unlocked.

A single painting, high over the altar, adorns its walls—a beautiful copy of Titian's matchless Christ.

The blackness of night's mantle is wrapped about it; all the church is filled with sombre shadows; and into this darkness, through the great door so carelessly left unlocked, Sir Galahad creeps.

The grand old organ will peal through the stately edifice on the morrow; the choir will sing the "Gloria in Excelsis" in a matchless strain; the eloquent preacher will deliver from his pulpit his eloquent discourse; yet I doubt if the old church will serve a nobler purpose, or one more pleasing in the sight of God, than it serves to-night—refuge for a wanderer who "hath not where to lay his head."

It is growing even colder. The winds shriek and howl through the leafless trees. The eaves of the church glitter and gleam with the cold blueness of frozen crystal. No star dares show its face, and angry clouds go hurrying across the sky like a plunging ship amid stormy waves.

Sir Galahad shivers a little, crouches down among the cushions, and his teeth chatter.

"They say as how this is His house. I wish He'd just step in a minnit to-night."

He murmurs this between his chattering. Did He hear? Was it only the angry breath of the wind that blew the clouds away, or did an angel's hand gather them together, leaving the moon's path, for an instant, clear and bright.

One instant, just a breath, but in its pause a glory of silver radiance streams through the stained windows, cleaves through the darkness like a sword of light, and in a great splendor falls upon the thorn-crowned Christ.

Oh, face of divine majesty, infinite, compassionate, fathomless love, Thou art, in Thy divinity of peace, holiness of purpose, grandeur of purity, indeed beyond "mortal comprehending."

Sir Galahad struggles to his feet with arms upreached.

Through the silence falls a little, quivering, joyous awesome cry:

"It's Him! It's Him! I've seed Him!"

He has found the Holy Grail.

Again across the face of the Christ the darkness falls, but Sir Galahad does not care for darkness now. He lies quite still, of the deep silence its chiefest part, only once, shaking off the numbing narcotic of the cold, raising himself upon his ragged elbow, and murmuring drowsily:

"I'm a-gettin' sleepy, but ef I should go to sleep please remember—that—I'm—a-waitin'—here."

The morning light shines in through the windows and transforms the crown of thorns into a diadem of glory. The face of the Messiah looks down as it might have looked, when on Tabor's heights He "was transfigured before them"; even this other pale, pinched face wears a strange sweet beauty.

The old sexton, who has bethought him of his negligence, and fearful, hastens thus early hither, and comes down the aisle. With a gesture of surprise he bends over the boy. He whispers at first, then calls, shakes, starts, stares.

He will not wake to thee, old man. One mightier than thou hast called. One whom "the winds and waves" of stormy human life obey.

"Sir Galahad is dead, but
He has found the Holy Grail."

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF MERRIE ENGLAND.

By Noel Ruthven.

The story of those great educational institutions which have exercised so marked and admirable an influence on English home-life should have an exceptional interest for the old and young of this great country. This article will, I venture to hope, be of some service, and furnish some entertainment to both—to the parent, in reviving a period of life which has a charm for most of us; to the boy, in relating the histories of establishments wherein the schooldays of his remote ancestors were passed ere entering the great arena to fight the battle of life.

I shall commence with Eton College, which for many a long day has held the first place among the great schools of England, though to Winchester the honor belongs of being the senior foundation. Henry VI., whose piety and devotion to learning earned for him the reputation of being more fitted for the cloister than the court, conceived the idea, in his youth, of founding a school which should serve as a nursery for poor students for the university. His zeal for the Church, and solicitude for her welfare, led him to wish for an institution which should train scholars to her service from very boyhood. The plan was not altogether new. As early as 1179 it had been ordered from Rome that in every cathedral and principal religious house should be appointed and maintained a head teacher, or "scholastic" (as he was termed), who, besides keeping a school of his own, should have authority over all other schools of the diocese. It has been computed that no fewer than 500 of these cathedral and conventual schools were founded in England between the Conquest and the death of John; and, in addition, there existed many others, instituted in Saxon times.

Early in the year 1440, at the age of eighteen, Henry began to execute his long-cherished plan, and, in the Autumn of the same year, a college was opened under the name of the King's College of our Lady of Eton, beside Windsor. In the way of endowment, the King gave a portion of his own demesne lands, and the estates of some of the alien priories, which, as supreme lord of the land, he had recently assumed. And, in order that at the outset the college should not lack scholars, and as an inducement to others to come, he caused thirty-five of the Winchester boys to be transferred to Eton.

With them he sent their old schoolmaster, William of Waynflete (a man of great learning, who subsequently became Lord Chancellor), whose eleven years of experience as "scholastic" of Winchester had suggested him to Henry as the fittest person to supervise his new school. Five Fellows and four Lay Clerks emigrated along with Waynflete so as to complete the collegiate foundation. In the following year, namely, in 1441, Henry founded King's College, Cambridge, which he affiliated to Eton, and thus his darling plan was consummated.

The qualifications for the scholars of Eton were three: Primarily, the boys were to be admitted to Eton for the purpose of studying grammar. They were to be poor and in need of help, not less than eight or more than ten years of age, and not of servile birth or illegitimate. Secondarily, candidates were to be chosen preferably from certain specified shires; in default of these, from elsewhere within the realm. Lastly, no boy was to remain at Eton after the age of eighteen, unless he had been placed on the roll of successors to King's College, Cambridge. Election to the University took place, and still continues to be made, annually. Shortly after the opening of his school, Henry increased the number of Foundation scholars to seventy. Poor boys admitted into the school under the regulations mentioned, if they showed themselves diligent in study and apt to learn, proceeded in due course to King's College, Cambridge. In time they became Fellows of that society, and as vacancies occurred, and the Eton endowments increased in value, ordinarily returned to their *Alma Mater* as elected Fellows of the earlier Foundation.

The King charitably joined an almshouse for old men to the Eton Foundation; this, however, was swept away in the reign of his successor. The secular priests who, under the charter, were retained for the daily service of the chapel, have long since been relegated to the things

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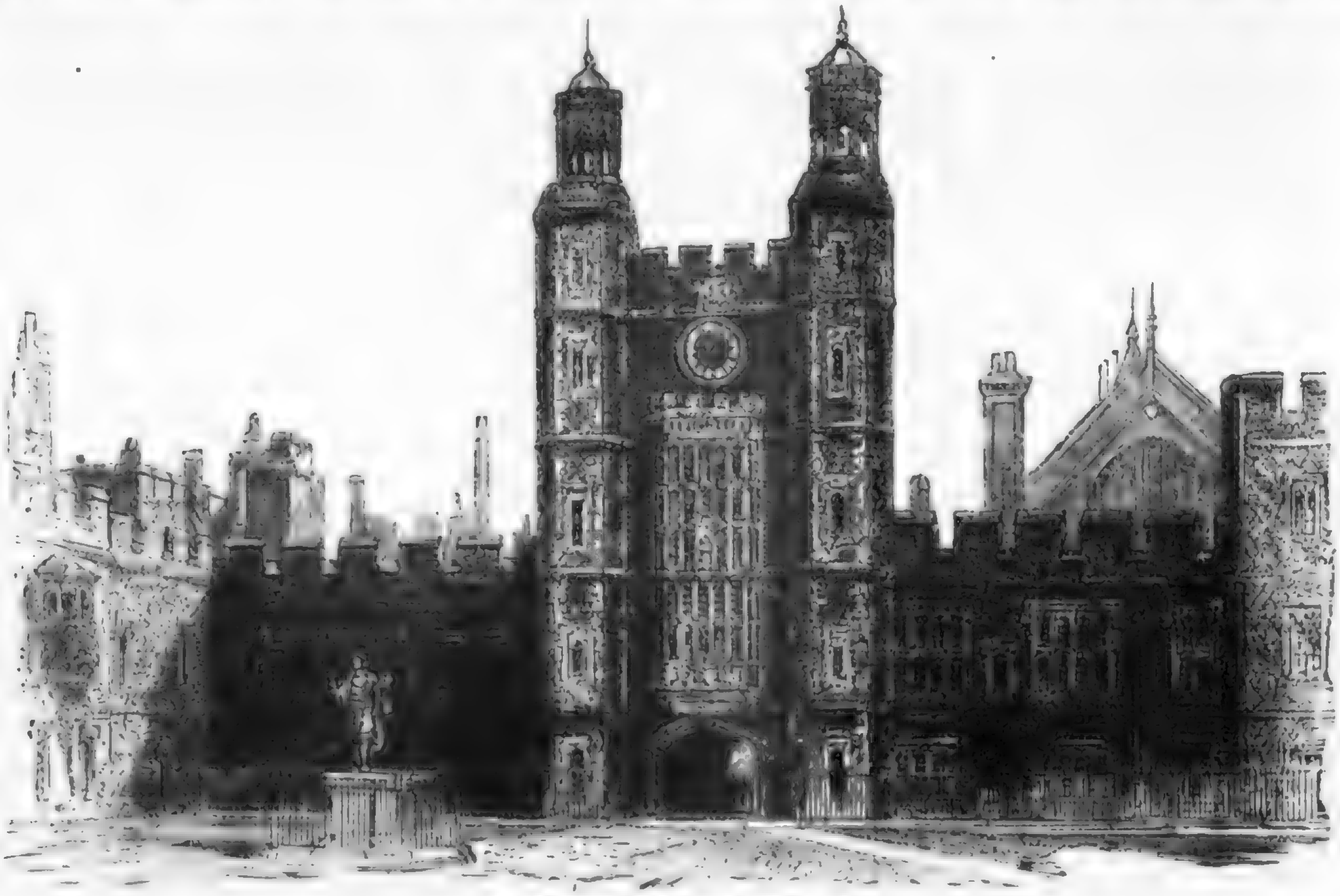
of the past. The Eton Fellowships are in gradual process of extinction, the additional income accruing to the Foundation from their abolition being applied to the general purposes of the college. The Foundation scholarships alone remain, and these were never more sought after, nor held in higher estimation, than at the present time. Yearly about eleven vacancies occur among the King's Scholars; for these vacancies from 100 to 200 of the cleverest boys drawn from the pick of England's private schools annually enter into competition.

Eton College is best known, however, to the world at large through the great body of her scholars, known as "Oppidans." Of King's Scholars there are but seventy; of Oppidans there are now in the school not far short of 900. The Oppidans were at first only admitted to Eton, as it were, on sufferance. They derived no benefit whatever from the Foundation so-called, or its affiliation to King's College, Cambridge; they paid for the instruction imparted to them, and made their own arrangements for bed and board. The King's Scholars were fed, lodged, instructed, and sent to the university, at the sole cost of the Foundation; the Oppidans paid, and, in course of time, came to pay well, for whatever indulgence was granted to them under the statutes. And so it remains now. The school expenses of the King's Scholars are comparatively small; an Oppidan's amount, in the aggregate, to £150 per annum, or $750.

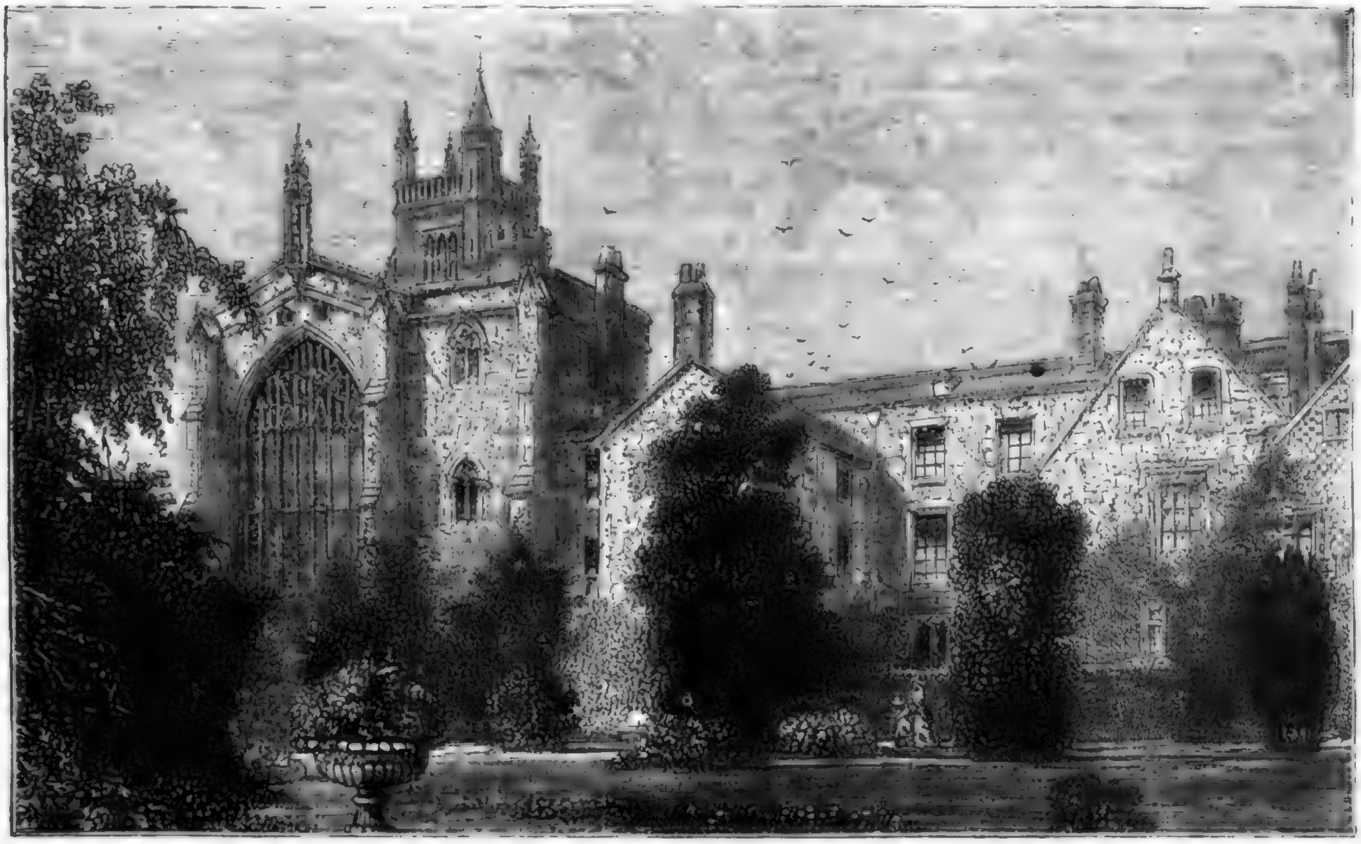
For the modern, and what may be termed personal, history of Eton College, we must visit Eton itself. We must seek for the traditions of the King's Foundation among the venerable few remaining relics of Long Chamber, and the fast-disappearing reminiscences of Upper and Lower School. The reader must come with me across the bridge separating royal Windsor from the picturesque main thoroughfare skirting the college precincts, and stand beneath the ancient college gateway. The quadrangle is in front, overlooked by the very buildings erected under the watchful superintendence of the royal founder himself, more than 400 years ago. Overhead is Upper School, sacred to so many memories enshrined in the pages of England's own eventful story. A few steps onward and we stand contemplating the smoke-blackened, time-worn statue of the youthful prince himself. Orb and sceptre in hand, emblems of the regal dignity, with the robes of state hanging loosely from his shoulders, and the king's crown upon his brow, he stands facing the school which his munificence caused to be erected and his own estates endowed. "Perenni memoriæ" runs the inscription at its base, "pientissimi principis Henrici Sexti, Angliæ et Franciæ regis, Collegii Etonensis fundatoris municentissimi."

In the rear of the King's statue, picturesquely clustered with ivy and lichens, the growth, perhaps, of as many years as this part of the college building itself has stood, are the Fellows' lodgings, pleasantly suggestive of that peacefulness and rest which men love to associate with the ending of a life well spent in God's service. To the right, hoary and erect, stands one of the most perfect existing relics of the period of Henry VI.—the College Chapel, a venerable memorial of the days of the Provost of Eton who first preached in it, William of Waynflete; and to the left, forming one completed side of the spacious square, is Long Chamber, in which the King's Scholars have been lodged, I had almost written, from time immemorial. Beneath this most interesting part of the college buildings is Lower School, which, together with the College Hall in the Fellow's quarters, completes our bird's-eye view of the original buildings of Henry's time.



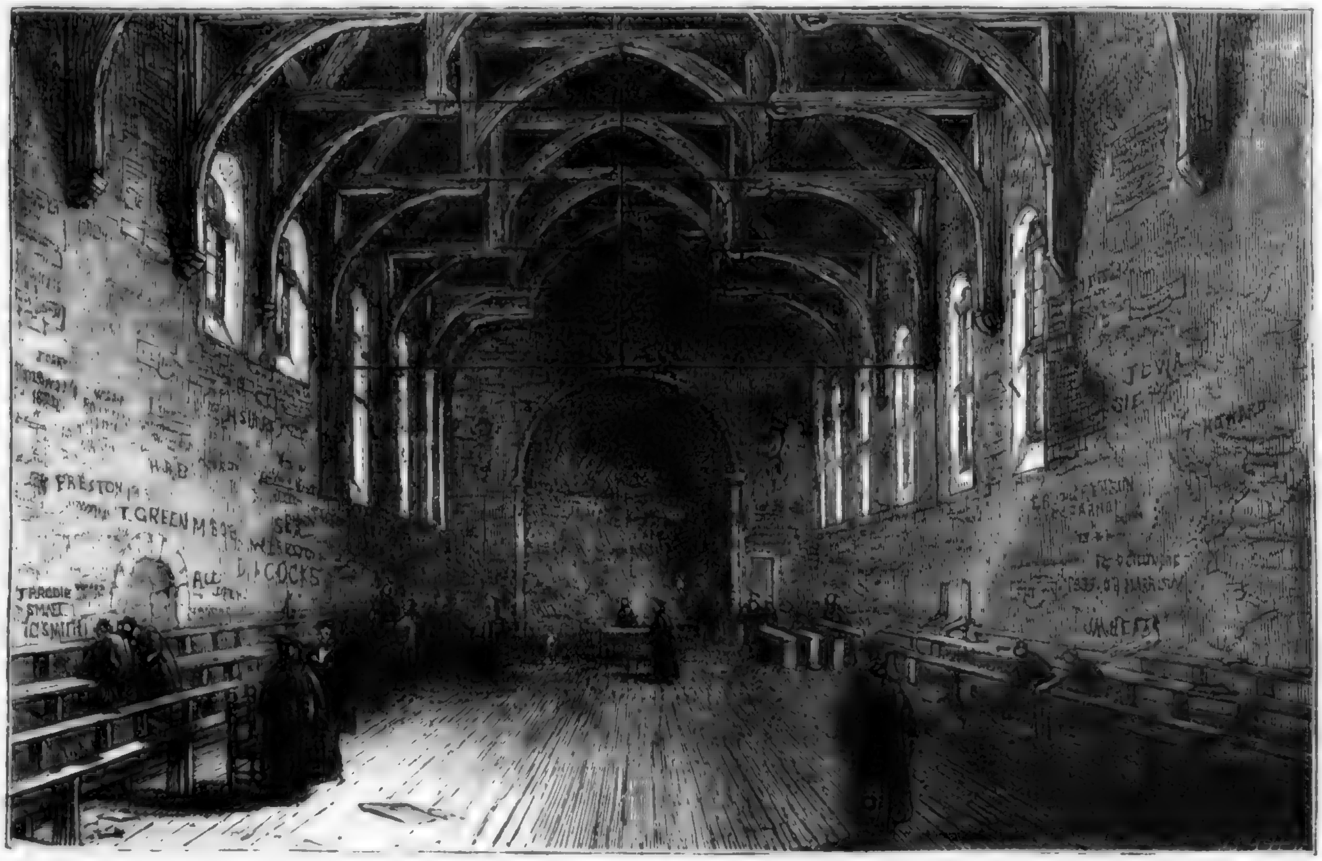
THE QUADRANGLE, ETON COLLEGE.

In Long Chamber—albeit we shall there find but few remaining landmarks of its past history—we may obtain the best glimpse of Eton school-life. Modern requirements have impelled the governing body to alter the internal arrangements of the old dormitory; but its curious traditions are as the writing on the wall. The chamber itself is about 180 feet long, and not too lofty;



WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

plainly whitewashed as to ceiling and walls; the windows are mullioned, and the floor is of oak. On each side stood, within the memory of many living Etonians, a range of stout oaken bedsteads, the vestiges of which are preserved in the rude, unpolished table standing over against the great fireplace. Between every bedstead in time past was a high desk, with a cupboard underneath for each boy. The modern luxuries of curtains and a feather-bed were to the collegians of a past generation utterly unknown. At half-past eight at night, Winter and Summer, the senior boys and their younger companions were "locked up" in the dormitory till half-past seven the next morning. Of gas there was, of course, none; of candles, but few. The leaf of a book doubled over, and a hole cut in the centre, did service for a boy's candlestick; and if lessons were to be learned over night, the candle was stuck by melted wax at the head of the oaken bedstead. Fagging in the days gone by was fagging with a vengeance. The hardships of the Long Chamber at one time were so well known to parents that many were



WESTMINSTER SCHOOLROOM.

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deterred from entering their sons for election. Still there was fun of a kind known even to junior King's boys. They shared the dangers of foraging excursions to supplement the meagre fare of over-roasted mutton, which custom decreed as the unalterable daily principal meal of the collegians. They took an active part in the nightly rat-hunts up and down the oaken floor. They themselves were permitted, in course of time, to be fag-masters, and tasted of those sweets of office which their youthful hearts had so long yearned for.

In the little passage leading from the quadrangle to the library yard may be read the rudely-chiseled names that tell of England's greatness. On the polished oak paneling, above and below, on either side, are the names —to use an Eton boy's expression—"of fellows who got Kings." It has been truly said that the briefest notice of the Etonians of the eighteenth century alone would imply a biographical dictionary of half the distinguished persons in Church and State. Among the collegians we find enrolled the names of Bishops Fleetwood, Pearson and Hare; Sir Robert Walpole, afterward Earl of Oxford; Christopher Anstey, and Sir William Draper; and, together with them, a whole host of well-known prelates, lawyers, and, last, not least, Eton provosts and masters, and Thackeray, Goodall and Hawtrey. Foremost among Oppidans stand Horace Walpole; Waller, the poet; Earl of Chatham, and Charles James Fox. At the head of the list of celebrated living Etonians stands the name of William Ewart Gladstone.

Eton boys are divided into "dry-bobs" and "wet-bobs." The former is a cricketer and football-player; the latter is attached to the boats. A more pleasing sight it is scarcely possible to imagine than the grand old college quadrangle when the boys are released from school. Manly, gentlemanlike-looking little fellows, in high silk hats, short jackets, with rolling white collars and long trousers, in the pockets of which they defiantly thrust their hands. Sixth or Liberty Form is the Mecca of the Eton boy's pilgrimage. While in Sixth, he has a fag, and is a small potentate. He can send for "sock," *alias* candy, at all seasonable, ay, and unseasonable, hours. His studies are dignified, and he dines at a separate table.

A day's life at Eton begins with "morning school" at seven A. M. in Summer, and half-past seven in Winter; then breakfast. After breakfast, chapel; after chapel, which lasts twenty minutes, comes ten o'clock school. Dinner is announced at two o'clock, and from three to six the boys are free to play. "Lock up" varies from five to nine o'clock. At the last-named hour supper is served to the boys who desire it, the six o'clock high tea generally proving a "crusher." Candles are taken away between ten and eleven, according to the boy's position in school. Football is the Winter, cricket the Summer, game, and to be in the first eleven is the crowning ambition of a dry-bob's Eton career.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

If we examine the record of Edward III.'s reign, adorned as it is by many splendid achievements, and rendered eventful by the birth of England's first great poet, and by the labors of the first translator of the Bible, we find no worthier name on the roll of great men of that time than William of Wykeham's. The son of a simple yeoman in a Hampshire village, heir to neither rank nor wealth, he rose to the foremost positions in Church and State through the exercise of remarkable energy and unwearying perseverance in welldoing.

William of Wykeham founded New College, Oxford, in the year 1379. Once a poor boy himself, dependent on his own exertions for maintenance, he resolved that the school which he proposed to found in the cathedral city of his diocese, to train young scholars for New College, should be maintained for poor boys also. Outside the King's Gate, which still supports the royal arms of England, and hard by the minister walls of St. Swithin, on the site of an ancient grammar school, Wykeham laid the foundations of his smaller seminary at Winchester. On March 26th, 1387, the first stone was laid, and six years later the buildings were completed. The statutes for the governance of the school he drew up with his own hand, dedicating it for ever, "to the honour and glory of God and of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary," by the name of the St. Mary College of Winchester.

On the morning of the 24th of March, 1393, "a solemn procession entered the Cathedral precincts, and passing through the King's Gate, presently came to the college quadrangle, where, with due formalities, William of Wykeham presented the title-deeds of the Foundation to the chief personage in the procession, Thomas de Cranlegh, appointed by the founder first warden. With him were ten fellows—the warden and fellows, tradition says, represented the eleven Apostles (Judas omitted). Then came the head and second masters and seventy scholars, typical of the seventy-two disciples. After them walked three chaplains and three clerks, representatives of the six faithful deacons; and forming the rear were sixteen choristers, emblematic of the four great and twelve minor prophets. On this wise was Wykeham's school at Winchester first constituted, and so it has remained up to the present time. The number of scholars is kept strictly within the founder's scheme, namely, seventy, with an adjunct of eight exhibitioners in commons.

No visitor to the picturesque City of Winchester will leave it without strolling through the ancient college. In the inner quadrangle, or Chamber Court, we have the only remaining perfect example of Wykeham's original buildings. In this very court, after solemn prayers and thanksgiving to God for having been permitted to attain the object of his life, the bishop handed the school statutes to the warden, and in kindly words of congratulation, advice, and sympathy, addressed the original seventy poor scholars who were present to take possession of the quaint little chambers which inclose it. In these, for the space of 491 years, William of Wykeham's sons have been lodged during their school training for the University.

Let us pass into one of these ancient dormitories, and note what manner of lodging Wykeham provided for his children. The chambers of more modern schools, with their cozy "cubicles" and "studies," are palatial in comparison with these humble sleeping-places, the interiors of which take us back to the period of the fourteenth century. The occupants live, as it were, in common. Eight small iron bedsteads are ranged against the four sides of the chamber, with curious little receptacles—half cupboard, half writing-table—called "toys," standing between each. In the centre is an oaken pillar which lends support to a low roof, and around this pillar is a primitive-looking washstand holding eight basins and as many jugs, where the scholars perform their daily ablutions; but a sorry exchange, after all, for the more spacious, if too airy, washing-conduit of bygone days. Above the lavatory is a rough, square book-case, which contains the chamber-library of a hundred volumes or more. A wide, open fireplace, in which, during Winter days, the time-honored Winchester "fagot" cheerfully burns, completes the catagory of these features of a Winchester scholar's chamber.

Winchester produced the earliest type of the monitorial system now in vogue at England's public schools. The beginning of that system may be traced to Wykeham's statutes, which provide that in each of the chambers there shall be selected "three scholars of good character, more advanced than the rest in age, discretion, and knowledge, who may superintend their chamber-fellows in their studies, and oversee them diligently, and may from time to time certify and inform the warden, sub-warden and head master respecting their behavior, conversation and progress in study."

In the College Hall, than which few finer examples of a college dining-room exist in England, we obtain a further glimpse of the old school-life of Wykeham's time. The same low oaken tables ranged on either side, with low forms or seats for the scholars, are in use now as in his day. At the upper end is a dais, or "high table," where sit the warden and fellows, and at which the Wykehamical grace is sung by two scholars, selected for the purpose, and the choir, antiphonally. At the lower end still stands the ancient and massive iron-bound "tub," into which, in time past, were cast the fragments of the daily meal, afterward to be distributed at the door to the poor almspeople. This praiseworthy custom of monastic times still continues to be daily observed in the hall of Winchester College. On the other side of the "tub" are the butteries, curious little cell-like places, from which the provisions are dispensed, and where we may yet handle the square wooden trenchers and the capacious leathern jacks which constituted the principal furniture of a Wykehamist dinner-table four centuries ago. The "sines" of bread we may likewise taste of, and the more appetizing "dispars" of meat. The word "sines," the scholar's allowance of bread for breakfast and supper, and "dispar," his portion of meat, have their origin in a Winchester College custom. The Winchester scholars are served with mutton as their principal daily meal. In Hall, the scholars are waited upon at table by the choristers of the Foundation in turn. These choristers, or queristers, are poor boys, who perform daily service in the choir of the college chapel, and in return receive free board and lodging outside the college walls, as well as a good commercial education and a trade.

In the rear of the ancient and beautiful chapel, verging on the college meads, and in fit association with the most sacred relic of Bishop Wykeham's original buildings, the Chantry Chapel, stands the old schoolroom. Above the entrance is the statue of the founder. The curious inscriptions on the walls carry you back to the fourteenth century. The schoolroom still contains its time-honored forms, with the wide wooden boxes, known as "scobs," for the scholars' books. The chairs, stiff-backed and capacious, yet remain where they were wont to stand when "informator" and "ostiarius," head master and usher (the only masters recognized under the statutes of Wykeham) came into school, to teach all the scholars indiscriminately.

William of Wykeham's foundation retains, almost more than any other great foundation school in England, the leading characteristics of its founder's design.

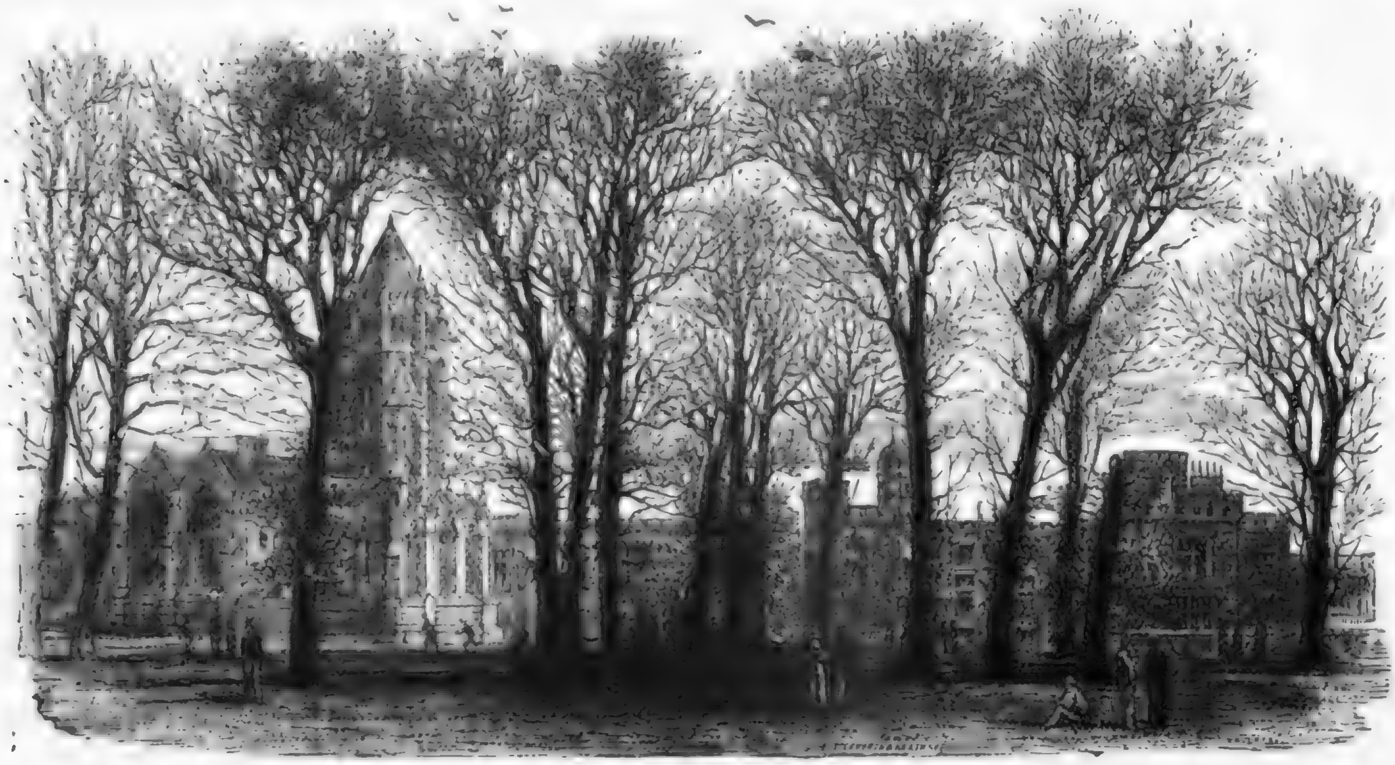
WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

"In the north cloister, close by the entrance of the church, where the monks usually walked, sate the Prior. In the western cloister sate the Master of Novices with his disciples. This was the first beginning of Westminster School." So wrote the late Dean Stanley in his historical memorials of Westminster Abbey. The reign of Edward the Confessor probably marks the period of history when this primitive method of teaching was in vogue in the Abbey—where the boys, retained for the service of the monastery, clustered affectionately around their reverend instructor, imbibing daily such information as he was able to impart in grammar, the ancient classics, and theology. The Abbot Ingulph was one of the earliest frequenters of this cloistered school of whom mention is made in English history. In the work attributed to him, professing to have been written immediately after the Norman Conquest, the Abbot states that, prior to proceeding to Oxford to study the Aristotelian philosophy and the historical writings of Cicero, he attended school in Westminster, and he pleasantly relates some of his boyish experiences of the place. Returning from school across the breezy, fertile fields which at that time surrounded the Abbey, and doubtless by a path which we may suppose to have skirted the domains of the King's palace, in view of the minster walls, he frequently encountered Queen Edgitha and her maids-in-waiting. The Queen would stay him in his walk and inquire very graciously as to his lessons, and, falling from grammar to the brighter studies of logic, wherein she had much skill and knowledge, would subtly catch him in the threads of argument, and afterward send him home with cakes and money, which was counted out to him by her handmaidens.

A century and a half later than the time of Abbot Ingulph a school had been permanently annexed to the Abbey by Papal decree. This conventual seminary, which flourished, with more or less vigor, from the days of the accession of the Plantagenet kings to the demise of the first sovereign of the House of Tudor, was the immediate forerunner of Westminster School. When the dissolution of the monasteries came about, Henry VIII. dealt somewhat tenderly with this venerable relic of monastic sway in London; but it was reserved to his renowned daughter, Queen Elizabeth, to establish the Foundation on a permanent basis. Two years after she ascended the throne she refounded the Abbey of Westminster as a collegiate church, creating in connection therewith an establishment which comprised a dean, twelve prebendaries, and twelve almsmen, an upper and under master, and forty scholars.

The school was opened in the year 1560 as "A Publique Schoole for Grammar, Rhetorick, Poetrie, and for the Latin and Greek Languages," by name of St. Peter's College at Westminster. Not more than one hundred and twenty boys were to be admitted, including the Queen's Scholars (Elizabeth so named those who were to be admitted upon her Foundation); and these were to be chosen, preferably from among the choristers, or the sons of the chapter tenants. In this fashion did the Queen perpetuate the school of "the novices," which five hundred years antecedent to her time had been held in the western cloister.

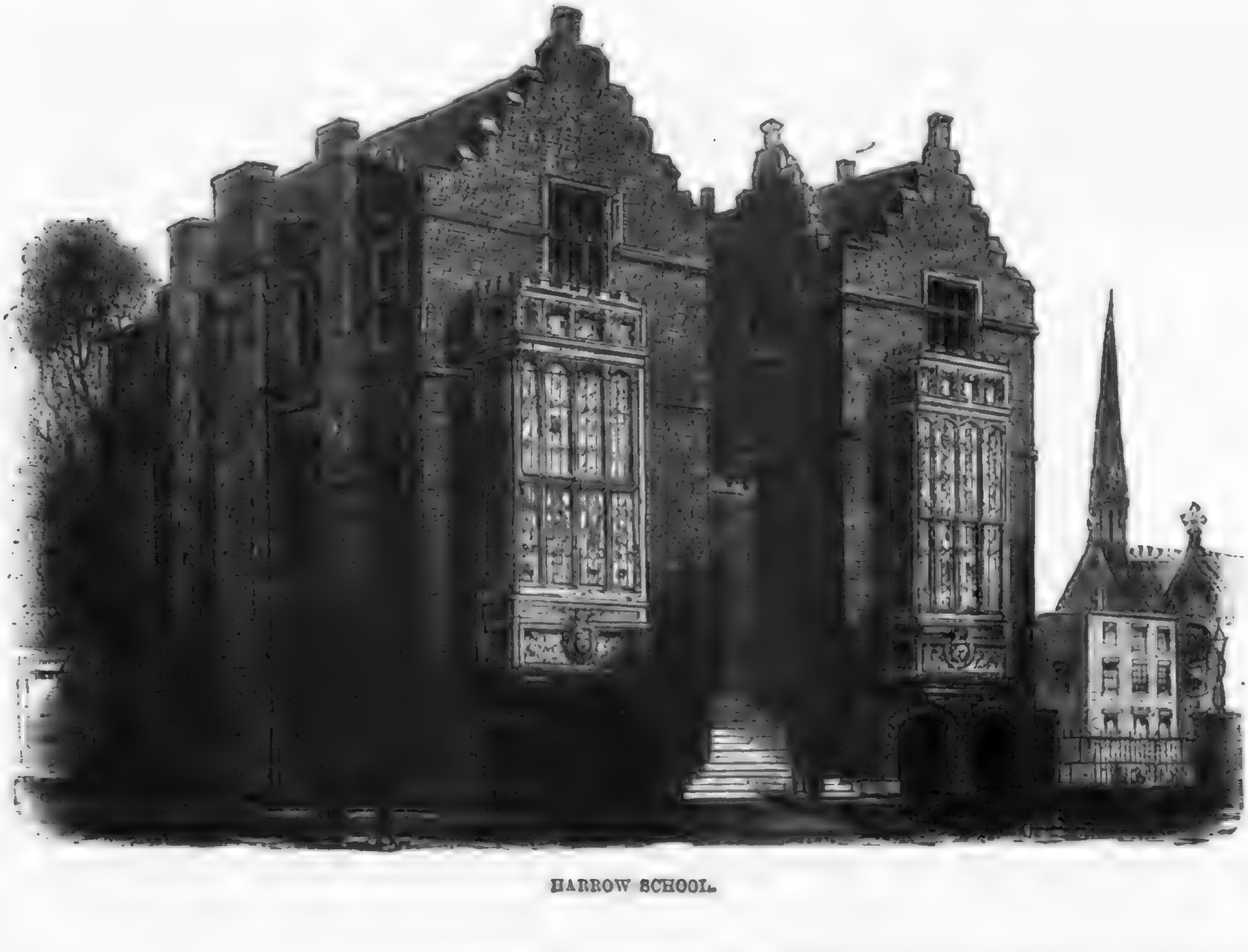
Elizabeth, who, having once resolved upon doing a thing, generally did it with her might, was not content with the founding of the school alone. She determined that her scholars, if studious and apt, should be sent in due course to complete their education at the University. She framed a statute ordering the manner in which they were to be elected upon her Foundation at Westminster, and "from thence to a college in each of the two Universities," indicating the number so to be removed in every year. Christchurch at Oxford, and Trinity College at Cambridge, were the colleges selected by the Queen in furtherance of her purpose. The governing



RUGBY SCHOOL.

authorities of each—the dean in the one case, the master in the other—humbly but vigorously protested against the Queen's invasion of their rights as private corporations; but to no purpose. She created three studentships at Christchurch, and three scholarships at Trinity, for the special and exclusive advantage for ever of her scholars of Westminster School. Furthermore, she decreed that six boys at least were to be elected to the University in every year. And so it came about, through the munificence and forethought of Queen Elizabeth, that Westminster School has the privilege of ranking among those nine great English schools, the main design of whose founders was to educate poor scholars for the University.

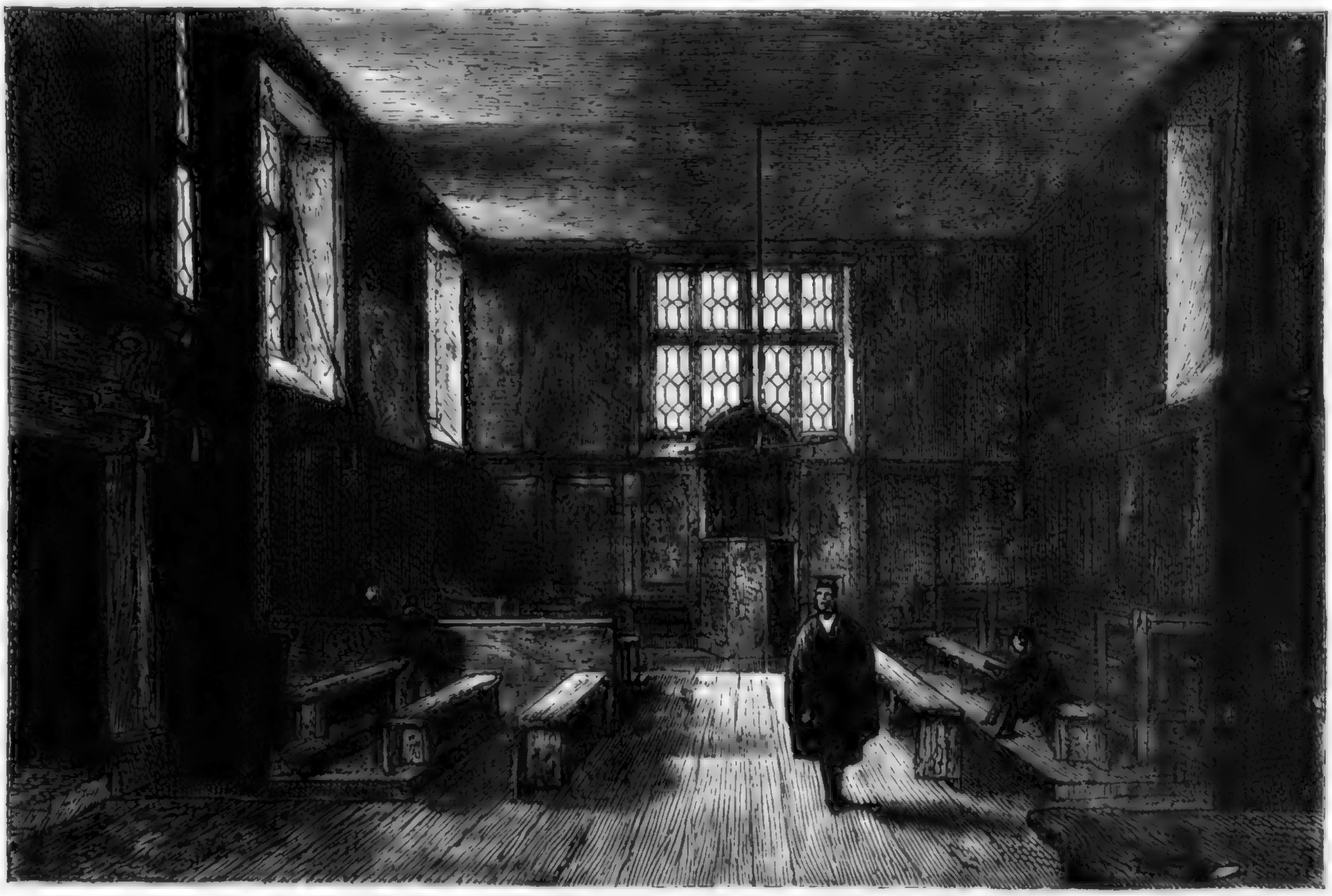
Time was when a Queen's Scholar was not certain even of breaking his fast; now, however, ample meals, at midday and in the evening, are provided for him in the College Hall. This building should be visited. It was originally the refectory of the abbot's house, and dates from the time of Edward III. The long tables at which the scholars sit are arranged according to "elections,"—thus, first, second, third and fourth election—and are



HARROW SCHOOL.

of chestnut-wood from the wreck of one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada.

Nicholas Udall, an eminent classical scholar who lived in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, was a master of Westminster, and is the author of the earliest known English comedy. It was probably as much due to his influence as to Queen Elizabeth's own well-known partiality for classical literature, that the annual Latin play was introduced as a part of the school-system of Westminster. The Queen, whose elegance of Latin composition was by no means the least of her many acquirements, expressed the wish that the boys educated on her Foundation might "enact the plays of Terence"; "Quo juventus" (as she wrote) "tum actioni, tum pronunciationi decenti melius se assuescat." No better master than Udall could have been found to educate the boys up to the standard necessary for carrying out the Queen's command. His own comedy was written in imitation of the classical models of Plautus and Terence; and, doubtless, during his mastership he inculcated on his pupils the value of those authors as instructors in the purer Latin style. The plays acted of late years by the Queen's Scholars in the dormitory have been the "Andria," "Phormio," "Eunuchus," and "Adelphi" of Terence, with a Latin prologue and epilogue, reflecting in a humorous vein on the passing events of the day. The "getting-up" of the play, to use a professional phrase, when pursued on the principles in vogue at Westminster, becomes a process of legitimate instruction, as well as a preparation for amusement. The comedy selected to form the subject of the Christmas play is agreed upon at the commencement of the Winter half of the school year. The actors are, in virtue of immemorial usage, drawn from the first three classes in college, and the play chosen for performance is punctually read, with the boys who have been selected, as one of the regular classical text-books—read as critically and thoroughly as Latin author can be. It was probably owing to the thoroughness in preparing the Latin play that the Public School Commissioners were induced to accede to its being retained as a part of the appointed school instruction in Westminster.



HARROW SCHOOLROOM.

The view of the college from Dean's Yard is far from striking; and no one can form an adequate idea of the structure who has not seen it from College Gardens, on the other side. Let us pass through the door of the college from the yard, and into the dormitory, a long and lofty chamber, with small "cubicles," called by Westminster boys "houses," ranged on either side. The ceiling is painted light blue, and the stone walls are covered with the names of old Queen's Scholars. The windows, of which there are many, are all placed high up in the wall, near the ceiling. At the top of the dormitory are six tablets of dark wood, raised high upon the walls between the windows, and covered with names in letters of gold. These names, the celebrated *aurata nomina* of Westminster, are of those who have been admitted to the college head of their election, so far back as record goes. Passing out at the other end of the dormitory, through what is called "election door," we descend by an old wooden staircase to the ground floor, where are four large rooms, fitted with partitions, called "boxes." These are more or less luxuriously furnished, according to the tastes and seniority of the owner. In addition to the sitting-rooms there is also a servants'-room, and a class-room, where prayers are nightly read, and which contains the college library. Between it and the rest of the college hangs a curtain, through which no member of the school is allowed to pass who is not a Queen's Scholar. The members of the school have of late years been rapidly increasing; and it is acquiring fresh property on its old site.

SHREWSBURY SCHOOL.

It was not until Edward VI. ascended the throne that

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Shrewsbury was enabled to replace the facilities for education which had existed there under the beneficial sway of the monks of the "Colleges of the Blessed Mary and St. Chad." In the early part of Edward's reign a deputation of the principal inhabitants went to London, to represent to the King the want of some public institution for the instruction of the youth of the town. The burgesses were received, it is related, very graciously; and, as the result, the King granted a charter of foundation for a school, which he designed to benefit not only Shrewsbury, but the whole neighboring country, and named "The Free Grammar School of Edward VI., for the educating, teaching, and instructing of youths in grammar." By the way of endowment he set apart the appropriated tithes of several prebendal livings which had belonged to certain dissolved colleges, and the building of the school was presently begun within the old liberties of Shrewsbury, encompassed by the Severn.

Before the new school could be opened Edward died. It was in abeyance during the reign of Mary. Nor was it actually opened until the year 1562, eleven years after it had been founded, and four after Elizabeth had become Queen. From that year it dates its prosperity. Within a few months of Thomas Ashton, the first master, taking control, 290 scholars were admitted to the school "Oppidani"—town-boys—came in large numbers to be taught by Ashton, who was high in Queen Elizabeth's favor, and "Alieni"—boys of the surrounding country—as well. "Shrewsbury School," wrote Camden, in the succeeding century, "is the best filled in England."

The regulations framed for the governance of Shrewsbury Grammar School, which remained in force down to the concluding years of the eighteenth century, afford an insight into the school-life and system of Elizabeth's day. Ashton had more to do than any one else in framing those regulations. First and foremost, both head and under master were to be graduates of the University, "well able to make a Latin verse, and learned in the Greek tongue." No scholar was to be admitted before he could write his own name "with his own hand," and read English perfectly, "and have his accidence without his book." A lord's son, on admission, was required to pay 10*s.*, a knight's son 6*s.* 8*d.*, a son and heir-apparent to a gentleman 3*s.* 4*d.*, and "for every other of their sons 2*s.* 6*d.*" Boys coming from within the County of Salop were to pay only 1*s.*, and "every burgess's son inhabiting within the town, or liberties thereof, or of the Abbey Foregate, if he be of ability, 4*d.*" This provision, namely, that the sons of burgesses of Shrewsbury may receive their education at the grammar school of the town at a lower rate of payment than the others, still remains in operation. The sons of burgesses are now educated free of cost. The Foundationers of Shrewsbury School are elected exclusively from among applicants who can claim the privilege of being sons of burgesses of the town.

The original statutes of the school decree that the scholars are to be brought to read Tully, Cæsar, Sallust and Livy; "also two little books of dialogues, drawn out of Tully's Offices and Ludovicus Vives, by Mr. Ashton"; together with Virgil, Ovid, Horace, and Terence, the Greek grammar and testament, and Isocrates, Demosthenes, and Xenophon. The boys are enjoined to come to school in the morning, "From the Feast of the Purification to the Feast of all Saints, at six of the clock," and "From the Feast of All Saints until the Feast of the Purification, at seven of the clock." No candle was to be used in school, lest it might bring danger and peril. The going to dinner was to be at eleven, and the coming back from dinner at a quarter before one. School was to close at half-past four in Winter, and at half-past five in Summer. Thursday was the appointed day for play—a whole holiday, in fact; "and no day else but Thursday, unless it be at the earnest request and great entreaty of some man of honor, or of great worship, credit, or authority." The school-games are duly set forth as follows: "Item, the scholar's play shall be shooting in the long bow and chess play, and no other games, unless it be running, wrestling, or leaping; and no game to be above a penny, or match above fourpence." In such manner was the school-time and play-time of the boys of one of England's great public schools apportioned in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The school system at Shrewsbury is much the same as that of England's other great schools. The boarders for the most part reside in one of two houses—the Senior Hall and Junior Hall, both under the care of the head master. A few boys live in the second master's house. The general body of the scholars wear the college cap. The library is, of its kind, one of the most valuable in the kingdom. Darwin was an alumnus of Shrewsbury School.

RUGBY SCHOOL.

Rugby School had not the advantage of being started under favor of a King's patronage. It possessed no powerful aristocratic influence to bring its benefits more strongly within view of the public. It had no connection with ancient Abbey or cloistral school to give it an importance in the eyes of the laity. It was founded by an unpretending tradesman, whose only claim to notoriety in his lifetime seems to rest on an anecdote related of him in Fox's "Book of Martyrs," which shows him to have been a man who was extremely loyal to the cause of the Reformation, and very zealous in maintaining his principles. The name of the honest citizen, the founder of Rugby School, was Laurence Sheriff. He was a grocer of London, and a member of the guild of his trade; and, in addition, was a servant of the Lady (afterward Queen) Elizabeth, and "sworn unto her grace."

The grocer seems to have been a thrifty man, and prosperous in his business. His mother and father were natives of Rugby, and we may suppose that he himself was born there, although no positive record of this, I believe, exists. Dying in London in the year 1567, he requested that his body might be buried next his parents, in the parish church of Rugby, and bequeathed the main portion of his estate to two trustees to found a school there. This school was to be ruled by an "honest, discreet, and learned man," who was to instruct, "without fee or reward, directly or indirectly, such of the boys of Rugby, and of any place lying within five measured miles of Rugby, who sought admission to it." Certain almshouses were to be built side by side with the school, and the school, its master, and the almshouses, were to be severally known for ever as "The School, Schoolmaster, and Almshouses of Laurence Sheriff, Grocer."

After languishing under the embarrassment of a scanty revenue for the best part of a century, due to peculations of a trustee, the first dawn of its present splendor began to appear. From the year 1777, the history of Laurence Sheriff's School has been the record of one continuous success, unalloyed with even the vestige of a financial trouble.

The other source of Rugby's prosperity, and one which was the means of placing it permanently in the front rank of English educational institutions, was the fortunate selection, in 1828, of Dr. Arnold as head master. Arnold's first object upon entering upon office, was to get together, at Laurence Sheriff's School, a society of intelligent, gentlemanly, and active men, who would serve, not only as masters in the ordinary sense of the word, but as friends and advisers of the boys.

These are few historical facts of interest connected with Laurence Sheriff's School, and none sufficiently so to be related at length. Its history is purely modern, and may be said to date from the appointment of Dr. Arnold. The visitor to Rugby will naturally consult the pages of "Tom Brown" rather than any ancient volume, to learn the more interesting matters to keep in memory in going over the school. He will be attracted principally to the School Close, the vantage-ground of that hero's most interesting exploits, and to the library and school chapel, which are especially the scenes of Dr. Arnold's labors. Football is *the* game at Rugby.

HARROW SCHOOL.

A thrifty and well-to-do yeoman was one John Lyon. He seems to have been a man of considerable natural ability, very charitable in his disposition, standing well with the neighboring farmers and villagers, and taking great interest in the prosperity of the parish to which he belonged. This John Lyon was the founder of Harrow School.

John had not the advantage of a liberal education, and resolved that the sons of his friends and neighbors should not have the same barren story to tell. He therefore set about establishing a free grammar school at Harrow. For many years he had been in the habit of appropriating from his income twenty marks annually for the instruction of the poorer children of the village; and this custom he designed to perpetuate in a more substantial fashion by providing a school where the poor and the rich (if they cared) might have their sons educated together. In the year 1571, having previously made all necessary pecuniary provision for the building of the school and its endowment, he petitioned Queen Elizabeth to grant him a charter recognizing the Foundation and approving certain statutes drafted for its regulation. The Queen granted Lyon's prayer, and the charter which she gave in answer to it is the title-deed of the now famous Harrow School.

It was not, however, until 1611 that Harrow School was opened for the reception, under one roof, of master, usher, and scholars, and the simple village grammar school became an institution "for the perpetual education, teaching and instruction of children and youth of the parish of Harrow-upon-the-Hill."

The original instructions handed to the first master of Lyon's school are curious and worth repeating. Before all else he was to have especial regard to the manners of his scholars. He was to see that they did not come into school uncombed, unwashed, ragged, or sloven-like; and he was charged to punish severely swearing, lying, picking, stealing, and fighting. He was to administer no other kind of correction save with the rod, and that moderately, except with "a very thin ferula on the hand for slight negligence." The scholars were not to be permitted to play, except on Thursdays, "only sometimes when the weather is fair," and on Saturdays and half-holidays after the customary evening prayers. Their appointed games were driving a top, running, and shooting with bow and arrow, "and no other."

When a parent sought admission for his son, the master was to furnish him with a copy of "the six articles to be observed by parents." Among other matter set forth, these articles provide that the parent shall find his child in sufficient paper, ink, pens, and books, and candles for Winter; that he shall allow him at all times a bow, three shafts, bowstrings, and a bracer to exercise shooting; and that he is to see that the child keeps good hours, and comes to school regularly at the ringing of the school-bell. Further, he is to bind himself to put his son to some profitable occupation if, after one year's experience, the son is found unapt to learn and not likely to profit by the school's teaching.

Lord Byron, Sir Robert Peel and Lord Palmerston were all Harrovians. The present popularity of Harrow is such, that any one who wishes to get into one of the favorite "Houses" should have his name down for admission some years before he hopes to enter the school.

CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

To one Thomas Sutton, a merchant of great integrity, shrewdness, and wealth, this famous school owes its foundation. It is stated that, on coming to London, in 1580, the good Queen Bess was not above accepting a loan from Master Thomas Sutton. He was a millionaire, and childless. What would he do with his coin? The Bishop of Exeter (Hall) egged him to a purpose. "I ask leave," wrote the bishop, "to hasten your pace a little, and to excite your Christian forwardness to begin speedily what you have long and constantly vowed. You would but do good; why not now? . . . For God's sake, for the Gospel's sake, for the Church's sake, for your soul's sake, be stirred up by these few lines to a resolute and speedy performing of your worthy intention."

This letter caused Sutton to act. The existing building of the old monastic institution of the Charterhouse being available, Sutton purchased it, with the view of establishing within its walls a hospital for poor men and a school for poor scholars. James I. was on the throne (Sutton lived through the reigns of four sovereigns), and to him he applied for Letters Patent to carry the design into present execution. On the 2d of June, 1611, the year of Sutton's death, the Letters Patent were issued, and from that date begins the history of Charterhouse School.

There were two objects which the patent authorized Thomas Sutton to effect: firstly, the founding of "one hospital, house, or place of abiding, for the finding, sustentation, and relief of poor, aged, married, needy, or impotent people"; and, secondly, the creating of "one free school for the instructing, teaching, maintenance, and education of poor children or scholars." Sixteen persons named in the patent were appointed "governors" of the lands, possessions, revenues, and goods of the Foundation, and were incorporated by that title, with power to hold land and chattels for certain defined objects. Fourth, the Foundation was named the "Hospital of King James," founded in Charterhouse.

Two years after Sutton's death the governors held their first meeting in the Great Chamber of the Charterhouse, and one of the very first resolutions adopted was: "No children shall be placed there (*i. e.*, at the school) whose parents have any estate in lands to leave unto them, but only the children of poor men that want means to bring them up."

The schoolmaster was charged to admit no boys but such as he should "find and approve to be well entered in becoming answerable to their age at the time of their admittance." The appointed limits of age were between ten and fourteen. No poor scholar was to be allowed to come to school "without one new suit of apparel besides what he wears, two new shirts, three pairs of stockings,

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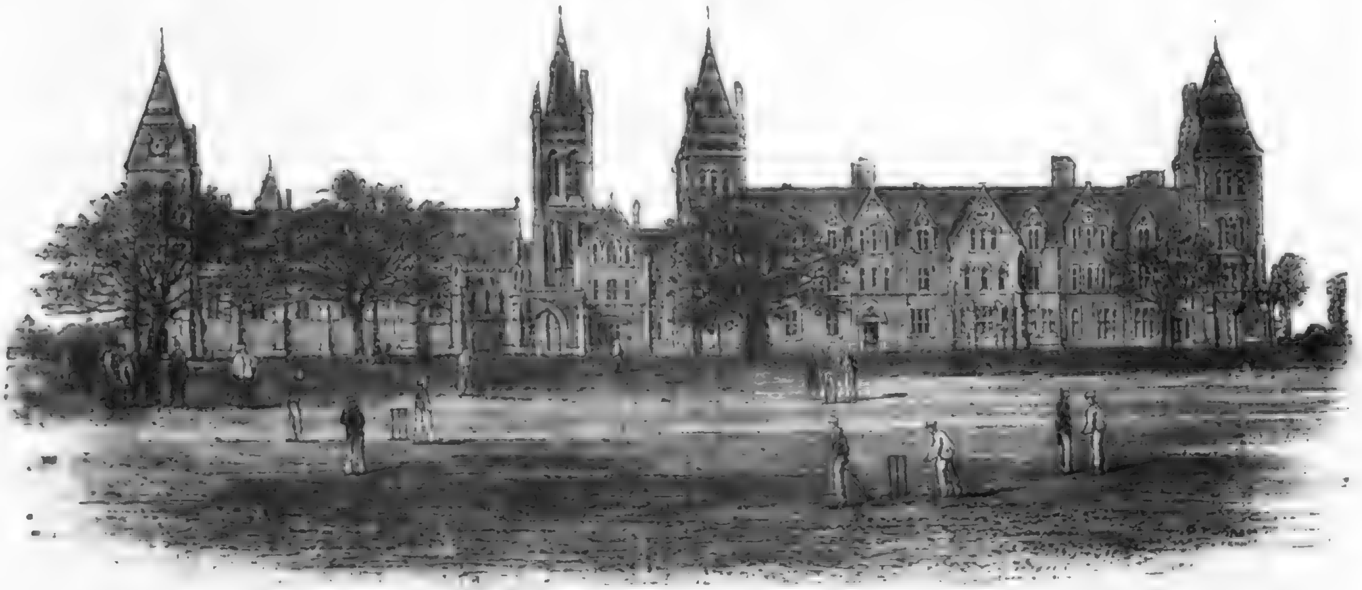
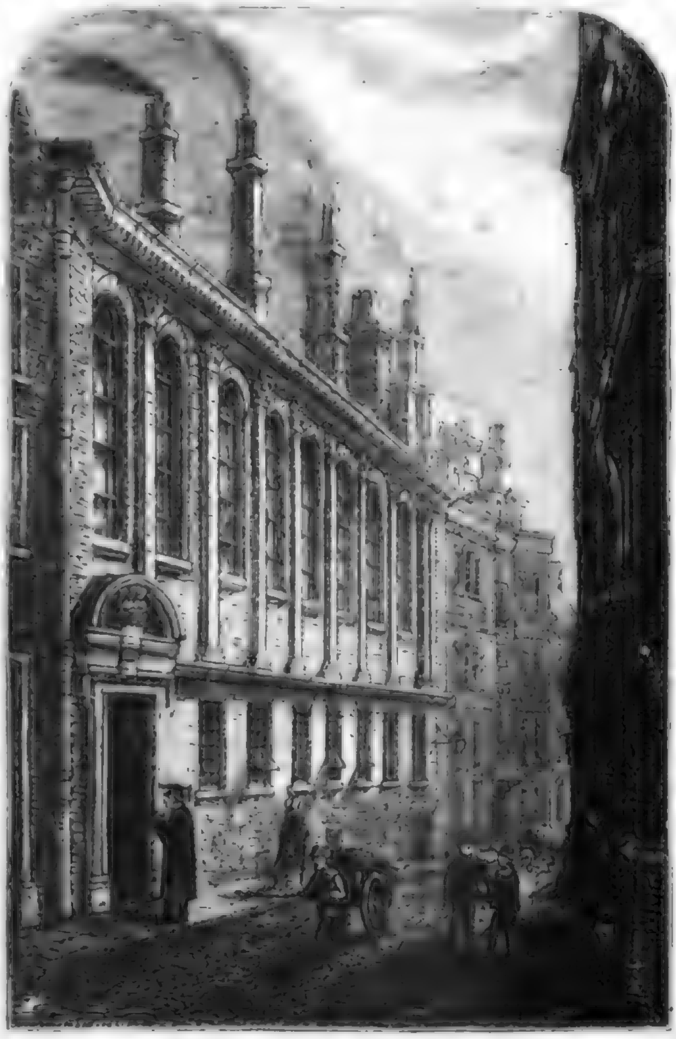


THE NEW CHARTERHOUSE.

three new pairs of shoes and boots, for the form he is to be in." In course of time, however, this regulation was modified.

Joseph Addison received his "grammar learning" as a boarder at Charterhouse when Dick Steel was a "poor scholar." Blackstone, the great constitutional lawyer; John Wesley, the divine; and Grote, the scholar, were on the Foundation, as was also William Makepeace Thackeray.

The 12th of December in each year is set apart as the great and solemn festival occasion of Carthusians, young and old—the day on which they commemorate their benefactor.



MERCHANT TAYLORS' OLD SCHOOL.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

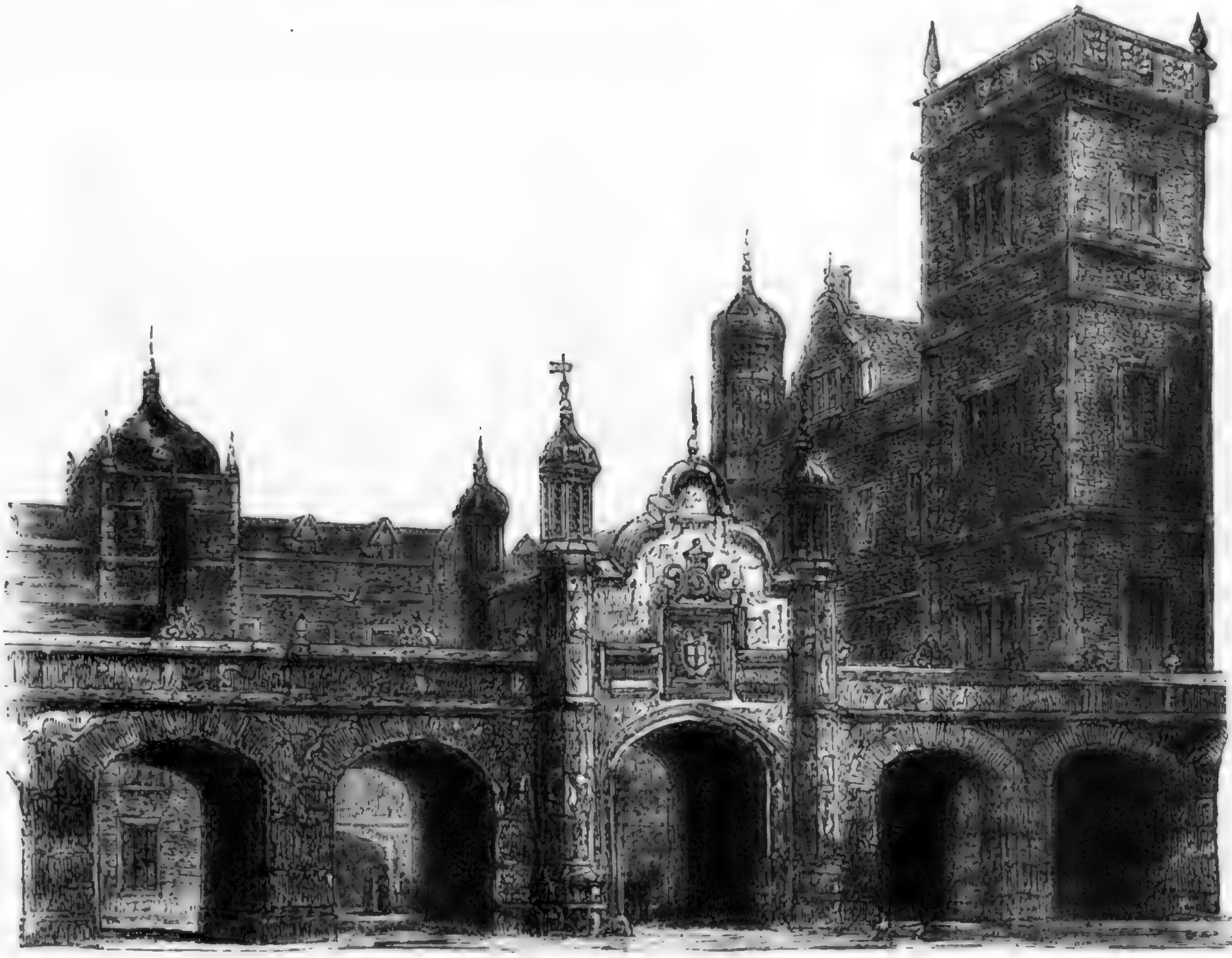
The founding of St. Paul's School is associated with some of the most interesting events of English history. Its creation dates from the dawn of the English renaissance of literature, of which important epoch it forms a landmark.

John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, went to his rest in peace, having first founded, under shadow of the Cathedral, a seminary which, though instituted long before the Reformation was completed, may with the strictest propriety be termed the first Protestant school in England.

"Desiring nothing more" (as recites the preface to the statutes of St. Paul's School) "than the education and bringing up of children in good manners and literature," Colet began the building of his school. In devout language he dedicated it to the "honour of Christe Jesu *in pueritia*, and of His blessed mother Mary"; 153—the number of fish taken by St. Peter (John xxi. 1)—being the statute number of children to be admitted, and these "of all nations and countries indifferently." Having perfected his scheme, he conveyed certain estates, by way of endowment, "to the most honest and faithful Fellowship of the Mercers of London," appointing them "patrons, defenders, governors and rulers" of the school. He then addressed a petition to the King (Henry VIII.) praying for his Letters Patent as solemn ratification of the deed. The King's consent was given, and in the year 1512 the school was opened for the reception of scholars. Erasmus was Colet's adviser and friend. A master was appointed, together with a submaster, to both of whom free lodgings were accorded, and the yearly gift decreed of a "lyvery gowne of iiii nobles, delivered in cloth," a custom perpetuated in the present annual gift by the Mercers' Company to the head and second master of St. Paul's School of an academic silk gown.

As boys offered themselves, no matter whence they came — so long, at least, as they could say the Church catechism and read and write—they were to be admitted by the head master.

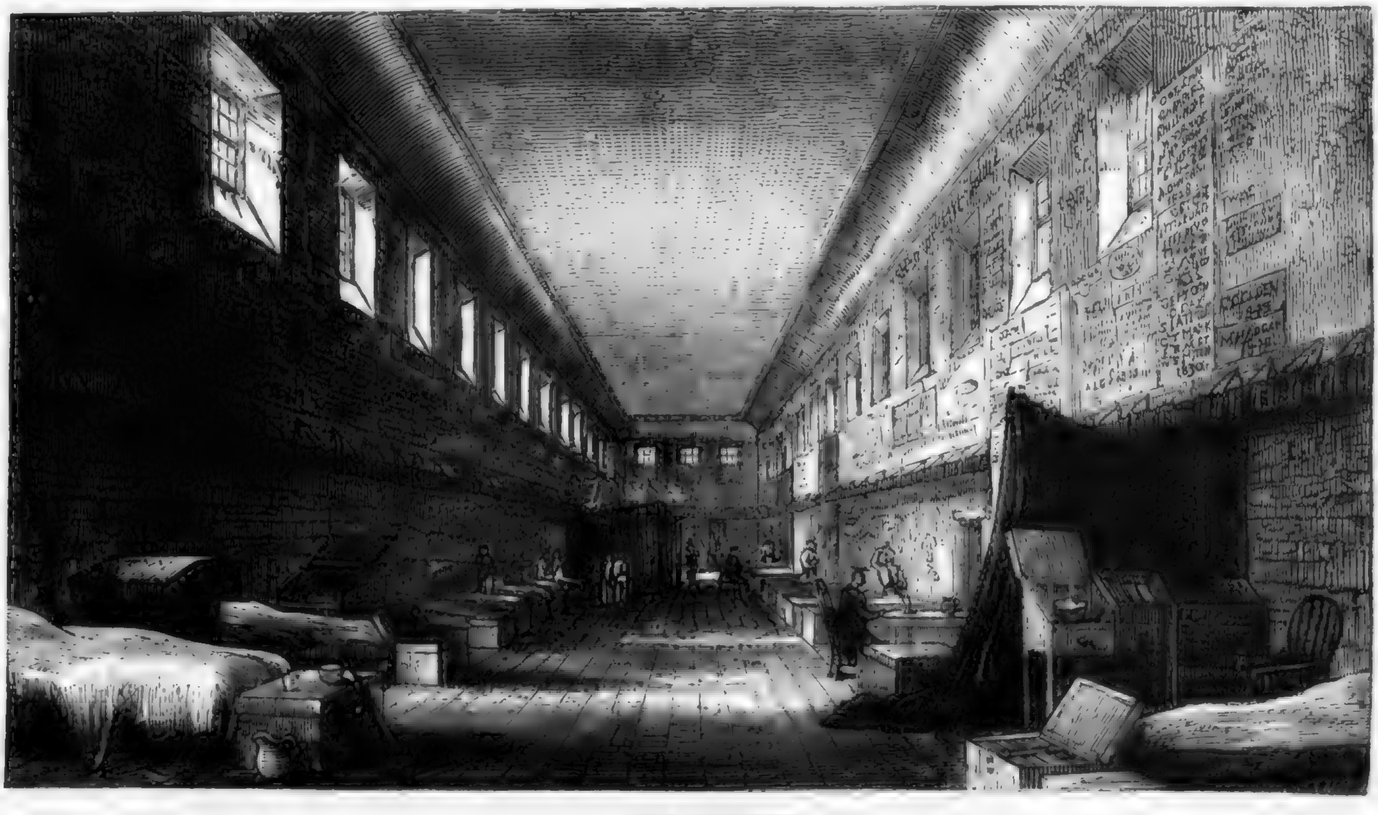
It has been rightly said that few public schools can claim to have educated more



CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

men who figure prominently in English history than St. Paul's School. At the head of the list stands the immortal Milton. The great Duke of Marlborough; Camden, the antiquarian; and Pepys, that admirable gossip, were all of St. Paul's; and Major André, the infamous Arnold's victim, was also a Paulist.

The Public School Commissioners have changed Dean Colet's Foundation, and instead of one hundred and fifty-three scholars, St. Paul's comprises a school divided into two departments, one of which is a classical department for about five hundred boys, and the other a modern department for about five hundred boys, and a school called Dean Colet's School for not less than four hundred girls in all.



THE DORMITORY.

Merchant Taylors' School.

Colet's School, at the east end of "Paules Church," had been in existence about half a century, when a scheme for another institution "for the better education and bringing up of children, in good manners and literature," was proposed in London, the Merchant Taylors taking the initiative in the matter, and part of the "Manor of the Rose," in the Parish of St. Laurence, Poultency, being eligible, it was presently secured as a school building. The Spring of 1561 saw the Rose ready for the reception of the scholars. The statutes were almost a counterpart of those of Dean Colet's Foundation. They set forth, in the first place, that the school was founded "in honour of Christe Jesu," and in the next, that it was designed for the instruction of two hundred and fifty scholars, and no more. The high master was charged "not to refuse to take, receive, and teach free," in the School of the Merchant Taylors, one hundred and fifty scholars, part of the said two hundred and fifty scholars being poor men's sons, coming thither to be taught, and found meet and apt to learn. Nothing whatsoever was to be asked or taken of these one hundred poor scholars for their instruction and learning. Fifty other scholars, "parcel of the said two hundred and fifty," being children of poor men, were to be received into the school, and taught on paying, each of them, to the high master 2*s.* 2*d.* at the end of every quarter. The remaining one hundred "being rich or meane men's children," were to be received on paying 5*s.* each to the high master.

In 1563, Sir Thomas White, a rich Merchant Taylor, who had recently founded St. John's College, Oxford, appropriated no fewer than thirty-seven life Fellowships for scholars from Merchant Taylors'. With perhaps one exception -- the City of London School — Merchant Taylors' is richer in point of value of its scholarships than any other school in the kingdom.

The lapse of centuries has wrought little or no change in the system of admitting boys to the school. Every boy pays, as in bygone times, an entrance fee on being admitted, which nowadays amounts to £3 in the whole. Of this sum, £2 10*s.* goes to the company, 5*s.* to the head master, and 5*s.* to the master of the form in which the boy is placed. The annual charges for instruction are from twelve to fifteen guineas. Like St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors' is a day-school. Bishop Juxon, to whom Charles I., on the scaffold, uttered the word "Remember!" was a scholar of Merchant Taylors'—ay, and a whole bench of bishops after him.

Christ's Hospital.

This establishment enjoys the distinction of being a royal Foundation, and dates its origin from Tudor times. It is possessed of great wealth and corresponding influence; its income being not less than $350,000 annually. It has a history as ancient, as honorable, and as replete with interest, as that of any school which it has been my privilege to allude to in this necessarily brief article. If the number of scholars at present under instruction in Christ's Hospital be received as evidence of its importance, then it might justly claim to be the foremost school in England, for its scholars reach an aggregate of more than a thousand.

Christ's Hospital was founded in the year 1553—the last of his brief reign—by Edward VI., as part of a general scheme of charity for London. A sermon on works of charity and mercy preached by Bishop Ridley seems to have influenced the King. Edward sent for the bishop, and spoke to him.

"My Lord," said His Majesty, "you willed such as are in authority to be careful thereof, and to devise some good order for the relief of the distressed; wherein I think you mean me, for I am the first that must make answer to God for my negligence if I should not be careful therein, knowing it to be the express command of Almighty God to have compassion of His poor and needy members, of whom we must make account unto Him. And surely, my Lord, I am before all things most willing to travail that way."

The King was as good as his word, and gave the bishop a letter to the Lord Mayor, commanding the chief magistrate to summon a meeting of his most trusty councilors, and to take the project into immediate consideration.

One of the first rules made by the Governors of Christ's Hospital recites that no child is to be admitted to it, unless at least six of the leading men, "the ancients," of the child's parish, are able to testify that the child is the offspring of lawful wedlock." Children were admitted into it at very tender ages—so young, indeed, that many were put out to nurse. The school grew up within the Hospital very gradually. Charles II. founded the grammar school, and one Alderman More built the writing-school and hall. Estates and money were left to Christ's Hospital, one benefactor leaving a sum the interest of which was to be devoted to an annual dinner of boiled pork and pease pudding. Another person left a legacy on condition that a certain number of boys should receive a pair of gloves, to be worn in the various processions in which the school took part at Eastertide. On these gloves were to be printed the words "He is Risen." The gloves are still given. A third left the gift of a penny and a packet of plums to a certain number of boys on Whitsunday. Then there is a yearly gift of sixpence given, with a couple of buns and a glass of wine, on Easter Tuesday, to each boy at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor adding an additional sixpence.

The present regulations for the admission of children to Christ's Hospital impose that children must be between eight and ten years of age, and free from physical defect; and their parents (if one or both are living) must not have adequate means of educating and training them.

General Ambrose Spinola, passing through Paris, in 1604, had the honor of supping with Henry IV. Toward the end of the entertainment the King, having asked him what particular plan of operations he meant to pursue in the next campaign, Spinola gave him a faithful relation of his intentions. Henry, who was interested for the Dutch, immediately wrote to the Prince of Orange an account of all that he had heard, telling him that he must take everything in a quite contrary sense, as it was not probable that Spinola, who was suspicious of him, would have disclosed his real designs. This able general, however, did everything that he had said. He had been free with Henry IV. only because he was persuaded that he would not believe him. On this account, that prince said: "Others deceive me by speaking falsehoods; but Spinola has deceived me by telling the truth."

Some men who know that they are great are so very haughty withal and insufferable, that their acquaintance discover their greatness only by the tax of humility which they are obliged to pay as the price of their friendship. Such characters are as tiresome and disgusting in the journey of life as rugged roads are to the weary traveler, which he discovers to be *turnpikes only by the toll.*

YOUNG AIKIN.

It fell upon a Summer day,
This guid lord he thought long;
And he is to the hunting gane—
Took wi' him his dog and gun;

Wi' bow and arrow by his side,
He's aff, single, alane;
And left his seven children to stay
Wi' their mither at hame.

"Oh, I will tell to you, mither,
Gin ye wadna angry be."
"Speak on, speak on, my little wee boy,
Ye'se nae be quarreled by me."

'As we came frae the hynd hunting,
We heard fine music ring."
"My blessings on you, my bonnie boy:
I wish I'd been there my lane."

He's ta'en his mither by the hand,
His six brothers, also,
And they are on through Elmond's wood
As fast as they could go.

They wistna weel where they were gaen,
Wi' the stratling of their feet;
They wistna weel where they were gaen,
Till at her father's yate.

"I hae nae money in my pocket,
But royal rings hae three;
I'll give them you, my little young son,
An ye'll walk there for me."

Now when he came before the king,
Fell low down on his knee;
The king he turned round about,
And the saut tear blinded his 'ee.

"Win up, win up, my bonnie boy,
Ging frae my companie;
Ye look so like my dear daughter,
My heart will birst in three."

"If I look like your dear daughter,
A wonder it is none;
If I look like your dear daughter
I am her eldest son."

"Will ye tell me, ye little wee boy,
Where may my Margaret be?"
"She's just now standing at your yates,
And my six brothers her wi'."

"Oh, where are all my porter-boys,
That I pay meat and fee,
To open my yates baith wide and braid?
Let her come in to me."

When she came in before the king,
Fell low down on her knee.
"Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
This day ye'll dine wi' me."

"Ae bit I canna eat, father,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Till I see my mither and sister dear,
For lang for them I think."

When she came before the queen,
Fell low down on her knee.
"Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

"Ae bit I canna eat, mither,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Until I see my dear sister,
For lang for her I think."

When that these two sisters met,
She hailed her courteouslie;
"Come ben, come ben, my sister dear,
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

"Ae bit I canna eat, sister,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Until I see my dear husband,
For lang for him I think."

"Oh, where are all my rangers bold,
That I pay meat and fee,
To search the forest far and wide,
To bring Aikin to me?"

Out it speaks the little wee boy;
"Na, na, this maunna be;
Without ye grant a free pardon,
I hope ye'll nae him see."

"Oh, here I grant a free pardon,
Well sealed by my own han';
Ye may make search for young Aikin
As soon as ever ye can."

MY THANKSGIVING.

By Clarence M. Boutelle.

Chapter I.

The night is very cold and very dark. I can hear the roar of the ocean to-night, for the wind is from the east, and a terrible storm is on the sea. Usually the voice of the great deep does not reach our house, and all is still and calm as though death had set its seal upon us and upon all about us.

For ten years my heart has lain in my bosom as though dead, and I have longed and prayed and waited for death itself. I have stood at midnight on the storm-lashed crags, with bared head and tear-washed cheeks, and have cried for death and oblivion. With clinched hands raised toward the black, rushing clouds, I have demanded from the Giver of life that the gift of my existence be taken from me.

In Summer and Winter, by day and by night, in storm and in calm, under the sunlight, the moonlight, the starlight, and in the blackness of those nights into which no light has ever fallen, my one petition has been the same: "Give me death! Give me death! Give me death!"

How sweet it is to feel to-night that I have been spared the curse of an answer to my wild prayer!

At the foot of the crags the water is deep. The everlasting waves would keep whatever came to them, and no one would ever be the wiser. It would be a short journey, and an easy one, from the sorrows of a breaking heart and a broken life on the cliffs above, to all that death can give.

More than once the tempter has stood at my side, and I have asked myself why, as death would not be given, it might not be taken; why, as it took so long to wear out heart and brain and life, one might not take his fate in his own hands? I have found but one answer—*it is that I cannot lie!*

That I cannot lie! Let me explain. To have taken my own life would have been to confess that I was a coward, and I am not that. To have thrown myself into the hungry sea would have been to confess that I was not as brave as the woman I loved. I would have died for her. I should have been false, indeed, not to have been brave enough to live.

So I have lived. So I have suffered. So I have grown old faster than the years alone could have aged me. And a man might grow old and bent and gray under the weight of ten long years, if they had brought him only good instead of evil, and flowers instead of desolation. I am bent. I am gray. At thirty-five I am an old man. But I have forgotten all that within an hour. I shall try

XUM

to tell you why. And when the fierce gale dies down a little, and the wild boom of the breakers lessens to a dull roar, I can hear the hurrying footsteps of the wind outside piling and drifting the dead leaves which the year has left over the tender grasses and flower-roots. Even so are God's good angels covering the dead past of my heart and life; one little hour they have been whispering peace to my soul—the wonder they have wrought will have grown into a miracle ere daylight comes.

For ten long years I have not taken a pen into my hand. But I must write out the story of my past (it is *past* now, thank Heaven), and a prophecy of my future, while the night is with me.

* * * * * *

Alice Airlie was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. I came down to the seashore, only a half-dozen miles from here, to spend a month with Roscoe Airlie. I spent the Summer, instead of one short month.

“He's ta'en his mither by the hand, his six brothers, also,
And they are on through Elmond's Wood as fast as they could go.”

YOUNG AIKIN.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 751.

I loved Alice Airlie with the whole intensity of my life from the first moment of our meeting, and my love for her has never lessened nor faltered. It was the one great passion of my life. It overmasters me still. It has followed me into sorrow, and laid mountains of woe on my life. It will be my blessing for ever now, through this life, and in a better and happier life to come. I can stand at my eastern window when the sunshine shall have ushered in another new day, and see the house where I spent that happy Summer. I can see the cliff where I stood when I told her I loved her—the cliff where I have stood so many times since—but I have told you of that.

Did the course of true love never run smooth? It seemed to, with us. She had fortune; so had I. We seemed fitted for each other. I loved her. I was earnest. I was impetuous. It was only one little month before she had promised to be my wife.

The happy weeks rolled on.

It was Eden come to earth again.

But life's tide turned for us one day. Lester Airlie, Alice's cousin, a young man who had not seen her since she was a mere child, came to visit the family. *He* came to stay a week only. He remained until the Winter came. He fell in love with Alice. I cannot blame him for that. I should wonder at him if he had come heart-free and gone away untouched. He loved her; how could he help it? How could any one?

He tried hard to win her love. Perhaps he did not know she was my promised wife. Be that as it may, he tried hard for his happiness. I was jealous of him sometimes—jealous that he was handsomer and stronger than I—jealous that he was older and wiser, that he had traveled more, that he was richer; never doubtful of the truth and purity of my own little love, but sometimes angry at the thought that he could have given her so much more than I could. I am afraid I almost hated him sometimes.

I knew the day when he asked her to be his wife. It was such a day as this has been. There was a storm upon the land, and a very tempest upon the sea.

The weather had made me sad and despondent. My gloomiest thoughts seemed to push themselves forward in spite of myself.

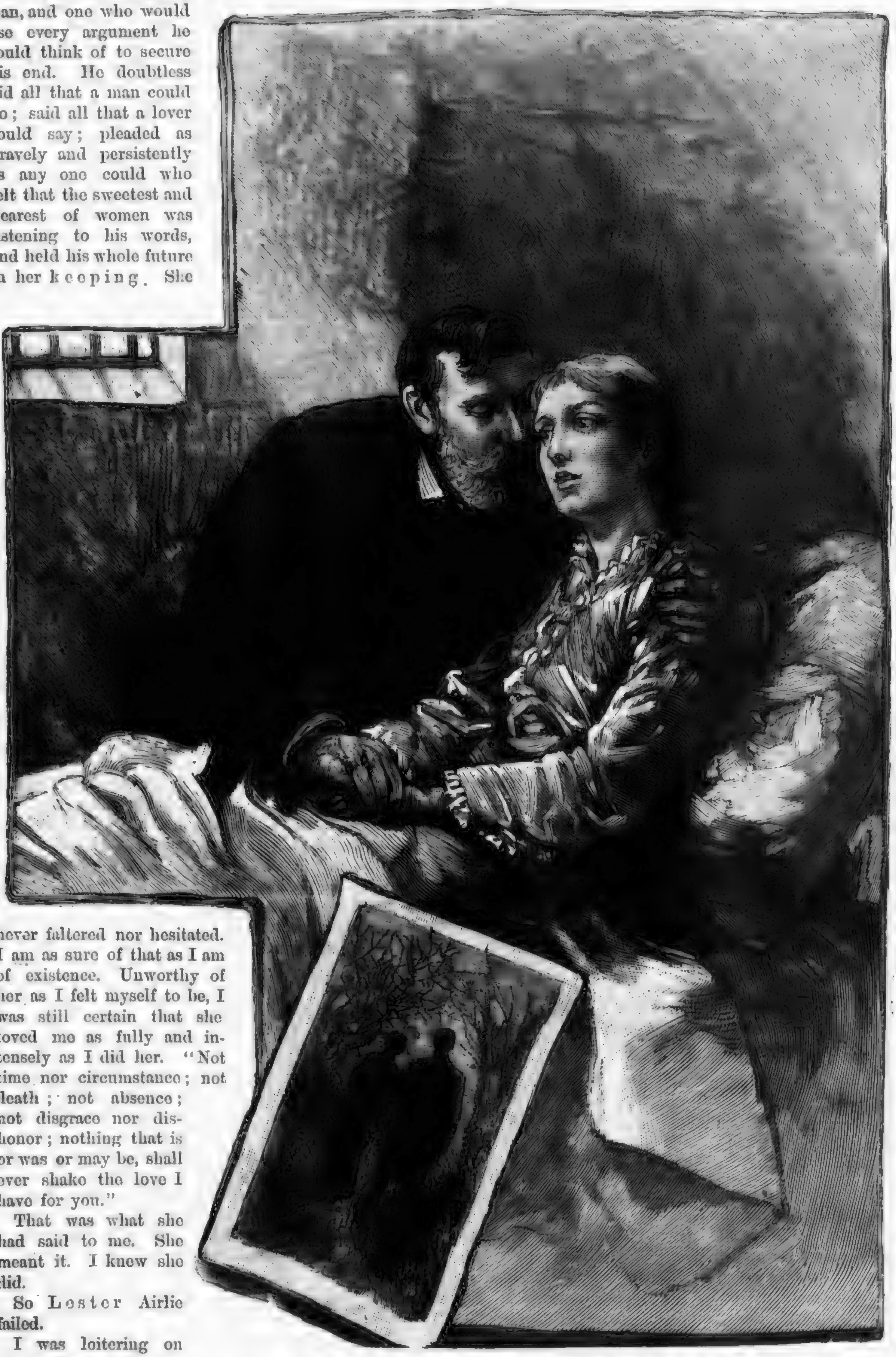
But he had never appeared to better advantage. All through the morning he was gay, and in the best of spirits. He laughed and joked, and made the great old-fashioned house seem warm and bright, despite the weather—and all that to others despite myself.

He told his tale of love to Alice in the library. I knew his purpose when he asked her to go there with him, making some trivial excuse for requesting it. And I had not the skill to prevent their going together. To be sure, there were a thousand excuses which I might have made for going with them, and as many more which I might have offered for keeping one or both with the company in the great parlor.

But they went. My thoughts came too late. Alice knew what was coming, too. She showed that to more than myself. There were knowing looks on more than one face after they had gone.

They were together for a half-hour. Just what was said I do not know, and I never shall.

He was an eloquent man, and one who would use every argument he could think of to secure his end. He doubtless did all that a man could do; said all that a lover could say; pleaded as bravely and persistently as any one could who felt that the sweetest and dearest of women was listening to his words, and held his whole future in her keeping. She never faltered nor hesitated. I am as sure of that as I am of existence. Unworthy of her as I felt myself to be, I was still certain that she loved me as fully and intensely as I did her. "Not time nor circumstance; not death; not absence; not disgrace nor dishonor; nothing that is or was or may be, shall ever shake the love I have for you."



MY THANKSGIVING.—"I WAS ON MY KNEES BESIDE HER IN AN INSTANT. I SUPPOSE MY FACE TOLD TALES NOW, AS WELL AS HERS."

That was what she had said to me. She meant it. I knew she did.

So Lester Airlie failed.

I was loitering on the landing at the top of the first flight of stairs when they came out of the library. I felt that I must see and know what had been said and done.

There was no need to seek out my love, and beg her to tell me. The face of the man told the whole story.

His fictitious gayety was all gone, and I could not believe he would ever smile again, as I looked down upon his suffering and pain-distorted countenance. His lips were white and set. I, knowing what I had won, could guess what he had lost. In my inmost heart I honestly pitied him.

The face of Alice was like an open book. For him it held the same sentiment I had found in my own heart for him.

She gave him her pity—she gave him her friendship. She gave him nothing else, nor any hope of aught else.

Why do men cling to the presence of those they have lost?

"Will you go for a little walk toward the sea with me?" he asked.

Why are women so unkind as to grant their desperate lovers' wishes for friendly companionship, when they have builded up a barrier between two hearts that neither life nor death, time nor eternity, can break away?

I do not know—I cannot tell. She pitied him.

It would have been kindest to leave him to fight out alone his terrible battle with self; but she went.

I saw them wrap themselves in their waterproofs and leave the house, and take the road to the sea slowly, sadly, under the Autumn rain, over the dead leaves and withered flowers, until at length the clinging sea-mist hid them.

Then the house seemed to poison and stifle me. I, too, protected myself from the rainy weather, and walked away into the dreary woods.

It was late when I returned—very late; but Alice had been but little earlier than I. I did not see her that night.

But I went to my rest, close under the track of the whispering wind along the rainy eaves, to dream of her and to wonder why I had gained so much in life while another man had gained nothing.

Life had reached its crisis for us all. Only Alice and her cousin and myself had ventured to brave the weather of that tempestuous day. She came home late; I came home later. Lester Airlie never came!

CHAPTER II.

In the misery which fell upon the household when it became certain that Lester Airlie was really missing, and that time was deepening the mystery, I saw little of Alice.

We searched—we advertised. We hoped against hope.

Alice's face grew paler and thinner and more careworn each day, and she became more and more silent.

Her words were of anxiety for her cousin. Her eyes were full of love for me.

I shall always remember the morning when the weary search and doubt ended.

The sun seemed too bright to be shining down upon a world of sorrow and of sin.

But just as the sun had risen over the ocean behind them, the searchers, who had found that which put search to an end, came up the road from the east with their terrible burden which the waters had given up.

It was two weeks after Airlie had asked his cousin to be his wife, and had walked away with her until the sea-mist hid them, and had never come back.

Two weeks had left little by which to identify the dead.

The cruel rocks had cut the clothing to rags, and had bruised the body and face, until the height of the man, his general build, and his brown hair and beard, were about all there were to convince his friends that Lester Airlie had gone from his disappointment and wrecked life over the cliffs to the sea.

One would have thought that the rocks and the waters would have left no hint of more than death. It had been kinder to the living if fate had hidden the terrible work which had been done.

But it may be that no sin in this world can ever be hidden. The dead man had a knife-wound in his breast, which had let his life out.

The sea had been chosen for the grave of a dead man, not self-sought by a man weary of life. It was not accident which loving search had followed to the end. It was not suicide which had left a place for ever vacant in the world.

The tale that the sea had left it to the silent dead to tell, was the old story of Cain again—the mute cry for vengeance against the ruthless hand of murder.

I cannot tell clearly the story of the inquest, for it is vague and indefinite in my mind. It was not long; but it was terrible in its intensity and its brevity.

The evidence had left the whole audience feeling that the fate of the three who went out into the storm that tragic day had much in common; there was doubt on many faces, and suspicions on some.

I saw my friend Roscoe go to his sister's side and whisper something in her ear. The jury were just entering the room after having retired for consultation. By her face, as her brother whispered to her, I knew that Alice had been told how it was to end. In some way her brother had learned what the verdict was to be.

The foreman of the jury stood up. The place was still as death.

"We find that Lester Airlie, the deceased, came to his death by means of a knife or other sharp instrument or weapon, which we believe was in the hand of——"

My betrothed wife stood up, pale but calm:

"Of Alice Airlie. I did it," she said.

There was confusion all about me in the room. There were sudden shouts and cries. Then all the room seemed to whirl around me, and the lights to sway and swing before my eyes. I fainted, then, for the only time in my life.

The trial was a short one. Alice Airlie was as far from being insane as any one could be, and her counsel declined to urge such a false plea as that would have been.

She did not enter into details. They were too horrible, she said. When she was told that she must assign some reason for her action, she spoke of a quarrel. When asked if she did the deed in self-defense, she wearily answered: "No."

The jury retired to weigh the case. Silence settled down on the court-room.

Roscoe came over silently to where I sat, and laid his hand on my shoulder with a caressing motion I remembered had been a habit of his in the old days. There was a strange look on his face—a look I could not fathom nor understand. He opened his mouth to speak, but seemed to change his mind and said nothing.

"Guilty," said the jury. What else could they say?

"Imprisonment for life," was the sentence. That was all!

I tried to see the woman I loved. She asked the officials to forbid my coming. Why, I could not guess.

She must have known that I never believed her guilty. I tried again and again. It was useless. The stone walls behind which her life was to be spent might have been the sods over her grave, so far as any success on my part was concerned.

So I bought the house in which I live now. From the eastern window I can see the cliffs, as I have said. From its northern window I have looked, every day for ten long years, on the prison. The prison! Her living grave! Heaven help me! Do you wonder at the life of despairing agony which I have lived?

A month ago Alice sent for me. They said she was on her deathbed, and she had asked for me at last. I went. I had never been inside a prison before in all my life, and the tender woman I loved had been there for almost ten cruel years.

They bade me prepare myself to meet her.

"It will be a terrible ordeal," they said.

Neither they nor I guessed how terrible.

Perhaps Alice had worn her seeming mask of unconcern so long that she could wear it no longer. Perhaps the great physical pain she had been called upon to endure had made deceit impossible any longer. Possibly she could never have been other than her frank and honest self while with me.

At any rate, when I entered the room where her bed had been placed, her face was like an open book. The love that nothing could ever blot out or lessen shone in her eyes and on her lips, but with it was a look so horrible that I have wept in agony at the thought that I ever found it there. It was the first hint I had ever had of any such suspicion, but there it lay, in her pure eyes, on her white forehead, in every line of her saintlike face, the belief, the fixed conviction, *that I was the murderer of Lester Airlie.*

I was on my knees beside her in an instant. I suppose my face told tales now as well as hers.

With her head against my shoulder she was weeping away the hardest part of her ten years of lost life—the part that was worse than the stone walls and iron bars—speaking in broken sentences of love and tenderness the while. When the first outbreak of her long-pent-up feelings had passed, she said:

"I am so happy now. I have believed for ten years that you were guilty."

The story which she told me was simple enough. My name had been the unspoken one in the verdict of the coroner's jury.

The doctor had objected to my visiting Alice in prison. I suppose the profession have the same care for the lives of the criminal classes as for those of the better (or more fortunate) portion of society. He desired to save her life. He said excitement would kill her. He was honest enough, after my visit, to say that excitement had saved her life. She is as well and strong as in her best days. I am vain enough to think that my daily visits for the past month have been a tonic to her.

It would have been a long and tedious task to have secured the release of the dear woman who had lived in prison for ten years as a condemned murderess, but I should have commenced the work of interesting and convincing the authorities the very next day, but for one little circumstance.

The circumstance was the receipt of a telegram from my old friend Roscoe, and was as follows:

"I shall secure Alice's pardon, I think."

He has done so. Only this evening, a little while before I began to write, he came in, weary and travel-worn, almost dead for want of sleep, but with the pardon which will be presented and honored to-morrow.

Once upon a time a vessel ran very near a rugged shore when a tempest was raging along the coast.

One would have thought that the prospect of probable death would have stilled anger and banished hate from the hearts of all.

It was not so. Two men quarreled. One, the one attacked, and consequently the one least to blame, made a blind and random stroke with his knife, and stood in the terrible presence of sudden death—death which left him alone looking down into the waves for his victim, and never seeing him again.

Life follows close upon death. The crew of the vessel picked up a man clinging to an overturned boat that night. The gale changed a little, and the vessel ran out to sea again. Silence and absence cures many wounds.

When one in a foreign clime holds to his love for his native land, the very winds and waves seem to bring him tidings from his old home. When one seeks forgetfulness, there is no better barrier than the sea. Sore hearts seek oblivion of the past.

A generous man, an honest man, would do right despite the hurt it might be to his feelings. Knowing that justice needed his presence, he would cross seas for its sake.

So another came with Roscoe to-night, one who has journeyed half-way round the earth to come. A man who has outgrown his greatest sorrow in a life of useful honor. God bless him. He needs pity no longer. My once rival, my always future friend, Lester Airlie, is sleeping the sound sleep of a noble and generous mind just across the hall from the room in which I write. He came as soon as he knew the need.

I am almost done. The gale is gone. I no longer hear the voice of the complaining sea. The whisper of the wind is kind. The moon hangs low down in the west. The clouds are scattered. The sky is full of stars. Life is so sweet. The future is all bright. To-morrow! to-morrow! to-morrow! That is the song my heart is so surely and steadfastly singing.

To-morrow! Hark! I hear the bells beat through the night! 'Tis twelve o'clock! My happiness needs wait for "to-morrow" no longer! It is the morning of my Thanksgiving Day!

HOW FANEUIL HALL WAS BUILT.

It may not be generally known that the almost idolized old "Cradle of Liberty," Faneuil Hall, was built through funds secured by lottery. The old building given to the city by Peter Faneuil was destroyed by fire in 1764, and as Boston at that time regarded itself as too poor to rebuild, it was decided to make application to the General Court for authority to raise funds by lottery for the purpose. The authority was granted, and the lottery established. The following is a copy of one of the successful tickets in the lottery that was held:

> "Boston, June, 1765.
>
> "Faneuil Hall Lottery, No. Five.
>
> "The possessor of this ticket (No. 4095) is entitled to any prize drawn against said number in a lottery granted by an Act of the General Court of the Province of Mass. Bay for the rebuilding of Faneuil Hall, subject to no deduction. G. John Hancock."

It was regarded as necessary, of course, that there should be no suspicion of dishonesty attaching itself to any of those in charge of the lottery, so John Hancock, then the most eminent merchant in Boston, was selected to have supervision of it. Fifteen per cent. more tickets

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were issued than the prizes called for, but it was understood that no discount should be made on the prizes. The tickets that drew prizes were retained as vouchers, while the blanks were destroyed. The above ticket was held by Louis Bleigh, and represented a prize drawn.

WHAT IS DYNAMITE?

HISTORY, PREPARATION, PROPERTIES AND USES OF THIS POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE.

IN order to understand what dynamite is, and how it came to be invented, we must go back more than sixty years, to the investigations of a celebrated chemist, Professor Chevreul, of Paris, who discovered the compound nature of the fats, and made known the peculiar properties of glycerine. The natural fats are ethers of certain organic acids, and glycerine is the alcohol which can be separated from them. The value of Chevreul's discovery was scarcely appreciated at that early day, but at the present time an entire revolution in the great industry of soap and candles has been occasioned by it. The glycerine, which for centuries has been thrown away, is now carefully preserved, and has become an article of large consumption in many industries. Its relation to dynamite remains to be told.

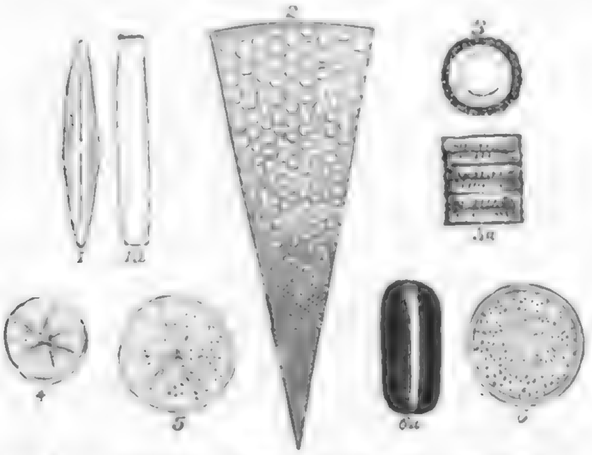


FIG. 1.—INFUSORIAL EARTH FROM NEAR RICHMOND, VA.

An Italian chemist, working in the laboratory of Professor Pelouze, in Paris, was trying some experiments on the action of a mixture of oil of vitriol and aqua-fortis upon glycerine, and in the course of his work succeeded in making a substance which proved to be very dangerous to handle, so much so, that it was thought unwise to attempt to do anything with it. As the new compound was found to contain three parts of nitrogen, it was called tri-nitro-glycerine, and by this name the dangerous substance has since been known. Another oil, somewhat similar in appearance, but much simpler in constitution, called chloride of nitrogen, was also discovered by a French chemist, who nearly lost his life while experimenting with it. This oil has not been introduced as an explosive agent, as it decomposes too violently, and is wholly unmanageable. As the same view was entertained of nitro-glycerine for many years, it is quite probable that some day we shall hear of the introduction of the chloride of nitrogen combined with sand or gunpowder, and bearing some Greek name indicative of its immense power. It was on July 5th, 1847, that Sombrero published an account of nitro-glycerine in the transactions of the Turin Academy of Sciences. The bad name he gave the compound had the effect of deterring any one from attempting to make any practical use of his discovery. It, with its analogue, chloride of nitrogen, was relegated to the limbo of things to be cautiously let alone. A Swedish engineer by the name of Alfred Nobel was the first to venture to disregard the warnings of scientific men, and in July, 1864, seventeen years after the first publication on the subject, took out a patent for the new explosive oil. The temerity and perseverance of this man was something very unusual. Although several factories were blown up in the early experiments, costing the lives of numerous workmen, he persevered until he solved the problem, and finally reduced the manufacture of nitro-glycerine to a safe basis, and thus provided an explosive agent which, in careful hands, has proved of great value and economy in many extensive engineering undertakings. When manufactured on the spot where it is intended to be used, it is now regarded as being as safe as gunpowder, while its explosive force is rated at ten times that of its ancient competitor.

In order to bring nitro-glycerine within the range of articles of transport, Nobel tried many experiments, and finally hit by accident upon the one which resulted in the production of the powder known as dynamite. The manufacture of this explosive is now conducted on a large scale in the manner described below. The raw materials are sulphuric acid, Chili saltpetre, and infusorial earth. The sulphuric acid is the ordinary English oil of vitriol. The nitric acid is made from Chili saltpetre, and the crude glycerine in Europe is brought chiefly from Marseilles, and, in the United States, from Cincinnati. The infusorial earth comes from Hanover, in the neighborhood of which city there are exhaustless deposits. In the United States the material under the name of tripoli, electric silicon, etc., is found near Richmond, Va. (see Fig. 1), at Suckasunny, N.J., and in various parts of Nevada. This form of earth is composed of the skeletons of a vast number of infusorial animals, called diatoms, which yield a spongy silica admirably adapted for a polishing powder, or as an absorbent for oils and liquids. It is also used in the preparation of soluble glass, for pigments, or fire-proof packing, and numerous other purposes. The Hanover tripoli, known as kieselguhr, is packed in casks and sent to all parts of the world, even as far as San Francisco, for the manufacture of dynamite. The nitric acid required is made at the factory, for the reason that a very concentrated article is required, the transportation of which would be difficult. It is obtained on a large scale by placing in a cast-iron vessel, A, Fig 2, the nitrate to be operated upon, to which

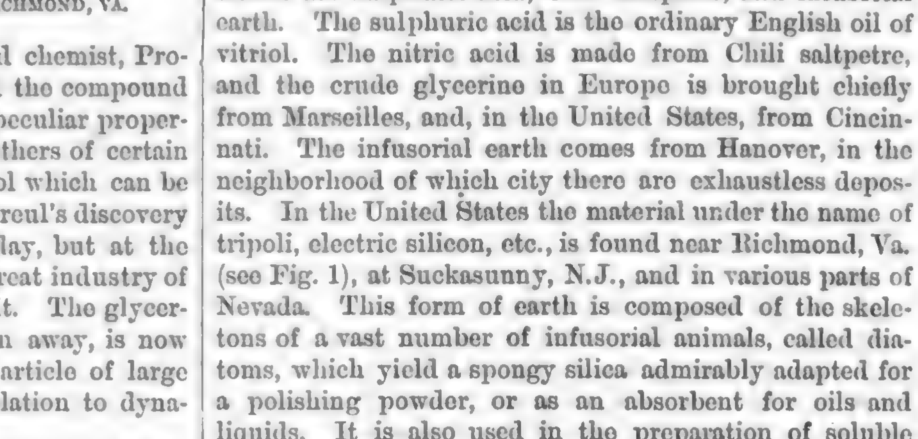


FIG. 2.—MANUFACTURE OF NITRIC ACID.

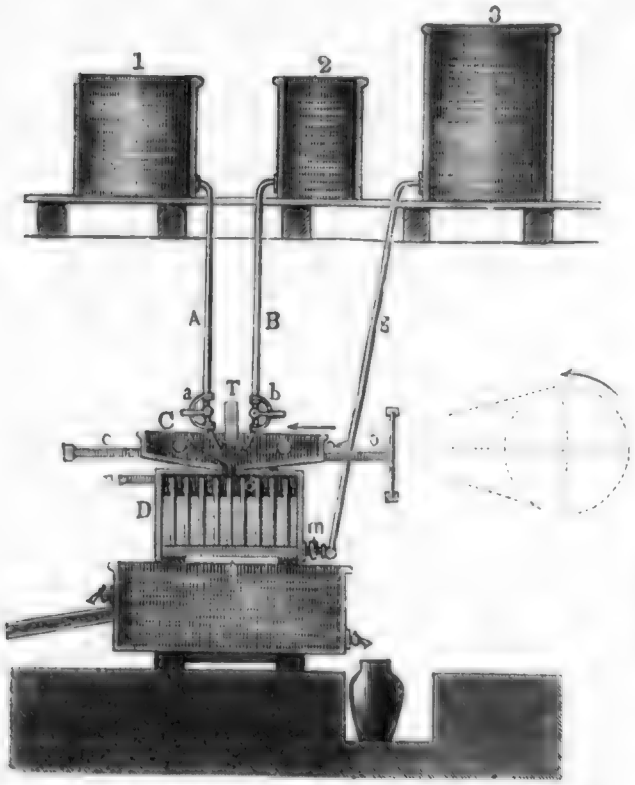


FIG. 3.— MANUFACTURE OF NITRO-GLYCERINE.

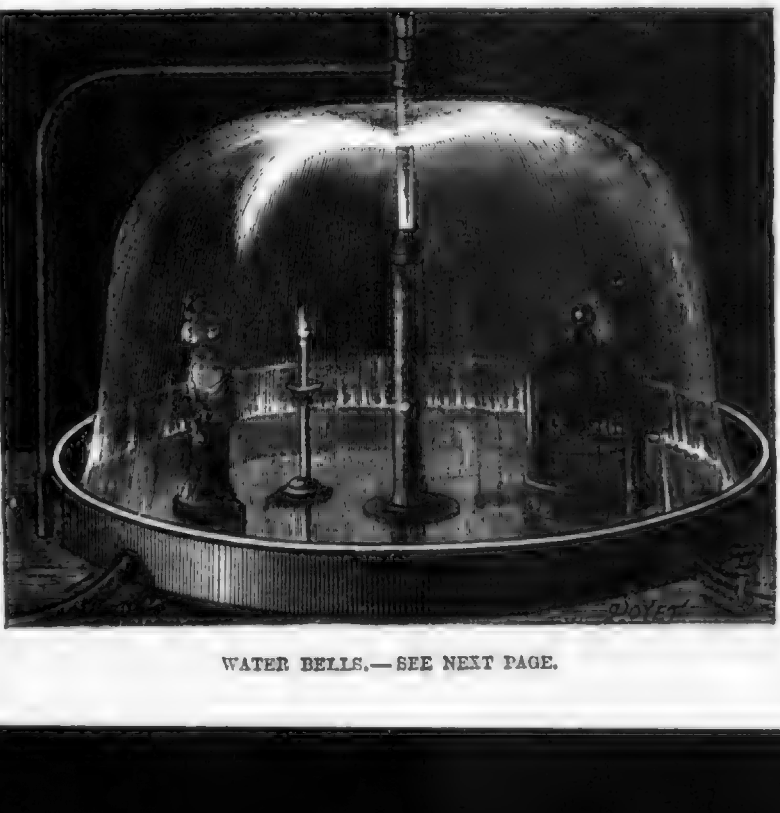
is added, by means of a funnel, strong sulphuric acid. The lid is replaced, and the vessel connected by means of a clay-lined tube, B, with the glass tube, C, dipping into the large stoneware flask, D, which serves the purpose of a receiver. This flask is connected by means of a tube, *a*, to a similar vessel, D', and that to a third vessel, D'', and so on, in order to completely condense the vapors which might have escaped through the first, second and third vessels. The iron vessel, A, is heated by means of the fire placed in the hearth, F, the smoke and hot gases being carried off by G H. At the outset of the operation the damper, *d*, is so regulated as to shut off the lower channel, and cause the smoke and hot gases to pass through E, heating the vessels D, D' and D'', this precaution being required to prevent their cracking by the hot acid vapors entering from A. As soon, however, as the distillation has fairly commenced, the damper is altered to shut off E and pass the hot air and gases through G. At large establishments, four or five of these retorts are in constant operation, and the product from each bench is so mixed that the average specific gravity shall be equal to 47 or 48 B. A weaker acid does not work well.

Having obtained the acids, the next step is the conversion of the inoffensive glycerine into the explosive oil. Four large cast-iron kettles are used, in which are mixed 1,300 pounds of nitric acid and 2,600 pounds of sulphuric acid. The acids become heated by mixing, and are allowed a day to cool before using. A light shed, open on the side, covers the kettle, which latter is surrounded with brick, to prevent it cracking in Winter.

Only 630 pounds of the glycerine are treated with 3,900 pounds of the acid. The mixed and cooled acids are allowed to flow into the wooden vat 1 (see Fig. 3), lined with quarter-inch lead. The glycerine is stored in 2, and in 3 is a reservoir of water. The vats 1 and 2 communicate with a box, C, also lined with lead, and divided into compartments which open into the trough D.

This box is provided with machinery, to give it an oscillating motion, indicated by the dotted lines; it also has a thermometer, to show the temperature. A constant stream of cold water is made to flow around the vat D and out at N. As soon as everything is ready the acid is allowed to flow through A into C, and the glycerine through B into the same vessel. At the same time an oscillating motion is imparted to C by workmen who are stationed at a distance of thirty or forty feet, protected by a strong wall. As soon as all the glycerine has flowed in, the operation may be considered as ended, for the nitration takes place instantly. The oil from D is drawn into the vat 4, which is half filled with water. The nitro-glycerine sinks to the bottom, and can be decanted from the dilute acids. The next step is to mix the oil with the inert silica. The infusorial earth has three constituents which must be removed—water, organic substances, and coarse gravel. The first two are removed by calcining at a red heat in an oven with four shelves, one above the other, on which the earth is placed, and slowly pushed from the upper to the lower. The organic matter which is considered dangerous to the stability of the dynamite is thus burned out. It is then pressed with hard rollers and sifted, which separates it from the larger grains. It is now ready for use.

Fifty pounds of infusorial sand are put into flat wooden tanks and covered with 150 pounds of nitro-glycerine, when the workmen mix them with the naked hand. Gloves of india-rubber were at first provided, but the workmen preferred to knead the mixture with the free hands. In half an hour the incorporation of the oil with the sand is complete, and the dynamite is ready for filling in the cartridge-molds. The cartridges are simple cylinders, protected by parchment paper. If ordinary paper is used, the oil soaks into it, and there is great danger of premature explosion. Dynamite is a brownish gray, sometimes reddish, inodorous, pasty, greasy mass, having the specific gravity of 1.6. When ignited by an ordinary flame it burns up quickly, without detonation, and must therefore be fired with a patent exploder containing fulminate of silver inclosed in a copper capsule. It requires a heavy blow of a hammer on an anvil to explode it, and even then only the portions struck are fired. In this respect it presents great advantages over nitro-glycerine, which is easily exploded by percussion. On the other hand, the wood of the boxes in which dynamite is packed



WATER BELLS.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

becomes by slow degrees impregnated with nitro-glycerine, and forms a most dangerously explosive material, which may give rise to serious accidents in warehouses where it is stored.

Nobel subjected dynamite to numerous severe tests before putting it upon the market. He placed a case of it containing eighty pounds on a brisk fire, and the dynamite was consumed without noise or shock; a similar case flung from a height of sixty-five feet on a hard rock was unaffected. A weight of over 200 pounds was then let fall from a height of twenty feet upon a box of dynamite; the box was smashed, but again there was no explosion. As long as the nitro-glycerine is confined in the infusorial silica there appears to be very little danger, but the escape of a few drops of the oil may be the source of great mischief. The force exerted by the dynamite is much greater than that of gunpowder, and under the name of giant powder it has been largely employed in the mines of California. Other explosives, such as dualine, lithofracteur, and colonia powder, may be said to be varieties of dynamite, having nitro-glycerine for their base, and using sawdust or some other substance as an absorbent. All of them are powerful explosives, and must be handled with care.

WATER BELLS.

The design on page 757 (from *La Nature*) represents a water bell, the invention of M. Bourdon, of more transparent and complete effect than those hitherto produced, which have all either made the water issue by a very diminutive annular orifice, or shot the liquid jet against a disk of polished metal with slightly elliptic rim, producing in either case a bell fringed all round its circumference and lacking transparency.

The bell to which we here call attention is distinguished by the way in which it causes the liquid vein to expand as soon as it reaches the orifice of the ajutage. Instead of making it strike against a metal plate, the surface of which, however carefully polished, always betrays some imperfection, M. E. Bourdon brings an antagonistic column of water to bear on it, so that the jet expands and falls into the basin, forming a bell as clear as crystal and impervious enough to cut off all communication between the interior and circumambient air.

The pipe conducting the water from the reservoir ends in a truncated form of nozzle, of about 12 degrees of angular opening, in such a way as to make all the threads of water converge toward the middle of the jet. Over this is placed concentrically to the truncated nozzle a glass tube of about 20 cm. in length, and of the same interior diameter as that of the orifice by which the water rises from the reservoir. This antagonistic tube, as it may be called, has to be supported by a copper rod fixed either against a wall or on the margin of the basin, at a distance of 2 cm. between its lower extremity and the truncated appendage. The reservoir must be kept at a constant level by means of a water-gauge cock. The water-height above the jet will be about 60 cm. The flow of the water or its stoppage will of course be regulated by a cock.

The apparatus so arranged and the basin filled with water to the level of the overflow, the cock will be gently opened, and the water traversing the interval between the ajutage and the antagonistic tube will rise a few centimetres high in the latter. A ball of ovoidal shape will then come to view. By opening the cock very slowly its diameter will gradually enlarge till the bell assumes the form of a hemisphere. At this point let the opening of the cock be reduced a very little, and the bell will change its shape; its rim will become lowered to the plane of the water of the basin, and its profile will show a bell similar to the gardener's bell glass.

By placing a very thin copper wire vertically toward the top of the bell, a vertical incision may be made in the bell, parting it into two separate sides. Through the gap thus formed a statuette, a lighted candle, or a cage containing a bird, may be introduced inside the bell without wetting it. The tubes hitherto used have not exceeded 20 mm. in diameter; but by employing apparatus of much larger dimensions, water bells of from 3 to 4 metres in diameter might be produced just as perfect as those of from 60 to 80 centimetres, and under which people might walk about or lounge at pleasure.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

In a comprehensive article on glaciation in the San Juan Mountains of Southern Colorado, in the *American Journal of Science and Arts* for May, R. C. Hills, a geologist of reputation, traces the extent of local glaciers, and concludes that they have only very recently disappeared, although a long time evidently elapsed between the retreat of the great "ice-sheet" and the final retreat of the local glaciers. In fact, limited accumulations of *névé* may be found in these rugged and lofty Sierras that never wholly disappear. "There are two of these," says Hills, "at the head of Henson Creek, at an elevation of 13,000 feet. They are seldom less than 50 feet thick, from 100 to 300 feet wide, and from 400 to 600 feet in length. I visited the smaller of the two on the 20th of September of the present year (1883), and found a stream of water, caused by the melting of a recent fall of snow, running the whole length of its trough-like surface. Scraping away some of the loose snow, I discovered that the mass was solid ice, into which light was transmitted some distance." The glacial cap of this range, at a remote period, is estimated to have had an area of more than 4,500 square miles.

Jade, that beautiful green or olive-brown stone, out of which the quaint and valuable antique carvings of China and Japan were cut, has never been known in America as a native mineral. Alaskan Indians, and especially the Innuits of the northwestern coast, possess implements made of it, and many of these have been obtained for our museums by recent explorers. This caused inquiries to be made, and it has thus been learned that veins containing jade occur in the mountains on the Alaskan side of Behring Strait, although not on the Siberian shore. One locality is twenty-five miles from Nulato; another is at Kotzebue Sound. The Innuits call the jade "fire-stone," and told E. W. Nelson that it was "made in a very hot fire," when some of the volcanic cones of that region were in a state of eruption.

Canadian geologists have found among the paleozoic rocks of the portion of the Rocky Mountains between the 49th parallel and Bow River, Northwest Territory, extensive areas of cretaceous rocks on both sides of the main water-shed. This is not only interesting as extending greatly the known range of the cretaceous rocks, but important on account of the coal contained in these strata. The coal varies from bituminous to coking and anthracite. Anthracite, containing eighty-six per cent. of fixed carbon, is reported by the geological survey as existing in the Valley of Cascade River, on the Upper Bow, and mining operations have already been begun.

The wonderfully complete, and in some features very curious, collection at the National Museum, illustrating the Materia Medica of the world, has been fully arranged, and a classified catalogue has been printed. This is published in the last issue of the "Proceedings of the National Museum," and is from the pen of the curator, Dr. James M. Flint, U. S. N. Some deficiencies remain, and the Museum would appreciate highly the gift by druggists, or any one else, of any specimens, natural or commercial, which do not appear in this catalogue, yet form a part of the pharmacopœia of any part of the world.

The fishes of Pangutch and Bear Lakes, in Utah, are rapidly being exhausted, and they are already talking of the necessity of re-stocking these large bodies of water, so far from a dense population, which a few years ago abounded in magnificent trout. Ten years ago the average weight of trout caught was over three pounds; now it is only one pound.

By treating pyridine with sodium in alcoholic solution, Ladenburg succeeded some months ago in preparing piferidine. Since that time he has improved the method so as to obtain nearly the quantitative yield.

The beautiful fresh-water polyp Cristatella has been found growing in enormous abundance in Harvey's Lake, near Wilkes, barre, Pa. The species is not known.

Conchologists are impressed with the truth of what was suggested some time ago by far-seeing men, that the distribution of the mollusca in the deep sea is not controlled so much by light and other factors usually alleged as by temperature. Polar species are found at greater and greater depths—that is, in colder water—as the dredging proceeds toward the equator.

The gar-pike or "bill-fish," familiar to all dwellers in the Mississippi Valley, and interesting to geologists as almost the only survivor of the old ganoid sort of fishes which flourished in the Devonian Age, has become nearly extinct in the Potomac. The fishermen there wage an exterminating warfare against it, because of the injury it does to their nets.

The long-promised completion to the "History of North American Birds," by Baird, Brewer & Ridgway, is announced, Vol. IV. having just been issued in Boston, and Vol. V. (the last) promised for September. These two volumes deal with the water-birds, a branch upon which no recent book of consequence has been issued.

The latest opinion in regard to the invertebrate animals of the Mediterranean is, that that sea has very few peculiar species, and appears to have been populated in great part by colonists from the Atlantic, after the geological event which cut off communication between it and the Indian Ocean.

Captain C. E. Dutton, U. S. A., who has pursued many special studies in respect to dynamic geology, is now studying the surface of the moon to see if it can throw any light upon the volcanic history of the earth.

The working of the baryta vein, at Cheshire, Conn., well known to collectors as yielding an extraordinary variety of minerals, has ceased. Cabinet specimens from that locality will therefore take on an additional value.

The most abundant rocks in the Cascade range of Northern California are found to be the hypersthene andesites. The eruptive matter thrown out by Mount Shasta is chiefly of this kind.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Two farmers had a dispute about the boundary lines of their farms. Their dispute is now settled, and so are the lawyers—on their farms!

What quotation from Shakespeare may be applied to a man who marries a frivolous flirt? Such a man "Gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

Mamma: "And now, Bertie, you have chattered enough. Shut your eyes, hold your tongue, and go to sleep." *Bertie:* "How can I do three things at once, mamma?"

Tourist (to Highland seaman on board steamer passing through Rothsay Bay): "I suppose there is good fishing to be got here at times?" *Seaman:* "Ferry coot fushing inteet at times. If you'll not get them at wan time, you're sure to get them the same time again." *Tourist* (who thinks he'll change the conversation): "How fast does this boat travel?" *Seaman:* "She can go half an hour in five meenutes."

THE DECEIVER.

We met; twas in the crowded hall,
Amid the thoughtless, young and gay;
He stood so stately 'mid them all,
And stole my youthful heart away—
His curling hair as black as night,
His low-toned voice so soft and clear;
And then that smile so wondrous bright,
As low he whispered in mine ear!

Near and more near he closely prest;
His softened glances on me fell;
He spoke of love, and in my breast
Arose a joy I cannot tell.
And, when the hour of parting came,
No grief, no sorrow could be worse;
He breathed adieu, and left my side,
And I soon after missed my purse!

Meissonier had a gardener who was a good botanist and a great wag. He knew the seeds of all sorts of plants, and Meissonier was always trying and always failing to puzzle him. "I have got him now," said Meissonier to some friends at a dinner-party, and he showed them a package of the roe of dried herrings. Then he sent for the gardener. All the guests smiled. The gardener arrived. "Do you know these seeds?" Meissonier asked. The gardener examined them with great attention. "Oh, yes," he said, at last; "that is the seed of the *Polpus fluximas*, a very rare tropical plant." A smile of triumph lighted the face of Meissonier. "How long will it take the seed to come up?" he asked. "A fortnight," said the gardener. At the end of the two weeks the guests were once more at the table. After dinner the gardener was announced. "Monsieur Meissonier," he said, "the plants are above the ground." "Oh, this is a little too much!" said the great painter; and all went out into the garden to behold the botanical wonder. The gardener lifted up a glass bell, under which was a little bed, carefully made, and in which three rows of red herrings were sticking up their heads. The laugh was against Meissonier. He discharged the gardener, but took him back the next day.

Sharp Rebuke.—A country clergyman, seeing a young man standing in the doorway of a church, and looking hesitatingly about, paused in the middle of his sermon, and exclaimed: "Get out, young man; she is not here!"

"If there's anything I love, it's roast goose," remarked Fenderson, as he passed up his plate for a second help. "It does you credit," said Fogg; "there's nothing so beautiful as affection amongst the members of a family."

Waiting for a Good Offer.—A bachelor being asked why he didn't marry, answered that as the women were claiming the right to go to the polls, they would soon claim the right to go courting, and that he was only waiting for a good offer.

An address to Charles II., who was noted for his ready wit, prayed that His Majesty might live as long as the sun, moon and stars should endure. "Faith," said the King, "if I do, my successor will have to reign by candle-light."

A Fearless Man.—A Miss Buchanan, once rallying her cousin, an officer, on his courage, said: "Now, Mr. Harry, do you really mean to tell me you can walk to a cannon's mouth without fear?" "Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a Buchanan's, either."

A lady thought it would look interesting to faint away, at a party, when one of the company began bathing her temple and head with vinegar, upon which she suddenly started up and exclaimed: "For Heaven's sake, put nothing on that will change the color of my hair!"

The Hon. Thomas Erskine was one evening taken suddenly ill at Lady Payne's. On her expressing a hope that his indisposition might not be serious, he answered her in the following impromptu:

"'Tis true I am ill, but I need not complain,
For he never knew pleasure who never knew Payne."

Mr. G—— one day saw a lady running after an omnibus, shaking her umbrella frantically, and gasping: "Here, here!" "How much has the education of women been neglected!" he murmured; "all the trouble and vexation of spirit she is suffering might have been avoided if she had been taught to whistle on her fingers."

A South Carolina Bull.—No collection of Irish Bulls ever contained a neater one than the following in the *Charleston News and Courier*. Speaking of the obstructions of the Wateree, it says: "In many places there are great rafts of logs, old trees, stumps, etc., drifted together, and lodged along the river, so as to make it *dangerous* even for an ordinary canoe to go through *safely*."

"The Disorderly Gentleman."—Sothern, the well-known actor, was a great practical joker on or off the stage. One night he arranged with his brilliant manager, Goodwin, while he was playing at the Globe Theatre, Boston, that at a certain point in the performance Goodwin should interrupt him, pronounce him a humbug as a humorist and a stick as an actor, and that much brilliant repartee should flow therefrom, to the mystification of the audience and the amusement of Messrs. Sothern and Goodwin themselves. Goodwin entered heartily into the spirit of the joke, and at the proper moment. dressed in full evening costume and somewhat disguised, he rose in one of the stage boxes, interrupted Sothern, called him a delusion and a snare, and wanted him to stop immediately. Sothern, who enjoyed it even more than Goodwin, replied very smartly, and a rattling controversy followed, in which Sothern evidently had the sympathy of the audience. Imagine the latter's delight and Goodwin's astonishment when a policeman, who was not in Goodwin's half of the joke, marched in under secret orders from Sothern, and removed the disorderly gentleman from the box, and then from the house to the police station, amid the cheers of the crowd. Some time after midnight Sothern visited the station, and obtained the release of his unsuspecting accomplice.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block*, *Rochester*, *N. Y.*

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Among the many articles put forth in the interest of housekeepers, nothing has become more popular than Jas. Pyle's Pearline! Five years ago it was scarcely known; since then it has found its way to all parts of the country. Its utility is acknowledged by all who try it, and unlike most of the labor-saving compounds, experience has proved Pearline to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate of fabrics, and we feel sure that no housekeeper will be without it after a fair trial.

Send your address on a postal card for 100-page Book on the Liver. Dr. Sanford, 24 Duane Street, New York City.

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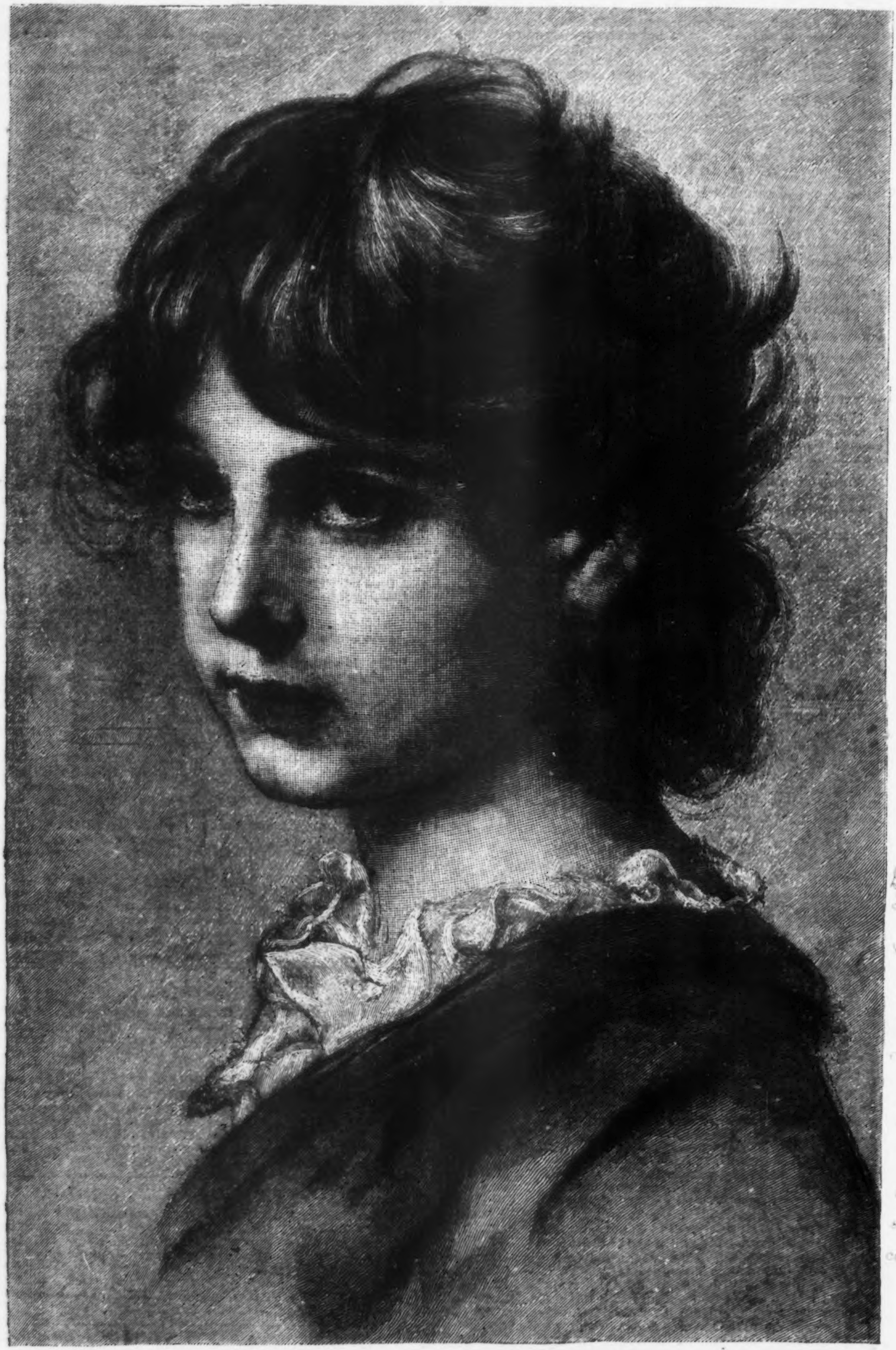

HEAD OF A GIRL.—BY KAULBACH.

Gen. Lib